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MEN WERE DIFFERENT

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MEN WERE DIFFERENT

By Shane Leslie

FIVE STUDIES IN LATE
VICTORIAN BIOGRAPHY

Randolph Churchill 1849-1895

Augustus Hare 1834-1903

Arthur Dunn 1860-1902

George Wyndham 1863-1913

Wilfrid Blunt 1840-1922



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CONTENTS

	PAGE
<i>Preface</i>	7
RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, 1849-1895	13
AUGUSTUS HARE, 1834-1903	83
ARTHUR DUNN, 1860-1902	147
GEORGE WYNDHAM, 1863-1913	187
WILFRID BLUNT, 1840-1922	229

P R E F A C E

The following Studies include two Statesmen, Lord Randolph Churchill and George Wyndham, who both passed from high hopes by the bitter path of resignation. Wilfrid Blunt was a thwarter of Statesmen, but left other claims for survival than his excursions into Irish or Oriental politics.

These three were all masters of words. Speeches of one, Letters of another and Diaries of the third remain to light their flickering pyres. Lovers of courageous opinion, of fine language and of the losing cause will not allow them to pass easily from memory, whether the fallen Chancellor of the Exchequer or the broken Secretary for Ireland or the first champion of small nationalities.

Lord Randolph Churchill received a noble tribute from his son a quarter of a century ago. A supplement has been made possible by the enormous amount of contemporary Biography which has since been published. The necessary time has passed to show him in the perspective of a prophet. "Tory Democracy" has ceased to be a wraith and a Will o' the wisp. It has become fact under other names.

George Wyndham's memory was consecrated in two volumes by Colonel Guy Wyndham and Mr Mackail. Three quarters of their space was given to the most delightful collection that exists of modern letters.

Wilfrid Blunt left behind nothing so ecstatic or cultured, but under a fine comb his massive Diaries yield those moments and sentences of colour for which the Biographer craves. By his pen Blunt secured himself to Posterity as a Poet, agitator, horse-breeder and gossip. He was a romantic eccentric who became equally distinguished and detested. His statue could be erected in Galway, Cairo or Calcutta with equal justice today.

To raise a defunct writer of Guide books out of oblivion would be difficult, had not Augustus Hare bequeathed the most massive autobiography in the language. In six volumes he embalmed so much of the lives of others as to make his own interesting.

Arthur Dunn was a successful schoolmaster and a brilliant amateur Football player, in some ways the best England has ever seen. He has left no script to his memory save boys' reports and Press cuttings. His memory survives by reason of the incredible fact that he was in an Old Etonian team which won the English Cup ! Athletes and Musicians defy the gleaner of Biography, for their achievement has

passed into the trackless air. It is a fallacy at the same time that Biography should be restricted to the Famous and the Infamous. Lives lived outside the great high roads of Fame make pleasanter reading. For this reason it is a pity that Biography is devoted to Statesmen, Generals, Kings and Ecclesiasts. The more public their lives, the more loudly they are published even unto trumpeting after death. Carlyle's "Life of Sterling" showed the attraction of a Life lived in a byway.

Men of Letters have an unfair advantage over men of action as they accumulate by trade the material out of which Biography is fashioned. Good letter-writers and indiscreet Diarists are sure of their monument. Statesmen and men of affairs are borne down rapidly in the waters of oblivion by the weight of their documents.

These five Studies are monographs not monuments. A thin personal thread connects them in the writer's mind. Lord Randolph was his godfather. George Wyndham was his first mentor in letters and Wilfrid Blunt the admiration of a disciple. All three were attractive in their politics and thwarted in their ambitions. Arthur Dunn was known to the writer as a schoolmaster, leaving an influence and affection that the years cannot corrode. Augustus Hare was not known personally,

but with his Guide books to European countries and Home Counties he offered young men born in the Nineteenth Century a cheap substitute for the Grand Tour.

S. L.



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RANDOLPH CHURCHILL
(1849-1895)

“ Look in my face : my name is Might Have Been.”

ROSSETTI

“ Victrix Causa Deis placuit sed victa Catoni.”

LUCAN

IF THE CAUSE OF THE SUCCESSFUL IS AS APPEALING to the Gods as the Latin Poet believed, and the unsuccessful could find no champion save Cato, then Cato would have been a suitable biographer of Lord Randolph Churchill.

Many of the Victorians have fallen from pedestals, some through criticism and some through the blind action of Time. Randolph Churchill's pedestal was broken to pieces in his own lifetime as soon as he obliged his enemies by his untimely descent. The pedestal could never be rebuilt, but his son has left a Biography like a wreath of a thousand leaves amongst the ruins: filial but funereal. During the thirty years since many other Lives and Memoirs have added a great deal to a mockly tragical story. Many personages are beginning to be forgotten, who watched without pity or displeasure the suddenness of his fall and the contortions of his slow agony. He has recovered a place in the Victorian Valhalla because Time's impartiality has signalled him amongst the Prophets. No one even in his lifetime refused him the name of Pioneer. Few lived to realise that he was a forerunner: even though he seemed to have lost his way and possibly his mind.

His faults of character and temper have been unduly stressed. It can be said that they were unique in English politics and often very amusing.

Through them he chiefly struck his contemporaries. Today he is better remembered for ideas and sentences which have proved right across the years. Though his counsel was utterly scorned and his gay banner of "Tory Democracy" trodden under foot, he like Disraeli before him relieved the Tories from Mill's mild impeachment of being the "stupid Party". Perhaps they were never so stupid as when they cast him out. Not always wise unto righteousness, he was often moving in the Fourth Dimension of politics which is prophecy. The intuition of a rebel can be more valuable than the assent of a thousand party hacks. When he played the Party game he was loudly applauded by the partisans. However outrageously he spoke, there was no criticism when his success could turn a General Election. It was in a higher field as a National thinker that he was defeated. The Priest who defends his Ark with shibboleths is acclaimed as a loyal party man, but the Prophet, who dares to face the Wilderness, is left to perform his mission and his fate alone.

The biographies of statesmen require a romantic touch to remain alive. Disraeli's and Parnell's have both been refashioned upon stage and screen. But what could Hollywood do with Gladstone or Salisbury or the horde of Conservative nincompoops with whom Randolph wrestled in vain? If Hollywood seem a vulgar test, it is better to ask what figures out of the Victorian past could have made an Essay for Lytton Strachey or a Novel for

George Meredith? The answer comes surely : a Disraeli, a Parnell and a Randolph Churchill !

It is true that Disraeli, a cynic, against whom no cynicism has prevailed in retrospect, found death's sting at the hands of Hollywood. His romantic essence had permeated the Tory Party, who never overlooked his legacy without incurring defeat. With Disraeli's approval Randolph unofficially succeeded to that legacy. It was called "Elijah's Mantle", but it has shewn some resemblance to the coat of many colours. It has been worn in patches by all who have striven to make Toryism romantic : George Wyndham or Lord Birkenhead. Lord Carson perhaps, but he only used the Mantle to line his Ulster umbrella. It is interesting to trace how far Randolph's conception of Tory Democracy survived in English politics.

As for Randolph, he was the son of a decorous and Evangelical Duke : a typical old Etonian, a typical Oxonian but not a typical Churchill. The unconventional and wayward genius must be traced to his mother's blood. She was of the North Country, of the Vanes and Tempests and of the Irish Stewarts and therefore of the impulsive imaginative blood of the great Lord Castlereagh. The Dukedom of Marlborough had been sunk through the female line into the Spencers, which is still their proper name. The Churchills were only extant heraldically. Randolph's father was the seventh Duke of Marlborough. His Duchess bore him two brilliant and uncontrollable sons. Randolph

and his elder brother Blandford were sufficient to jeopardise the high fortunes of any English family not entrenched so powerfully and majestically as the owners of Blenheim.

The Duchess concentrated her love on Randolph, following his career literally from the cradle to the hearse. It opened as it should at Eton, where he boarded in the House of William Adolphus Carter, who died the last of the real Fellows of Eton in 1900. After a year he passed to Mr Frewer's House and signalised himself by his impatiences. The Frewer family (misprinted Frewen in the "Dictionary of National Biography") kept his legend. Once he ordered a fag to fry an egg in butter. When told there was no butter, he ordered the egg to be fried in marmalade ! According to Lord Rosebery it was "an obscure house where it was said the inmates consisted of some sixteen Lower Boys". In the absence of seniors he had appropriated the entire stock of Lower Boys to his service. One of his fags complained that he lacked the time to learn a repetition. Randolph laid him carefully at the foot of the stairs and then crashed over him with a load of lexicons. The Matron immediately emerged at the sound and excused the apparently injured fag from going into school. Randolph used to call attention to his needs at table so vigorously that he battered his spoon out of shape. This relic named after him was long preserved in the Frewer family. Miss Evans, the last of the Eton Dames, could only recall his heraldic gifts. The Spencer-Churchill arms,

which he painted over his mantle-piece, have not survived any more than the lettering in which his great rival Mr Gladstone cut his name on the low wall facing the Chapel Cemetery.

His life at Eton was free and easy, for he neither worked nor played. Eton had Houses, which were like Gladiatorial schools, and Pupil-rooms, which fostered a love for the Classics, but always contained a few stagnant corners where boys were exercised in neither. Like many of the old-fashioned Dominies Mr Frewer was no disciplinarian. His private garden was often used for kickabout regardless of his taste in flowers. On one occasion a lad obtained the remission of punishment by threatening Mr Frewer with a red-hot poker. Mr E. L. Vaughan recalls how Randolph and others used to raid the shrubbery of a local hotel. Dr Hornby, the Head, sent a platoon of wiry Ushers to rout the boys. All fled save Randolph, who was left in a ditch. A young master named Austen Leigh lived up to his nickname of the Flea by jumping on him. Randolph could only ejaculate "You beast!" and tradition dates his dislike of Eton from memory of this encounter.

To the Duke he wrote dutifully. In one letter he described the marriage of one who was to exert a deep and sinister influence on his life: The Prince of Wales who became Edward VII. Eton gave the happy though Royal wedded a wild welcome and Randolph hurled himself into the fray. "Several old genteel ladies", he reported, "tried to stop me,

but I snapped my fingers in their face and cried Hurrah and What larks ! I frightened some of them horribly." This reads rather accurately of his later dealings with the elders of the Tory Party.

At Oxford he learnt to work and only missed a First Class in History. His father celebrated his majority by appointing him to the family Borough of Woodstock. In those Saturnian days there were less than a thousand electors, most of whom were under industrial or social obligations to the Churchill family. Mr Brodrick, later Warden of Merton College, was sent by the Liberals to oppose the ducal nominee. According to Mr Brodrick, Randolph held but one meeting "where he spoke with very little effect", but it did not prevent the voters giving him a record majority. Randolph sent the bill to the Duke, who little dreamed that he was making an investment in Destiny as well as in party politics.

Randolph was already courting a wife as brilliant as himself and stood in view of great happiness. He combined an Englishman's appreciation of hounds, horses and beauty with a reading knowledge of threenative Classics: the Tudor Bible, Gibbon and Mr Jorrocks ! To enjoy life splendidly he needed but one mental characteristic, balance: and one physical trait, good health. A demoniacal fairy step-mother was already plotting to deprive him of both.

With the offer of social and sporting indulgence, he had sufficient ambition to prefer that political

arena, which was one day to drink the blood from his brain and return him a corpse upon his shield. Fittingly the shield of his family was inscribed with the Spanish words *fiel pero desdichado*, which may be interpreted as "faithful but unfortunate".

The election at Woodstock did not ripple the Conservative Party, who hoped at most that a pliant recruit not a mutinous leader had been added to their obedient ranks. There was no reason to suspect brilliance. It is true that the Second Class men of the University generally achieve more than the First, and Randolph was not much better read than the gentry of the time. Statesmen like Carnarvon, Lansdowne and Stafford Northcote were Classical Scholars to whom Latin was a solace and Greek the last ditch of their nobility. Randolph kept Horace for times of despondency and Gibbon for the days of his wrath. Randolph once surprised Harcourt by his translation of a Virgilian line and remarked typically after consulting Aristotle's *Politics*: "I had no idea these old Greeks knew such a lot." From Gibbon he learnt to finger the phrase and marshal the paragraph. He soon appropriated his master's power of antithesis and from a glib use of impertinences passed quickly to a power of sonorous and disturbing speech. For relaxation he collected books of Heraldry and perused the French novel endlessly.

He made his mark by a power which is common amongst first-class cricketers but rare amongst politicians. He could see things coming a little

sooner than the rest of the field. In politics this constitutes the gift of Prophecy. Randolph was a Statesman of the Nineteenth Century who often thought as though he had been an observer in the Twentieth. His maiden speech deprecated Oxford becoming a garrison and manufacturing town. Oxford was still as remote from the Morris car as from the Middle Ages. The last enchantments of the one had not been dispersed by the hoots of the other. Unfortunately his speech proved to be a breach of that important Commandment which forbids Englishmen speaking against their own Party. Disraeli himself reported the matter, but amiably, to the Duchess. Between such guardian vigilancies his career should not have missed. He was beginning where few dreamed of ending : as a Member of Parliament entertaining, while still in his twenties, the Tory Prime Minister and the heir to the Throne. To such guests the budding Lord Rosebery made a light weight.

And suddenly a sinister ray overshot his social success. His biographer states that "an event happened which altered, darkened and strengthened his whole life and character. Engaging in his brother's quarrels with fierce and reckless partisanship, Lord Randolph incurred the deep displeasure of a great personage". As a result the limited but exalted Society of the time imposed her sanctions upon him for eight years. Randolph became embittered and his brooding wrath against the Upper Ten developed into the dream of passing

some of the benefits if not the privileges of Toryism to the masses below. The politics of those days contained an honest and pathetic figure called the Conservative working man, and to him Randolph signalled with increasing response.

The assuaging hand of Time permits to name this "great personage" as the Prince of Wales, with whom Randolph's brother had quarrelled neither wisely nor well. Time also has been merciful to the name of the lady, over whom Blandford and the Prince quarrelled. Suffice to say that the Prince found himself displaced in the lady's friendship by Blandford and was inclined to encourage the divorce which the lady's husband threatened against the more ardent of her admirers. Randolph did not consider his brother was receiving fair treatment and intimated that any divorce case would bring to light some friendly letters which had escaped the Prince's pen and memory.

The brothers defied the Prince, who imposed a long and painful boycott upon both. Society obeyed except Consuelo Duchess of Manchester, who told the Prince that she set friendship above snobbery. Blandford and Randolph stood obstinately aside. Blandford was not the rake he was represented. He had devoted a first class brain to studies in electricity, to the growth of orchids and to the enticing fallacies of Bimetallism. For different reasons he had incurred the jealousy of Edison and of Lord Colin Campbell. Blenheim Palace was furnished with telephones and electric light before

most English people had heard of such things. In the Middle Ages he would have been burnt as a wizard. Victorian Mayfair added him to the "wicked" ones who figure in the history of all decorous nobilities. But the ban was serious and at a Ball given at Lord Fitzwilliam's the sudden arrival of the Prince made it necessary for Randolph to use the backstairs. Society contained worse scapegraces than the brothers, and to treat them as scapegoats for the Princely displeasure was unfair. But it certainly altered Randolph's life.

So strong was the friction that the good Duke at a whisper from Disraeli accepted the Irish Viceroyalty which he had previously declined. Randolph could thus leave the country as his father's Private Secretary. The Phoenix Park became a substitute for the glories of Blenheim and Dublin his temporary home. There is a law of compensation. Excluded from the gilded gossip of Mayfair Randolph consorted with the last of the Wits in Dublin. He listened to the irony of Lord Fitzgibbon. He learnt the roots of laughter from Father James Healy and he walked under the grandiloquent groves of the Irish Academia with Professor Mahaffy.

Struck with admiration and bewilderment, Randolph conceived an intense interest in this strange country, whose most gifted sons exercised themselves at the bitter expense of each other. He was not long in adding to the independence of his views and condescended to meet the well-meaning author of Home Rule, Mr Isaac Butt. The result was

instantaneous. The Member for Woodstock saw a decade further ahead and made a speech in favour of "conciliatory legislation" for Ireland from the Ducal Borough. The Viceroy excused such Radicalism on the ground of madness or the local champagne. Randolph suggested that the Irish Question "may be settled by the Conservative and not by the Liberal Party". The first breath of Tory Democracy was ablowing. Time would prove whether it was to inform a bubble or a breeze.

Henceforth Ireland was in his career, offering him his greatest chances of debate with his peers or of leadership over the crowd. To the disgust of Tories he undertook the cause of Irish Education. He travelled the bog and inspected schools, coming to the conclusion that Catholic Bishops should be gratified. Irish members watched him with expectant wonder. He did not shrink from contact and became intimate enough with one of their number, Captain O'Shea, to employ him as a second when he challenged Lord Hartington in 1881. Certain epithets used by the noble Lord such as "vile, calumnious and lying" had been construed to refer to Randolph who sent him word by the gallant Captain :

"I suppose you are prepared to accept the consequences. My friend the bearer of this letter will explain to you more in detail my views."

The original challenge together with O'Shea's account of Hartington's apology remains in the Blenheim Archives or it could scarcely be credited.

Captain O'Shea had many uses among the statesmen of his day.

An Irish sojourn had added to Randolph's pugnacious powers. From the beginning he was not averse to criticising the Conservatives in the name of a higher Toryism, and the House learnt that this "silent youth could bite". The Tories went out of office and he expressed their expiring breath in good Latin, *O fortunati nimium sua si mala norint!* When the House ceased to quote the Classics, it ceased to speak good English.

The new House brought Mr Bradlaugh into the arena. His atheism enabled Randolph to allude to his colleague Mr Labouchere as "the Christian member for Northampton", a *mot* deliciously enhanced by Labouchere's agnostic feelings. When Bradlaugh desired to affirm instead of swearing the oath, Randolph saw opportunities to harry Mr Gladstone. The Conservative ranks showed dumb to Gladstone and deaf to new advice. Their innocuous leader, Stafford Northcote, had never recovered from being a secretary to Gladstone. Disraeli had only left Northcote to lead in the Commons when he believed Gladstone would retire. The result was like Boswell attempting to counter Dr Johnson in debate, and Disraeli watched a little anxiously from the Lords. Northcote's feebleness opened the way for Randolph's opportunity. One man's dullness makes another's brilliance.

Randolph centred the Opposition in the famous Fourth Party. It was composed of Gorst, a Senior

Wrangler manqué, Mr Balfour, still a dilettante stripping whom Randolph nicknamed Postlethwaite after a character in Comic Opera, and Drummond Wolff, the son of a Semitic missionary. Wolff started the Party, which Gorst made, and Balfour adorned. Randolph arrived in time for the lead.

Wolff resembled a good pointer, while Randolph acted like a greyhound. Many hares were started under the indignant nose of the huntsman in office. The unofficial sport was good. Once there was an allusion in the House to the two great Parties. "Three", shouted Parnell and Randolph chimed "Four!"

By 1880 Disraeli mentioned that the Party would have to give Randolph whatever he asked. By the next year the Tory Sphinx had gone to learn his own secret. Disraeli left Ireland and the Transvaal to the Liberals. To the Conservatives he left Randolph.

The Fourth Party were ever harrying the aged Mr Gladstone or stripping "the robes of righteousness" from the good John Bright. They ran the Conservative working man against his Liberal employer. They were the first to attack the bourgeois. They imitated Socrates in his treatment of Sophists by drawing Radical conclusions from Liberal measures. Letters from Lord Charles Beresford to Randolph show how the wind of Tory Democracy was blowing:

"You are the only man in the House who can hit Gladstone in the head and bowl him over like a

rabbit so hit. Everyone else, if they hit him at all, hit him in the —— ! This looks vulgar but it is true. . . . We must go with the people and by the people as you so justly remark, organise and guide the masses and not treat them as scum as the Tories have often done."

Disraeli's official legatees did not appear to consider the Fourth Party amongst the heirs or the heirlooms. The pompous Northcote was chosen to unveil Disraeli's statue and the protesting Fourth Party founded the famous Primrose League. The name was based on a curious mistake. The Queen had left primroses on Disraeli's grave with the inscription "His favourite flower", referring to the Prince Consort, but the cult of the primrose was immediately attributed to Disraeli. He would probably have preferred orchids. The League was ridiculed into success and the Conservative Captains discovered that a sub-lieutenant was taking charge.

Randolph's mature opinion of the House was "the dullest place on earth with compensations". The compensations included the fun of taking the wind out of the Gladstone Bag or blowing up the Conservative hulk from within. He discovered that his epithets stung, and though he was often sorry afterwards he could not resist calling Mr Chamberlain in Radical days "a pinchbeck Robespierre" or Gladstone "an old man in a hurry". Hartington, a Whig swallowing Radical measures, was "a sick boa constrictor" ! When the portly Sir William¹ Harcourt whispered across the House

“ little ass ! ” Randolph fired back “ damned fool ! ” Three times the indignant Harcourt rose without being able to draw the Speaker’s attention to the insult. The Speaker confided afterwards to Randolph that it was “ the most succinct debate he had ever heard ” !

Randolph attracted men as independent as himself and in Wilfrid Blunt he made an illustrious convert to Tory Democracy, which he defined to Blunt as “ a question I am always in a fright lest someone should put it to me publicly. I believe it is principally Opportunism.” Blunt studied the Churchill brothers in his Diaries : Blandford was the more intellectual. But “ he could not compare with Randolph in readiness of wit or those qualities which made his brother a leader of men ”. And he added : “ it is impossible not to like Churchill in spite of his faults. He has so much *bonhomie* and so little pretension. This is the secret of his success. All his instincts are the right ones and he has courage and is absolutely the reverse of a prig.”

In return Randolph supported Blunt’s political crusade in Egypt. He learnt that Gladstone was waging a stockbroker’s war against the patriot Arabi, and denounced the Khedive Tewfic as the origin of the massacres in Alexandria not Arabi. He hurled Tewfic at Gladstone’s head as “ the conspirator against his father, the robber of his family, the banisher of his brother, the dealer in human flesh and blood, the betrayer of his Allies, of his Ministers and of his country, the man of magic

and sorcery ” : a famous speech equal to the Philip-pics of Demosthenes and which Rosebery rightly attributed to the influence of “ an eminent Arabist ”. With furious irony he enumerated Gladstone’s gifts to the Egyptians “ the children of the centuries ”. They included the cattle plague, the cholera and the sanitary cordon “ which prevents a single soul from getting out or a single doctor getting in ”, Dutch judges learning Arabic, an army recruited by the bastinado, six millions to the Egyptian debt and at the head of “ this splendid edifice ” Tewfic the aforesaid.

Speech and bombast led to action. When Lord Salisbury seemed reluctant to lead Tory Democracy from the Lords, Randolph was constrained to take the tiller in the Commons. He was elected Chairman of the Conservative Union over Harry Chaplin, the Squire of Squires, to whom Tory Democracy was as senseless an idea as training cabhorses for the Derby. But Salisbury signalled surrender from the background and Randolph found himself irresponsible in the House and irresistible in the Country. The Old Gang, as he called them, began to intrigue and he resigned the Chairmanship. He wrote Salisbury an “ irritating letter ” in prelude of much to come. The Party then decided that it was better for their nominal leader to be irritated than for their actual leader to resign. Randolph returned to the Chair with acclamation.

This was in May of 1884. In July the Fourth Party went on to capture the Tory Machine at the

Sheffield meeting. According to his biographer, "Lord Randolph was placed at the head of the Poll by 346 votes. Mr Forwood his principal supporter was second. Six of his nominees occupied the first six places."

Sir Edward Clarke has challenged this by writing that "Randolph stood first with 346 votes. Forwood and Colonel Burnaby were second and third. But the next four names were the important ones and their position showed that the conspirators had failed. They were :

Clarke

Chaplin

Gorst

Wolff.

The next day Lord Randolph surrendered. Hicks Beach became Chairman. The capitulation had one very definite result. It destroyed the Fourth Party."

To Mr Winston Churchill this unexpected turn looked like negotiations more than surrender. This is the only inaccuracy which has been detected in his Life. The Fourth Party may have been broken, but the Primrose League received official sanction which to the stalwarts was as though the Church Establishment had adopted the Salvation Army. The mention of Burnaby brings a heroic and swiftly disappearing figure on the scene. The hero of the "ride to Khiva" had been chosen with Randolph

to fight Chamberlain and Bright in their strongholds. All England looked forward to a memorable encounter. According to a tradition in Sir Oswald Mosley's family, when Randolph opened his campaign in Birmingham the legs were off every chair in the building within five minutes !

With the break up of the Fourth Party, Hicks Beach took the place of Balfour in Randolph's friendship. Balfour was free to write to "Uncle Robert", the good and great Lord Salisbury (Jan. 14, 1884): "I am inclined to think that we should avoid all rows until Randolph puts himself entirely and flagrantly in the wrong by some act of party disloyalty." From Hatfield Salisbury had studied Randolph and acquiesced in the waiting game: "Randolph and the Mahdi have occupied my thoughts about equally. The Mahdi pretends to be half-mad and is very sane in reality. Randolph occupies exactly the converse position."

Randolph was as upsetting to the leaders as he was inspiring to the rank and file. The Party could not do without him and yet, as Sir Edward Clarke was grieved to observe, "his temper was fickle as April and stormy as October." In private the Old Gang were less lyrical. Hatfield became the changing house of constant and embittered complaints. Randolph was easier to comprehend than to control. To those who merited rudeness he was exceedingly rude. To servants and followers he shewed streaks of gratitude and generosity. Salisbury was surrounded by puzzled partisans and pained Cecils,

but he waited with a patience which had accumulated in his family since the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The inner state of the Party was symbolised by a scene recorded about this time in the room of the Tory Whip. The room was furnished with a chair, a table and a sofa. Salisbury naturally occupied the chair, while Hicks Beach and an ink bottle took the table. Randolph lay on the sofa.

Randolph by this time had developed a restlessness which made him act like a young man in a hurry. He took bursts of travel to refresh his work. During the Soudan trouble he visited India. When he returned, Burnaby had perished in the attempt to rescue Gordon. It was a bitter loss to Randolph and he cried aloud in Birmingham how much he would "sacrifice to feel again the touch of the vanished hand and to hear again the sound of the voice that is still". He recalled Burnaby's graphic descriptions of past Egyptian campaigns "with all its many victims, gallant sons of England and gallant Arabs". He turned on Gladstone with additional fury. How well he had championed blasphemy ! How weakly he had spoken for the Christian hero !

Attracted by Randolph's brilliance of attack the Irish Nationalists drew closer. While Gladstone was coercing Ireland, Randolph was reckoned "the best friend and the only friend Ireland could find". He had even incensed the Grand Old Man into incurring the censure of the Chair. Bitterly as statesmen clashed, it was still the great House of Commons which partook of measured Debates,

unlike the set speeches of today : Debates that were eagerly read at home and abroad and not the ungrammatical scimmages which are no longer respected nor read. When Randolph and Gladstone clashed, each knew how to withdraw under clouds of urbane courtesy.

Early in 1885 Randolph prophesied to Trevelyan, then Irish Secretary, that Parnell would combine with the Tories to throw out Gladstone. These were the uncertain times when Parnell and the Tory Whip were surprised upon a dark stairway and the Irish leader met the Conservative Viceroy in an empty house in Mayfair. Randolph admitted him to his house in Connaught Place. When Randolph promised not to join a Coercion Ministry, Parnell promised him the Irish vote in England.

By June Gladstone was defeated in the House and Randolph danced his famous fling upon the benches. As Gladstone still had a majority, Salisbury could only bring in a Ministry of Caretakers. Randolph went to the India Office and found himself writing stately letters to the Queen. There was plenty to write about. The Russian spectre was hanging over the border. There was Burmah to be annexed and the late Viceroy to be trounced. "Lord Ripon slept, lulled by the languor of the land of the lotus", he exclaimed in the House. "The Russian Government received a dull and sullen reply as of a man under the influence of a narcotic. . . . Lord Ripon and his counsellors were found like the foolish virgins with no oil in their lamps."

With Lord Salisbury he exchanged scores of letters in long hand. Both wrote as Gibbon might have written in his after-dinner style. Randolph was touching the top of the wave and took his Christmas in Irish company. He remembered that an Indian astrologer had told him that he would return to India and perform a military feat. And now it had all come true, for he was drinking Burmah into the Empire from the isle of Howth. Not far from this conviviality a sterner politician was planning to take Ireland out.

Parnell had about completed Gladstone's conversion to Home Rule that winter. Randolph's ear was open to any source. Fitzgibbon gave him the gossip of Dublin, Labouchere scouted amongst the Radicals while Rosebery cheerfully betrayed any signs from the Gladstone camp, writing for instance (Dec. 23, 1885): "I have not heard from Hawarden for an age which probably implies that my last communication was not wholly palatable. This was to hold his tongue and his pen. From my knowledge of Mr Gladstone I am sure he is devilish in earnest about the matter."

Rosebery and Randolph were sparkling friends: each the bright promise of a nervous Party. To each the Turf offered a glittering lure. Each was to enjoy short Office as though some infernal fly infringed the ointment of their careers. So true it is to say that a career rests on a stable nervous condition.

Randolph was particularly restive. He soon had

cause for irritation. The Queen seemed to regard him as a schoolboy who could be ignored in matters of state. She telegraphed over his head to the Viceroy asking a high command for one of her sons. Randolph angrily resigned but Salisbury made a wriggle. The Viceroy also wriggled and whatever tremour was felt by the Queen, Randolph was pacified. His first resignation from Office had proved a complete success. He continued to administer Indian affairs, of which he had spoken in words Rosebery found "little less than sublime" comparing "our rule in India as it were a sheet of oil spread out over a surface and keeping calm and quiet and unruffled by storms, an immense and profound ocean of humanity. Underneath that rule lie hidden all the memories of fallen dynasties, all the traditions of vanquished races, all the pride of insulted creeds. . . ."

However the Empire was steered, there was serious engine trouble within the three Kingdoms. Ireland was not only restless but had rendered both English Parties restive as well. Which would take up the Irish cause and obtain the Irish votes? The Conservatives were not yet called Unionists. Gladstone had not made up his mind. Labouchere wrote to Randolph: "My little game is to capture the G.O.M. for Home Rule, *ruat cælum* and the Liberal Party! I had an hour of Harcourt. He sat on the fence as usual. He seemed mainly preoccupied with the thought that if nothing is done, dynamite would begin again. I told him that I thought his life would

not be worth a week's purchase. Was there ever such a timorous Jumbo?" : one of a sheaf of amusing communications lost in the dust of Blenheim. Three years previously Randolph wrote to Labouchere : " You have definitely captured the G.O.M. and I wish you joy of him. I think Joe had much better join us. He is the only man on your side who combines ability with common sense."

Randolph went as far as he could to win Ireland. His plan always was to bribe the Catholic Bishops with Education. He had passed a Bill to allow Endowments from old confiscated estates to go to Catholic as well as Protestant. His terms with the Irish Party were such that he could send Healy and O'Brien to pacify troubles in Kerry. Chamberlain told Dilke in 1886 that Randolph had promised to pacify Ireland with a scheme of " Two Councils to suit Ulster ", which was practically what was conceded by Treaty after fifty years of further struggle.

The abiding question for all English Parties was Ireland. Parnell had practically made Westminster into an Irish House of Commons. English statesmen rose or declined by their abilities on this all-penetrating question. It was sheer drab politics, for Ireland had not then rediscovered her language, her art and her Epic. The majestic and sometimes pompous debates of the English were " salted with the salutary saliva " of Irish wit and scorn. On great occasions an Irish legion of four score could

dispossess one Party and instal another in the sweets of Office. During the entire Eighties there was only one real business before the House and every English Statesman made or marred his career on the Irish Question. All this sounds fantastic, but take the Irish Question out of the lives of Gladstone and Salisbury, Chamberlain and Hartington and the clue is lost. Randolph alone of Englishmen knew Ireland by residential sympathies. In his fashion he was the only Englishman who could fascinate the Irish Protestant or Catholic: Ulster or Dublin.

Raging Elections were fought over a Home Rule which offered Ireland the powers of a London County Council. It included Ulster entire and had it passed, all future business would have probably been held up in Dublin by the Northern Opposition, while Belfast swept up the trade of the country and reduced the rest of Ireland to financial bondsmen. From this result Randolph was to save Ireland.

But first he was secretly passing his iron in and out of the embers. When Carnarvon, the Tory Viceroy, became a Home Ruler, Randolph scribbled to Fitzgibbon (Jan. 6, 1886): "Carnarvon will not return on the ground of health. Do you think Wolseley would have a good effect moral and otherwise upon the Irish?" Two days later he was telling Salisbury of a private mission to Hawarden when Gladstone "confided he was much annoyed with Balfour. It appears that two years ago Mr Gladstone

made a speech on Home Rule for which he was reproached by the Queen, whom he then told that the Irish Question could only be settled by the conjunction of Parties. To resume this position he communicated fully with you through Balfour but he seemed to be under an impression that the artful Arthur had misrepresented him and betrayed him, for he had only received a curt and barely courteous acknowledgement."

This was Gladstone's quandary. The Queen was against him. Salisbury would not help him. Balfour was elusive and Randolph rude. He looked round to find someone to help him. He found Parnell waiting with the exact requisite number of votes to throw one Government out or keep another in. In January 1886 the Caretakers surrendered the cares of Office. Randolph feeling at the top of his form decided to take Gladstone's new ally in the flank and proceeded to Ulster. Disraeli had found himself not competent to quell the Irish Orangemen. They were troublesome and unreliable allies. In one of the last letters he wrote as Lord Beaconsfield he denounced them for having sold the pass about the Irish Land legislation. These unreliaables Randolph decided to turn into fighting Crusaders. He landed at Larne and there uttered the famous slogan, which did not occur in his Belfast address: "Ulster will fight and Ulster will be right".

The frenzy, the triumph and the threats of revolt which he produced gave Lord Carson his clue for

later campaigns with its strange effect on the outbreak of the Great War and results which remain today, the partition of Ireland and the partition of Ulster herself. Randolph showed what could be done by setting fire to the prickly gorse on Covenanting hill-sides. He scattered the matches with far-sighted glee. Salisbury said he was aware of the risk but that Hicks Beach would follow and use discretion. After Ulster's response Salisbury decided to follow the tide. He accepted the speech as "singularly skilful".

By March Randolph had coined the term Unionism, which his Party wore until there was no Union left. "Might we not call it the Party of the Union? Members of that Party might be known as Unionists?" he cried at Manchester (March 3, 1886). It is always interesting to mark the day when a new phrase or Party is born. The great contest which rent English life and politics and very nearly the Empire during a generation had begun.

Randolph served his Paddington electors with a famous address. His classical periods were touched with hysteria. His filial biographer admitted that "as a specimen of savage political invective it is not likely to be excelled". It can only be said that Swift writing the Drapier letters would not have blushed to have added it to the world's Philippics. Apart from the famous undercut about gratifying the ambition of an old man in a hurry, there was a Gladstonian Litany:

“ The negotiator of the Alabama arbitration
 The hero of the Transvaal surrender
 The perpetrator of the bombardment of Alexandria
 The decimator of the struggling Soudan tribes
 The betrayer of Khartoum
 The person guilty of the death of Gordon
 The patentee of the Pendjeh shame ”

And finally the remark that “ Mr Gladstone in his speech in Edinburgh recommended himself to the country in the name of Almighty God. Others cannot and will not emulate such audacious profanity. . . . ”

The literate will prefer to quote an earlier attack on Mr Gladstone, which with one metaphor from Milton perfectly parodies the mock-heroics in Swift's *Battle of the Books* :

“ We remember that Lancashire discerned the germs of this movement in 1868 when Mr Gladstone flying with impetuous haste from one corner of the country to another was hurled down by your Southern Division. Down through electoral space he fell, nor was his fall arrested till he reached the distant borough of Greenwich. Down too at that time fell Lord Hartington, his colleague, whom an obscure group of villages in Wales received and nourished.”

Randolph won the General Election for his Party. Gladstone was defeated by over a hundred seats and the Liberals weakened by secessions to which

Randolph lent a soothing finger. Amusing notes passed in those days when the Unionists were angling for Chamberlain. Randolph scribbled to Salisbury (Apr. 7, 1886) "I shall try and squeeze Joe. Would you mind writing me a line as to what I had better say to Lord Hartington this evening for he is as a sheep without a shepherd". The reply was "the great Joe is satisfied. Hartington's mind has been made up for him". Salisbury reserved Hartington for his own basket leaving Randolph to play Joe.

Joe's intimate little notes lie in the Blenheim papers under the same roof that houses the papers of the great Duke of Marlborough, who had to move as warily from the Jacobites to the Whigs as Chamberlain from among the Radicals to the new fledged Unionists.

(June 2, 1886): "Many thanks. I feel like St Paul. I have fought with beasts at Ephesus. But must admit that I rubbed their noses a little with a hot poker. Altogether I liked the sensation and Parnell's face was a gratifying study."

(June 19, 1886): "*Secret*. Your new knight has ruined the Unionist cause in Birmingham. I know you have loyally done all in your power but the force of stupidity is too strong for you. At all events dont make him a Baronet."

Henceforth the interplay of Randolph and Joe was curiously interesting and instructive to those foreigners who study the twists and turns of English politics.

Joe became Randolph's firm ally and almost his friend. Randolph exchanged him for Wilfrid Blunt, who had been once his firm friend and almost ally. He had turned too fiercely in his Irish tracks after telling Blunt that he was educating Salisbury towards Home Rule. Blunt noted: "it is Lord Salisbury who is educating him". Parnell told Blunt he had never believed in Randolph and the Irish Party had got more out of him than he had from them. Blunt defended Randolph by writing that "the only honest politicians are those who had no principles". A paradox to be remembered rather than preached.

Lord Salisbury became Prime Minister: and Randolph at thirty seven became Chancellor of the Exchequer and Leader of the House. He immediately tackled Gladstone over the Address. "I never recollect Gladstone so sat upon", commented Lord Claud Hamilton, "How surprised he was!" During October Randolph unfurled the program of Tory Democracy at Dartford. He proposed peace in Ireland by abolishing the double ownership of the land. He spoke of the agricultural labourers whom his Party only regarded as delvers of the soil or beaters of the game. He spoke of turning Church Glebes into allotments and raised the question of Tithes which fifty years later was a burning one in this very Kent where he spoke. In Rosebery's opinion he was "a Radical indifferent about the Church and heedless of property". Worse he was being "drawn increasingly towards a

Collectivist view". He would only defend the Lords as a "bulwark of popular liberty". No wonder that he was mysteriously assailed in the Press from Conservative quarters.

His honours had come none too soon. Already he was conscious of the worm in his brain. Already he was under unseen pressure. The more his ardent spirit was frayed, the more he made the Party wince. Salisbury found himself consuming much fume and fury from others. It was necessary to assure the City that "the Conservatives were quite as Conservative as ever"! He wittily described himself as "leading an orchestra in which the first fiddle plays one tune and everyone else including myself wishes to play another". He rested patiently on the cushions of power and like Brer Rabbit said nothing. Randolph was insistent, writing (Nov. 6, 1886) "I see the Dartford program crumbling into pieces every day" and not without a blind hint of the future: "the candidature of Goschen might be arranged without any strain upon the Party. Goschen is a political coquette. I was much upset with Chaplin's speech. I think he is the natural leader of the Tories in the House, suited to their intellects and class prejudices. I think Hicks Beach is going to be very nasty, sometimes indecently Radical, sometimes disgustingly Reactionary. I believe Gladstone is the fated Governor of this country".

The name of Goschen was the writing of Fate. Goschen was a good Liberal of German

descent, who had parted with Gladstone over Ireland. He was described as "a Bayard in speech : in action a Sancho Panza", which is the Conservative idea of a leader. Randolph proposed him for Home Secretary just as later he brought Balfour into the Cabinet without opposition from Uncle Robert : but with his thoughtlessness he infringed all etiquette by giving the news to the *Times* before the Queen had given her phantom assent.

Hicks Beach, whom Randolph often slighted, was his truest friend, perhaps the only friend who was true to the end. They made a strange pair : the Blenheim Quixote and the West Country Panza. Beach was his utter reverse : Black Michael as he was called, shy and level-headed, quietly adoring and ready to sacrifice all for Randolph's career. Ireland had been the scene of their friendship. Beach was a store of dry tinder while Randolph was like a flame licking for a victim. Beach was the buffer between Salisbury and Randolph, begging Salisbury to make the advances : "you know what a creature of impulse he is and how he fancies neglect". Beach would not enter a Cabinet without Randolph and accepted the post of peril in Ireland. Lord George Hamilton records a scene when Randolph attacked Beach in private wildly. Beach took it like a lamb. Perhaps he realised that the worm was pricking ?

Randolph was fond of dining with Michael and Lucy Hicks Beach in spite of his famous taste for gastronomy. He often left company at Willis

and stalked away to dine alone at the Amphitryon. Even at the Amphitryon he would abuse the best cooking in London. But dining with the Hicks Beaches, who were famous for their boiled cabbage and other choice British condiments, he would profess delight until host and hostess believed they had combined the perfect guest with the perfection of food. It was amusing to contrast Lady Dorothy Nevill's account of Randolph at Hatfield where he had to apologise to Lady Salisbury for insulting "the cold plates and beastly wine". When he had to refuse a dinner with Labouchere to keep a Hatfield engagement, he wrote that the scene "compared morally will be as Heaven is to Hell but my sinful spirit will sigh regretfully after Hell !"

The Leadership was a great success. The Queen summoned him to Windsor, where her first impression was motherly, for she noted "his extraordinary likeness to darling Leopold which quite startled me". Randolph and the late Duke of Albany were doubles with the same protruding eye and arrogant moustache. The marble head of Prince Leopold in Oxford Cathedral could be exchanged for Storey's marble of Randolph in the Blenheim Chapel without loss of sculptural accuracy. From this moment he enjoyed the Queen's short-lived favour. She had graciously felt no "insuperable objection" to his taking the Indian Office, thinking the Indian Council would be a sufficient check. But his Irish advances disturbed her and she told Salisbury:

“ she feels sure that everyone in the Cabinet but Lord Randolph must know they are totally unreliable ”. But at the end of the Session she wrote to give him a pat on the back though misspelling his Christian name (Sept. 22, 1886) “ The Queen wishes to write and thank Lord Randolp Churchill for his regular and full and interesting reports ”. The Queen was a good judge of Leadership in the House, but not better than the Father of the House Charles Villiers, who said that during his memory of fifty years no man had surpassed Randolph in the essential qualities required.

Randolph trusted the Irish perhaps less than the Queen feared, for he kept in touch with both Irish underworlds when they cared to enlighten him. Parnell he talked to no more but he corresponded with Parnell’s connubial understudy. Captain O’Shea’s letters of sparkling intrigue were familiar to the statesmen of that time. As Randolph was interested in Catholic Education in Ireland, O’Shea wrote him a line on the new Bishop of Limerick (Nov. 22, 1886)

“ *Private.* Dr O’Dwyer was a few months ago raised from a Curacy to a Bishopric. He is a most intimate friend of mine, young, very able, very energetic. I hope and believe a little ambitious . . . that O’Dwyer will immediately step into a position of great importance there can be no doubt and the Education Office offers him aid at hand. I propose that if you see your way to really grapple with the question we should capture it. O’Dwyer is

both able and willing. I must say that O'Dwyer is a schoolfellow of Archbishop Walsh and it was at O'Dwyer's solicitation that I induced Chamberlain to declare in the Cabinet against the Errington Mission, the effect of which was the appointment of Dr Walsh". Dr O'Dwyer lived incidentally to be the only Bishop to bless the insurrection of 1916.

Randolph was impartial in the letter box and next month he received a note from Mr P. H. Bagenal on behalf of those who were scouring America for evidence to connect Parnell with the Phoenix Park murders (Dec. 15, 1886) "*Confidential*. I have arranged for the Transatlantic Mission to be financed as you suggested and the arrangements are now complete".

Every English politician was then up to his neck in Irish plots and secrets. A volcano was brewing under Parnell and Captain O'Shea was leaping with mercurial joy betwixt Prelates and politicians. No doubt Randolph's game of conciliating Ireland with the Education for which her Bishops craved was the sensible Tory policy, but the thread was delicate and needed all Salisbury's wisdom to disentangle from the web. It is impossible not to admire his Machiavellian management of Randolph. Who was this Cecil, this Elizabethan born out of due time? A High Churchman spending his spare time working with chemicals. A devout cynic whose knowledge of men was based on the ages. A grim fatalist under the trappings of his ceremonial religion. The Cecils, like the Churchills, only

flower once in two centuries, but unlike the Churchill the Cecilian bloom is petalled with patience. Salisbury was giving Randolph plenty of rope.

Salisbury's letters must have been one of the pleasures of holding Tory Office. He humoured Randolph. He informed him. He flattered him and obeyed his whims. He put Gorst into the Cabinet and kept Chaplin out. Entirely on Randolph's insistence he made Henry Matthews Home Secretary. The first Tory returned from Birmingham became the first Catholic in a British Cabinet. Protestants felt as though Guy Fawkes had been made Speaker of the House. Correspondence followed between Randolph and a devout and learned Society called the Scottish Protestant Alliance. Randolph's courteous conclusion was (Sept. 15, 1886) the suggestion that "the views of the Directors, if practically pushed to a logical conclusion, would involve the repeal of all those Acts of Parliament which have removed the political disabilities formerly imposed on Roman Catholics and the re-enactment of those penal laws against our Roman Catholic fellow-subjects which the vast majority of the British people are anxious to forget".

It was curious that Randolph, who was the darling of the extreme Protestants in Ulster, had dropped such a stumbling block in front of the extremest Scotch species. Matthews proved Randolph's henchman in the Cabinet but only Beach stayed his friend. Salisbury was a considerate ally, neither

opposing nor imposing. He knew his man well enough not to leave the country to him alone and he scribbled (Sept. 17, 1886) "When Randolph hints, if I go, he is capable of all kinds of tricks, I feel he can be as good as his word".

Matthews was not a success. He quailed when he rose to answer Gladstone for the first time. Randolph, remembering his recent cross-examination of Sir Charles Dilke in the Divorce Court, steadied him by audibly whispering "Pretend it is Dilke". A divorce case had recently and regrettably clipped Dilke's wings. Amid the gloatings of Tory hostesses, who saw a dangerous Radical reduced to the ranks, it is pleasant to find notes of gratitude from the broken man to Randolph :

(Apr. 7, 1886) "I was much touched a week ago at something that Chamberlain told me of your kindness about me. If you like to have more confidence still as to how badly I have been used in this matter I need hardly say I should be very glad indeed to see you."

(Apr. 8, 1886) "Your letter is again very kind. I have taken no notice of the Press but only of constituents and of Queen's Proctor. Both these have a right to information I think."

While he was Chancellor Randolph came for the first time in personal touch with another opponent and his greatest, Mr. Gladstone. To George Smalley, an American journalist, he compared him with Salisbury : "For the first time in my life I found I felt myself in the presence of a superior being. I

have known Lord Salisbury all my life intimately. A better man than I, no doubt, and an older, but still of the same clay. Mr Gladstone is a being apart. He was not merely greater but dissimilar. In the House I never hesitated to face him. In private it is another matter. I could argue but before the man himself I bent."

The approach of his Budget inspired Randolph to recklessness. He had fought Society, Gladstone and his own Party. It remained for him to tussle with his own leader who was waiting for him without nerves and without gloves. Randolph knew he was supreme in the country. He had twice brought his Party into power. He decided that his Budget should be felt by the Classes and appreciated by the Masses. To Lord James of Hereford he lay down that "our Party has a great popular following and is no longer dependent on rotten Boroughs or family influence". Economy had never been his suit but he decided there should be economies in both Army and Navy.

Events worked with fatal precision. He challenged the worthy W. H. Smith at the Admiralty and Lord George Hamilton at the War Office. Hamilton found he could retrench but Smith hinted he would prefer his own retirement. Salisbury was clearly in sympathy with Smith. Behind their masks Randolph and Salisbury were approaching collision. Like subtle fencers they were trying each other out. Randolph had already made four passes within the fencing room of the Cabinet.

Over Procedure, over Foreign Affairs, over Allotments, over Local Government he had challenged and each time he had succeeded by his resistless threat of resignation. Smith and Hamilton did not count. They were only minor Myrmidons to Salisbury. Randolph brushed them both from his path and decided to lunge at the Premier.

Towards the end of December he visited the Queen and finding Hamilton in the train told him what he intended. Hamilton was alarmed, for no one believed the Party or the Government could hold together without Randolph. Hamilton played the most subtle stroke he knew and begged Randolph to consult his mother. . . . That night they enjoyed dinner with their unsuspecting Sovereign. After dinner he read his letter to Salisbury to the unhappy Hamilton and despatched it upon the Royal note-paper. That alone was as great a breach of etiquette as the Pastoral which a visiting Bishop addressed from the City of the Popes. Salisbury received the letter with calm regret. In the meantime he had considered how to meet Randolph's rapier. He had realised that his previous lunges had been feints and he decided to let this one pass without parrying. He perceived that the letter could be construed into an absolute resignation as Randolph never intended. He offered no olive branch this time and the stormy petrel was not invited to return to the Ark. The correspondence proceeded grimly to the end.

To show that he was irrepressible Randolph had

chanced the irrevocable. At heart he had never resigned but he had placed himself in Salisbury's hands and though an old man Salisbury was not in a hurry. Christmastide was approaching and the thoughts of both men turned to festivities. Chaplin recorded that Randolph had borrowed the Foreign Office for a Ball and Salisbury was attending his own at Hatfield when he received Randolph's final letter. The special messenger handed it to him while the Duchess of Marlborough stood by chance at his side. Salisbury glanced at the contents and continued to converse with a Princess of the Blood. He then wrote hurriedly to the Queen but not in time to prevent that indignant Lady reading the news in the *Times* next morning! She burst into crescendo: "he dined here on Monday and spoke of the Procedure very sanguinely and not a symptom of resigning!" Had he dreamed his resignation would be accepted he would never have written it from Windsor Castle. Randolph had been to the Play and after the first Act visited the *Times* with the news of his resignation. Salisbury had guessed as much and remained in bed the next morning to save the feelings of the Duchess.

On Dec. 23, 1886, England awoke to a first class sensation which passed from cottage to throne. The Queen wrote to Goschen on Christmas Eve relating how "Randolph talked with me about the Procedure, offering to send me the proposed rules for me to see! And that very night at the Castle he wrote to Lord Salisbury resigning. It is

unprecedented !” She was hardly pacified by word from Salisbury that Randolph was “ a most selfish statesman, not caring for the good of the country, provided he could make his Budget popular ”. There was no confusion at Hatfield. The Cecils experienced the pleasures said to be enjoyed by the souls of the Blessed when viewing the punishments befalling the less fortunate. Uncle Robert slept the sleep of the justified.

An unhappy official arrived at Lady Randolph’s house crying : “ he has thrown himself from the top of the ladder and he will never reach it again ” ! That he had not expected to be taken at his word is shewn by his remaining at the Treasury whence he wrote to his mother : “ the matter is very critical but by no means desperate ”. And to Chamberlain : “ I own I did not think I should have failed to persuade Lord Salisbury to take a broad view of the situation. I had no choice but to go ”. His proud spirit had betrayed him, for political resignation brings lifelong regret unless it is accompanied by an equal resignation in the soul.

This was the real reason, though it was necessary to invent the famous reason which he gave his admiring hostesses Lady Jeune and Lady Dorothy Nevill that “ all great men make mistakes, Napoleon forgot Blucher. I forgot Goschen ” !

Even Economy could not have been the whole reason though he had written words that live in their prophetic force : “ I decline to be a party to encouraging the military and militant circle of the

War Office and Admiralty to join in the high and desperate stakes which other nations seem to be forced to risk". Could he have wished to avert the European catastrophe through England's example as far back as the Eighties?

Illness was not a reason, though his intense nervousness may have over-sharpened his rapier and his words written to Salisbury through his own fault may have admitted of no recovery. Hamilton had been with him at the vital moment and, though he noted the symptoms, he mistook the cause when he wrote of "a grave combination of trouble and personal antipathy. I believe the idea occurred to him to start afresh, to dissociate himself wholly from Office and take a short rest abroad". If this was a hint of his troubles with the Royal Family, Hamilton was wrong. Lord James of Hereford had made Randolph's peace with the Prince early in 1885 and as early as 1883 Lady Randolph had attended a Drawing Room at the Queen's special wish. But nerves there were and if they were responsible for the resignation they can be compared to those suffered by the great Lord Castle-reagh. Only they committed suicide in different ways.

Randolph was out and out for ever. When the Caretakers went out of Office, he said cheerily that "it was good fun while it lasted". But this was a dismal parting of the ways and that well known laugh was heard less and less in the houses of his friends. It was compared to the jangling of a jay :

a weird dissonance like that of a Prince of Misrule in the Courts of the solemn. Then they divided the armour of Achilles and left him to sulk in his tent. Goschen took the Shield of the Treasury and the worthy Smith assumed the Spear of the Leadership. Like a round plug Goschen filled without fitting the square hole left in the Tory plank. Nevertheless Randolph had fired a more powerful bolt than he knew. Northcote had already been sent to the Lords as Lord Iddesleigh at Randolph's hest but Goschen, thinking his incompetency dangerous, insisted on his leaving the Foreign Office as well. Salisbury was surprised at short notice into taking the place himself. Northcote read his dismissal in the papers, hurried to Downing Street and expired at Salisbury's feet. Their first misunderstanding passed into eternity. Fatally wounded himself, Randolph brought down the Old Gang in his own fall.

Meantime Salisbury was corresponding gently with an anxious mother but never despairing Duchess (Jan. 7, 1887) "If you desire not to be seen it is of no use coming to this house. I am watched as if I was a Fenian and your name would be sure to get into the Papers. It would be better that I should call upon you. You will know best whether your house is watched".

(Jan. 11, 1887) "*Confidential*. I can assure you that I have felt the deepest sympathy for you during these unfortunate days. Do not think I give up the hope of converting Randolph to views in which his colleagues could go with him at once. I had a very

long correspondence with him, as you recommended, before he wrote those final letters and I did all in my power to persuade him. I am afraid that he was as you say suspicious that my sentiments towards him were changed that made him assume so inflexible an attitude. He is very amiable, very fascinating, very agreeable to work with as long as his mind is not poisoned by any suspicion, but men inferior to himself are able to invest suspicions which seem to madden him. Nothing has happened seriously to injure or damage a career of which you are so justly proud or to deprive the country of the value of his services in the future."

Except for the last sentence, which was one of pure consolation, Salisbury was speaking the truth from his heart. It was tragic for the Duchess who had received the news of his Leadership with a bright ecstasy of joy. Anxieties and disappointments were destined to alternate down a road that had no turning.

It was a melancholy New Year. Labouchere was buzzing round like a wasp offering an acrid kind of honey (Dec. 31, 1886) "Does it not occur to you that it would be a good thing to aid the G.O.M. in settling the Irish Question? Today I had a letter from the G.O.M. My own belief is that just now Chamberlain is his Antichrist. You are rather in his good books. If you were to join in settling this Irish Question you would take rank as the first Statesman of the age. The Infernal Captain has handed over to Chamberlain some letters of

Parnell's scheme. He came and read them to me. Strictly in confidence rather nasty but of course I was prepared to swear there was nothing in them. Parnell must have stopped supplies to the Captain ”.

Randolph was equally distant from Gladstone or Salisbury. He was alone save for Beach, who had been expecting him in Ireland for Christmas and had written Salisbury: “there must be stronger reasons than the Estimates in his resignation ”. He promised to bring him straight by the New Year. He never dreamed Randolph would hand his secret to the *Times*. Years later Randolph told Lucy Beach that he would never have resigned had Beach been in London and added pathetically “he ought to have come over to me ”. It is tragic to think that sound thinking over one of Lady Beach's cabbage dinners might have saved his career. But it was all over and no one knew better than Matthews, who wrote: “I fear the situation is irremediable and that nothing can be done or said to mend matters. If that be so, I can only say how deeply I grieve for the Government, for the Party, for myself and even for you ”.

Salisbury had not dropped the pilot. The pilot had thrown himself overboard and a rescue was the last thought to occur to a crew left to steer indigantly for themselves. His influence still survived his power and many believed that he would return to displace Salisbury himself. Salisbury himself had thought over the possibility while remarking before the resignation that “the qualities for which

he is most conspicuous have not usually kept men for any length of time at the head of affairs". He also said that those who were not vindictive were not the strong. Randolph could be rude but he was never vindictive. His weakness lay in his generosity as much as in his selfishness. Amid the storm of malevolence and abuse neither he nor Salisbury spoke wounding words.

He had not noticed his own loneliness. The sycophants were quickly gone like the leaves of the barren fig-tree. Idolatrous troops were reduced to a few candid friends. Only from Dublin came an echo of cheering for a Minister who had injured the Unionist cause. From Dublin also came the solitary ray of humour when the *Irish Times* announced that Randolph had "burnt his boots"! It is difficult to say when Randolph abandoned hope. He had watched his Party tremble first with apprehension and then with anger. The old ship threatened collapse but righted herself and proceeded without him! In dull amazement he saw Goschen fill the cavity in the aching and rather spiteful Tory jaw. Forgetfulness of Goschen became a political proverb.

The Royal displeasure was briefly conveyed by Sir Henry Ponsonby, a sort of Gold-Fountain-Pen in Waiting, who wrote to say that "the Queen has read your letter relating to the announcement of your resignation before it had been accepted by Her Majesty: and commands me to thank you for your explanation".

The Queen was decidedly unamused. The Prince, forgetful of the past, endeavoured to sooth her with a private letter in which Randolph wrote : " I part from Lord Salisbury's Government with melancholy, anxiety and apprehension. But these things were fixed and could not be altered or controlled. . . . The enclosed correspondence will show you how wide and deep is the chasm ".

The Queen answered tartly : " why did he take Office if he thought that there was such a chasm between him and them ? The fact is he expected all to bow to him as indeed some were inclined to do ". The Queen was innocent of reading below the surface. For her all Yeas were Yeas and a Nay was a Nay. She liked or disliked intensely and henceforth her chubby little fingers were clenched against Randolph in all his ways. In vain the Prince stood by his friend. In the strained state of feelings Randolph slipped abroad to wait till they could no longer do without him. General Boulanger, a forgotten swash-buckler of the time, gave him a letter to Algeria and before long he was playing chess, a game in which he excelled, at Biskra. " What a fool Lord Salisbury was to let me go so easily " was his written thought. George Wyndham, then a young Tory M.P., was travelling and later beheld the strange sight of the ex-Chancellor escaping quarantine in Sicily in an open boat. Wilfrid Blunt noted that on his return Randolph was " looking aged like a man who has had a stroke ".

Friends had worked indefatigably meantime in his behalf, but he wrote to his mother "as for that absurd proposition of taking Lord Cross' place at the India Office I would not listen to it. *Aut Cæsar aut nullus* is my motto". Unfortunately it had become Salisbury's motto at the same time. Randolph's pride would not allow him to take lower Cabinet rank. Cross had been made a Peer by the Tories, if for nothing else, because he had defeated Gladstone at a Liverpool Election. Randolph dubbed him and Smith "Marshall and Snelgrove", but insisted that he could never remember which was which! And now he was expected to take the place of one while the other took his! Smith became Leader in the House but Randolph did not make Smith's position impossible. Smith's Biography records that "there is no doubt that Lord Randolph, had he been so minded, might during this session have inflicted irreparable damage to the Unionist Party", but his behaviour was magnanimous even to advising Smith on the management of the House.

Randolph was free to criticise his Party. On Egypt he moved the Adjournment and he reminded the Government of their pledges to Ireland. Their new policy of iron and syrup seemed no antidote to Home Rule. He still wanted to conciliate Catholic Bishops by granting "a Catholic College in Armagh", forgetting the proximity of Portadown! Beach had left Ireland to Balfour, whom Uncle Robert was motioning towards undreamed

heights. Randolph watched Balfour's first efforts a little testily, writing to Beach (March 30, 1887) "Arthur Balfour fills your place very badly. He made a terrible fiasco in introducing the Bill. Want of knowledge, the most elementary want of tact coupled with an excited manner and a raised voice. Of course the Irish interrupted brutally and he was quite unable to cope with them". Randolph and Balfour were now contemporaries who had been great friends !

In the end Balfour and Wyndham, the only successful Irish Secretaries, followed Randolph's Irish policy which was to afford all material assistance compatible with the Union and the provision of a Catholic University, provided Trinity remained intact as a Protestant Academy. But no Prophet has credit in his own Party. Randolph was re-reading his speeches and wrote to the Duchess (Aug. 12, 1887) "It is rather curious to notice how much of what I said in former years has been confirmed by events. The only sharp curve I executed was on the Reform Question", and again : "I cannot think why the Prince of Wales is so pandering. John Delacour tells me that all the Royalties are dreadfully afraid of me. How foolish and short-sighted they are". Queen and Premier were more heartily against him that he could have dared suspect.

Salisbury, when questioned about Randolph, would only refer to a recent wen which had been extracted from his arm and which he hoped would

not grow again. The weeks passed into months and Randolph realising how little he was needed at home took a sounding abroad. He went to Russia to see if Europe missed him. The Chancellories were naturally agog. The Queen insisted that the Foreign Office should "let it be known that Lord Randolph does not represent opinions of either the Government or the country". The Austrian Ambassador was verbally informed in the same sense. It was true he had no mission, but the Czar made him a peace missionary between the two countries. They discussed such dangerous points as the Afghan Border, the Dardanelles, and Lord Salisbury! In St. Petersburg Randolph noticed some of the pictures his brother had sold out of Blenheim. The devastation of the finest private Gallery in England had opened a quarrel between the brothers. When the new Duke of Marlborough (no longer Blandford) introduced an Electric Bill in the Upper House Randolph blocked it from the Commons!

From Russia Randolph kept the Prince informed and thus reached the Queen, to whom the Prince wrote: "I own I regret that he is not asked to rejoin, because he is very clever and a power in the country". The Queen answered quite angrily (Jan. 3, 1888) "Clever undoubtedly but devoid of all principle, who holds the most insular and dangerous doctrines on Foreign Affairs, who is very impulsive and utterly unreliable. If you knew how infamously he behaved towards his colleagues

(Lord Iddesleigh he treated atrociously) holding views which were utterly impossible to be listened to and which he holds now, you would see that to have him again in the Government would be to break it up at once: and I shall do all I can to prevent such a catastrophe." The Prince was requested to drop the subject by his "devoted Mama". Against this influence all the struggles of Randolph's no less devoted mother were in vain.

Randolph properly reported to the Foreign Office and Salisbury wrote to the Queen showing that spies had dogged his journey (Feb. 13, 1888): "He did not mention some things which we know he said to Herbert Bismarck: but otherwise his account tallied with the others which have come from various quarters. . . . The main point of policy to which his ideas lead up is this: if war breaks out, England's neutrality will be of great value. France and Russia will pay a high price for it and it will be more to her interest to come to terms with them than with Germany and Austria. When asked what his price will be, his reply is that France will give you Egypt and Russia will promise not to molest you in India. It is odd that so clever a man should attach the slightest value to such a promise on the part of Russia".

It was obvious that Randolph's prophetic glass was straining far ahead. He foresaw the state of the chess board, as it was in 1914, and even after fifty years his gambit is not out of date. The Queen continued to express "indignation and alarm at

his holding such dangerous language and surprise at his marvellous want of knowledge of History. How mad he must be if he thinks we could keep India if we allowed Russia to be mistress of the Mediterranean ”.

Randolph's foreknowledge of History proved superior to the Queen's, who went abroad in April and saw Bismarck who talked of “ the danger lest France should join Russia. In that case England could be of great use with her fleet ” ! No doubt England would have been of great use in 1914, had she not chanced to come in on the other side. And the great Queen with her love of Germany and Lord Salisbury with his hate of Russia were less justified in the future than poor mad Randolph with his marvellous lack of historical knowledge !

Queen and Premier combined against him. Hatfield gossiped to Windsor: “ I understand he has told two of his friends that the post above all others that he desires is that of Viceroy of India. Of course it is impossible ; his reputation for rashness is too pronounced. But it is odd that he should desire it.”

It was not odd. He had been Secretary for India and seen the country for himself. Alone of English Statesmen he had met the Czar and believed in averting the Russian menace by discussion and exchange of views.

Randolph's enemies in his Party were serious. He had incurred lasting dislikes through unnecessary rudeness for which a mental irritation was

responsible. His was a manner which would have been much appreciated in modern days. His rudeness was proverbial. It was not only the flatterer and the sycophant whom he skinned. He could turn his back on a lady at dinner before, as she sadly said, she had a chance to tell him that she was dull ! And he could paralyse a Vice-regal dinner by referring to a pompous official who had been produced for his amusement as a prize bore ! His rudeness was laid to a slight deafness combined with the love of cuffing fools gladly. But the deeper reason could only have been revealed in post mortem upon his cranium.

Lord Haldane's Autobiography illustrates this mood when Haldane was "sitting at the end of the table between Rosebery and Randolph who were interchanging rapid and brilliant words. Chamberlain, a powerful personality but not as quick at that kind of thing, endeavoured to join in but without much success. Finally on his making some belated remark Randolph beckoned the waiter and said : 'Waiter, put a flower-pot there', indicating a spot between himself and Chamberlain".

The sidelight is perfect. The Birmingham Cleon trying to play up to Alcibiades until mercifully extinguished with flowers reads more like a brilliant little caricature than a sober anecdote. Yet Randolph made immense efforts to preserve Chamberlain's friendship. He certainly smoothed the way for the Radical prancer to become a hack at Hatfield. How the steed aforesaid later ran away with the family

brougham with Arthur Balfour on the box and Salisbury asleep inside is another story.

Randolph had told Chamberlain the points of his famous Budget though he suspected him of jealousy. It was perhaps such a Budget as Chamberlain had imagined for himself. They were both Ishmaels and could not afford to attack each other. Chamberlain implored Randolph not to tear his eyes out when they were ostensibly allies. An uncertain but vivid friendship continued between them.

The death of John Bright and the reversion of his seat to Randolph tested that friendship. Randolph had come within a thousand votes of displacing that venerable fetish of the Nonconformists. Chamberlain had promised to help Randolph to secure what was his due but he did not unduly press. He had no desire to see two Kings in Birmingham. The Party rather dreaded Randolph's spectacular return to power. It was his last chance to appeal to the country and re-enter the arena. His old supporters were wild to elect him and sent a deputation to the House. Randolph had lost the nerve to decide and the health to fight. He put himself helplessly in the hands of Hartington and Chamberlain, who made an official decision for personal reasons. He was not to take the seat. Randolph sent his unhappy followers back empty-handed. Destiny had thwarted them of returning Burnaby, the bravest of the brave, and now of their once daring Lord Randolph. They had been ancient adversaries of Chamberlain in his Radical days and

they were made to feel insult as well as injury. It is seldom that the bitterness of politics so deeply touches the rank and file.

When it was too late Randolph's enmity flared and he passed through the Midlands delivering Radical thrusts into Chamberlain's Conservative flanks. But it was late to tell Chamberlain to seek "the smiles of Hatfield". Chamberlain was wise to seek them, for the Premiership remained there and thereabouts for the next twenty years.

They were both fighting cocks and could hardly meet without drawing feathers. In two years they had exactly reversed and exchanged positions. It was not only that the Radical had shattered the Liberal Party by becoming a Unionist, but the Unionist had become too Radical for the Conservative Party. It was curious to find Randolph writing to his mother in 1887 to say, "I think I did Chamberlain a great deal of good by showing him that I was quite independent of him. He entered into a lot of excuses and explanations and told me many lies, but I did not snub him and allowed him to think all was put straight". By 1889 Chamberlain was free and independent of Randolph. He mocked at his policy as a "crazy quilt" in which the Socialism of Mr Burns met the Teetotalism of Sir Wilfrid Lawson and the Irish policy of John Morley. Under the feet of the Conservative brewers the Dartford program was trodden into the dust.

He still united his power of witty elaboration

with strangely prophetic flashes into the future which were of course entirely lost on his Party. In November of 1889 he was warning Paddington of conditions "which violate all the principles of health" and of "the immigration of foreign paupers". He attacked the Drink Trade, and he attacked sweating, and finally he called for a good understanding with America. His travels had shewn him that "if ever this country was involved in a struggle for its existence there would arise in America an overwhelming feeling that the whole force and might of the United States should be cast upon the side of the mother country".

Lord Desborough recalls a minor instance of his prophetic powers. Randolph told him, when he was Liberal Member for Salisbury, that he would become Conservative Member for South Bucks, which came true. On another occasion he heard Randolph invite Joe to come for a walk, and Joe answered: "it is quite against my principles, but I will". The unprincipled peregrination consisted of a jaunt round a large flower bed.

Henceforth Randolph trod a very lonely road, which was only made possible for him because he saw success at the end and believed the harrowed crowds on either side were approving and cheering him. Fallen in politics and failing in health, he made heroic efforts to carry on his career. He stood to bay against more terrible enemies than either the Court or the Caucus could launch. The stamina of his nerves was going. Something had touched

his brain : as though the mirror of his intellect was suffering a derangement of the quicksilver. His articulation often halted giving the impression of a tipsy man. But he lashed himself with determination, plying his health with distant tours as far as Africa or relaxing his mind with the excitements of the Turf. He leased a stable with the faithful Dunraven, who had resigned an Under Secretaryship in his wake. He won the Oaks. Could horse racing preserve him from melancholy ? But the British racing crowd is like the political. It will only cling to the popular winner. And Randolph was notoriously a losing man. The public will not follow a sick man. " At his worst as at his best ", wrote Lord Dunraven, " quite the most courageous man I ever met ". Was it sickness or courage which led him to make the famous slip alleged in a speech, when he appealed to the British working man to unite with the British Aristocrat against the bourgeois in the name of their common bond of Sport and immorality ? Dunraven recorded how he fell foul of the genial Toby M.P., Sir Henry Lucy of *Punch*. Randolph mentioned that " *she* did me the honour of attack, but sent a comic article to the *Daily News* and the serious one to *Punch* " !

As a Conservative he still ran amok. He was advocating peasant proprietors and Purchase of Land from the Landlords in Ireland. He was still ahead of his Party by a generation. In a speech of infinite drollery he compared the critics of Ireland to Mr Podsnap. He attacked the Brewers, but for

his standing in the Carlton Club he had better have blasted the Bishops. At his gentlest he was a Primrose Whig but at his fiercest a Tory Radical. His small handful of followers found him uncertain. In 1889 he threatened the Admiralty Estimates but the day of attack found him in Norway. In that year the Parnell Commission gave him his last chance of a meteoric display.

The *Times* had inadvertently published a forged letter connecting Parnell with the Phoenix Park murders. It not only appeared in facsimile but in a handwriting that was badly fabricated. Parnell by his indifference appeared to admit guilt and his political enemies appointed a Commission of Judges to investigate. Randolph wrote the Government a powerful Memorandum denouncing such a "Revolutionary Tribunal". It closed with the prophetic words: "prudent politicians would hesitate to go out of their way to play such high stakes as these".

After fifty sittings the Commission reached the forgery and the forger committed suicide. Randolph, whose prudence had been scorned, attacked the Government in words which left the House appalled. So their unconstitutional Commission had only revealed "a reptile, a monster, the bloody rotten, ghastly foetus Piggott". It was like a horrible memory of Piggott's bloated baby-face.

Such a speech was mephitic rather than meteoric and Mr Jennings, his last follower, turned aside angrily and for ever. The shock of Randolph's

attack upon his Party was immediately softened by the publication of his accurate warning of two years previously. Vaguely he commenced to dawn upon Englishmen as a Prophet, but one whose mantle unfortunately concealed a stiletto.

His outburst was a sign of terrible ill-health and with the Nineties he practically abandoned the House. During 1890 he journeyed through the South African bush. His letters appeared in the *Daily Graphic* at a record remuneration. From Capetown his biting comments on the obsolete guns and swollen Staffs had to be contradicted by the Secretary for War, but Randolph reprinted them in his book with footnotes. He stuck to his guns and added "what an Army we might have if we only had no War Office !"

On the other hand he humorously withdrew a "hazardous speculation on the origin of the female sex" which the Press had solemnly "compared (unfavourably for me I admit) with those of the illustrious Darwin".

The Boer War had not broken out and he made a thoughtful reference to Gladstone's Peace without Victory following the English defeat at Majuba : "More precise information combined with cool reflexion leads me to the conclusion that, had the British Government annihilated, as it could easily have done, the Boer forces, it would indeed have regained the Transvaal but it might have lost Cape Colony". Selous, the great African scout, recalled this sentence amid the cries of execration which

met all who seemed to favour the Boers in the War of 1899. By then Randolph and Gladstone had passed from wars and rumours of wars. No one could say what line he would have taken, but it might have brought him full circle to the side of Gladstone. In 1880 he had revealed a wish to Drummond Wolff "to pronounce for the independence of the Boer and to protest against British blood and treasure being wasted in reducing a gallant nation". Chamberlain's Imperialism would have raised his bitterest ire but what blood and treasure his words might have saved !

In 1891 he observed the new goldfields and the tide of racial resentment. The combination led him to foretell that "Englishmen will impatiently jerk from their shoulders the Government of the Boers". He entered Mashonaland at the head of a troop of mining engineers and big game hunters. He passed through herds of quagga and antelope. He once said he had pursued every sport from "tipcat to tiger shooting". He now pursued lions to the amazement and ridicule of the Conservative Press. He consorted with Selous the hunter and hero of Rider Haggard's romances, with Khama the chief and with Rhodes of Rhodesia. In spite of what he had written, he stayed with Rhodes when he found that he stocked a favourite vintage, on which indeed he was almost dependent for existence. Lord Winchester was amazed to meet him crossing a river in a litter laden with books and champagne, but his sense of observation remained keen. The

monstrous character of Africa appalled him no less than it impressed the writers of antiquity and he wrote of the future :

“ When thinking of Egypt and Morocco, of the Soudan and of Abyssinia and of the Congo, of the many fruitless attempts made by many nations to discover, conquer and civilise, of the many hopes which have been raised and dashed, it occurs to me that there must be upon this great Continent some awful curse, some withering blight and that to delude the explorer, the gold-hunter, the speculator and even Ministers and Monarchs is its dark fortune and its desperate fate”. Every country that he mentioned has since yielded some example of “ desperate fate ”.

Although he failed to strike gold he made excellent investments. Salisbury informed the Queen that his financial position was bad. It was possible that his finances were low but it should be recorded that he refused £40,000 for the use of his name on Company and prospectus sheets. He used to say that if Companies failed, he did not wish to be responsible to the widow and the orphan. The Queen followed his wanderings as implacably as Juno followed Aeneas. When he reached Kimberley he cabled Balfour for the reversion of the Paris Embassy at Lytton's death. But unluckily he had backed the wrong horse in General Boulanger. Wherever he headed, he was repelled with aversion and hate. The dice were loaded against him but it was a part of his strange

malady that he still believed in his star and even in the gratitude of his Party. He had drunk so deeply of success that even the dregs still sweetened his imagination.

While he was in Africa, Parnell and Smith died on the same day. Balfour succeeded Smith in the Leadership and Randolph groaned in a letter words of true pathos: "So Balfour is really leader and Tory Democracy, the genuine article, is at an end!" The era of modern politics had begun and Randolph's ideas for the time were submerged. Vivid and unkind caricatures multiplied in the Press, for Randolph lent himself to their art. *Punch* caricatured him and Arthur Balfour in the style of Hogarth's Apprentices, the Idle and the Industrious. Lockwood K.C. drew an amusing riposte showing Randolph in the dress of an African Chief pursuing Balfour with an assegai! Without Randolph the caricaturists would have gone out of business.

By this time Randolph was willing to admit mistakes. He confessed to Chamberlain that once he had "thought himself infallible". By 1892 Chamberlain saw him too clearly as "a man who does not see his way". And if he had made mistakes, he came to realise "there has been no consideration, no indulgence, no memory or gratitude". Everything was clean gone save the prophetic power. "We are coming fast", he foretold, "to a time when Labour Laws will be made by the Labour interest for the advantage of Labour." This was long before a Labour Party was dreamed of. The House of

Commons of the Nineties would have been equally surprised to see one of the attendants elected Speaker or a Labour Prime Minister. In days when men worked ten hours and more, Randolph favoured the Bill for reducing hours to eight. Let it be recorded to his righteousness that he even missed seeing one of his horses run in order to vote for the Bill !

He was a Radical at heart although it was too late to change Parties. Rosebery bantered him from the other side in a letter criticising his tone of speech (March 4, 1892) " Why cannot you adopt the pained and judicial style of James or the impassioned indignation of Cranbrook or the acute inquisitiveness of the Duke of Rutland. Your progressive heart beats obviously through your Paddingtonian rags " !

But he was never to speak again with confidence and even his own audacious style was failing him. In August he came to the House to speak but failed in his intention. He gave the excuse that Balfour had already said everything, but he admitted to friends the real reason that his nerve had gone.

There was no place for him in Tory councils again ! He awaited the defeat of Salisbury's Government with " amiable malice ". With Gladstone's renewal of Home Rule he felt his old war spirit rising. This was the antagonist against whom he had made his undying fame and the challenge was upon the same field. The battle horse snorted, forgetful of fetlocks broken in the pitfalls set by his

friends. Gladstone introduced a Second Home Rule Bill, which looked like a faded wreath upon the grave of Parnell, and the Tory ranks opened for Randolph to take his historic lead. Gladstone reported the phenomenon to the Queen: "After two years of absence or silence Lord Randolph was greeted with warm cheers". Once more he advised Ulster to be strenuous. The Prime Minister did not consider him at his physical best. It was a very mild statement of the scene. Lord Rosebery was drawn to the gallery and recalled that "what the speech may have been none who heard it knew: for it was a waking nightmare". So unintelligible indeed that members streamed out of the House to be arrested by Tim Healy with a friendly Order, Order! Poor Randolph turned to thank the honourable member.

He was now suffering from numbness and palpitation, showing that he had contracted what his biographer describes as "a very rare and ghastly disease". The symptoms were similar to the "labyrinthine vertigo" which assailed and finally drowned the genius of Swift. There was the same savage indignation, the same laceration of soul and alas the same premature and childish death.

Unfortunately Randolph's courage induced him to struggle when the struggle was an agony to his friends. He continued to make speeches under the hallucination that the politeness of his friends was the measure of their delight. But continue he did. The last flicker of his old swordsmanship was

evoked by a debate on the Welsh Church. For the last time he returned to the Front Bench and defended of all things Tudor Ecclesiasticism. The blinded Samson was turning the Party mill at Gaza. Harcourt was able to report to the Queen that he "reverted much more to his old hard-hitting style. His conclusion was a rattling party attack which was much relished by the Opposition and showed that he had regained most of his old influence with his party". But Harcourt added an aside which Randolph would not have relished: "the absence of Mr Balfour gave him a chance". But Gladstone was roused and for the last time their rapiers clashed and sparkled while their followers like the Greeks and Trojans under the walls of Troy uttered cry and counter-cry.

Before the final curtain fell, it was clear that the Grand Old Tortoise had outran the most vivacious of hares. Demoniactal pluck was of no service to Randolph when his shot lacked powder and his powder failed the shot. He never electrified the House again. Sometimes his lips mumbled or his hands fumbled until the murmuring of the House was quelled by his pitying friends. The courtesy which underlies English public life immediately shewed itself. Gladstone endeavoured to listen to him with unnecessary attention. The time came when he (Randolph) appeared to ask in vain for the Scriptural glass of cold water. Arthur Baumann (otherwise unrecorded in Parliamentary history) performed the kindness and received the humorous

answer: "I hope I don't compromise you with your party".

In spite of mental discomfort, which could only be allayed with narcotics, the optimism remained. But the sands of his strength were running out. He wished to address the country against the agonised advice of those who knew what he refused to suspect. He played with the prospect of contesting Bradford. It was incredible that Salisbury should encourage him by writing (July 5, 1893) "It would be an important seat to win. The chances seem very good and you would probably be far more likely to win it than any other Conservative candidate. We have strong motives therefore for urging you." Never did such dry crumbs fall from the Hatfield table.

The hour of his last hapless efforts had arrived. In March 1894 Balfour groaned to Morley that Randolph was going to make a speech two hours long. "About what?"—"Heaven only knows". Apparently he never made it, but in May he was showing indignation with the *Times* for revealing the little Tory plot to bring the sick members into the voting line for a snap division. In the same month Blunt visited him and found his Egyptian views unchanged. Randolph saw him to the door but broke down saying: "I know what I want to say but damn it I can't say it". In June he made his last speech in the House. It was on the remote subject of Uganda, but he could not bring himself to sit down or continue. Beach and Balfour supplied

him audibly with word after word. It was pitiable beyond all report of Hansard. He was not allowed to speak again.

"There was no curtain, no retirement," wrote Rosebery, "he died by inches in public". In the same month he started on his last desperate journey round the world. He was already in the arms of a creeping paralysis which no speed could outrun. Hurriedly he passed across the Atlantic, the United States and Pacific, intending to return home by India. Japan he studied meticulously but in Burmah, which he desired to see as his contribution to the Empire, the light was removed from his brain. A coffin was added to his increasing baggage, for he bought with generous profusion. From tropical seas he returned home in the midst of the stark winter of 1894-5. On Jan. 22 Death approached him like some Grand Old Man, whom no policy could interest, no argument deter. He died in his mother's house at 50 Grosvenor Square, and after a last journey from Paddington to Woodstock, from one Parliamentary seat to the other, he was buried within distant view of the Palace of his ancestors.

In his day Randolph appealed to the public in the glittering manner of Dizzy, combined with the pugnacity of the idolised "Game Chicken", Sayers, the Champion of England. Although his sepulchre seemed to demand a largess of oblivion from Time, he left memories, prophecies, sentences which the course of History does not consent to bury. Thirty

years ago Sir Sidney Low in the Dictionary of National Biography pointed out that "it is only necessary to turn to the volume of his speeches to recognize how often subsequent events have vindicated his foresight and penetrating judgment". This summary Time has continued to emphasise.

It is true that a sorehead seldom makes a good spearhead. Randolph was the freest lance and in any case the Shield not the Spear is the emblem of Conservatism. He was his Party's lost leader but that leadership he lost for himself. The first rumour that "Churchill must go" was the echo of his own threats. But the hope that "Randolph will return" never died in the fighting heart of the Party. Salisbury cannot be blamed if he allowed his benevolent paternalism to stiffen to an adamant *non possumus*. He could not because he would not recall the prodigal. When Randolph adopted the line of Milton's Satanic hero, Salisbury assumed the dense dignity of his Jehovah. If Office is the Paradise of politicians, it was definitely lost to the abettor of revolt.

Thanks to the great poet the name of Lucifer has remained more attractive in literature than the more amenable Archangels. They are as seldom mentioned as the excellent Ministers who superseded Randolph. With the exception of Arthur Balfour they are entirely forgotten. It is true that the name of W. H. Smith survives on the railway bookstalls of England, but Goschen is only remembered as the man whom Randolph forgot !

AUGUSTUS HARE

(1834-1903)

“What is Mr Augustus Hare? He is neither anybody nor nobody, neither male nor female, neither imbecile nor wise?”

(BLACKWOODS MAGAZINE)

“Augustus always said: the moment you have become discreet you cease to be interesting.”

(LETTER OF MRS A. H. SOUTHWORTH)

THE NAME OF AUGUSTUS HARE HAS FALLEN FROM memory. Yet no one in late Victorian days carried more of the memories of others. His name raised smiles of anticipation but never of polite boredom in the boudoirs of Mayfair, when it was inhabited by all the incredible *Comédie Humaine* of those days, leisurely ladies, moral Dukes, brilliant diners out : Peers, who were gentlemen to a man. His name survives on a series of faded and obsolete Guide Books which he poured forth during an assiduous half-century. There was a time when travellers in search of accuracy spoke of "mendacious Murray, bad Baedeker and false Hare" ! Research has shewn that some of the earliest and best Guides issued by Mr John Murray to the English Counties were the virginal work of Augustus Hare.

Hare was more than a compiler of Guide books. He contributed to Biography in its purest Victorian style. His "Story of Two Noble Lives" was held to touch the high water-mark of high life. He commemorated his adoptive mother in three volumes and his own autobiography in six ! The "Memorials of a Quiet Life" reached nineteen editions thanks possibly to the kind of reading demanded by the Victorian Sunday. Many passages read like parodies of what humorists wish to believe was the pet style of Victorians. He made himself a warm little nest

which he feathered with the proceeds of his travels, and gossip. He lived a life of independence. He enjoyed a rich bachelorhood and an even richer self-content. He was full of contrasts. He never made good as a professional writer but he became the first of amateur colourists. He mingled the mild malignities of an old maid with the old-fashioned charities of that class. The Victorian era suited him to perfection. He was a babe when the Great Queen ascended the throne and he died on the first anniversary of her death. His memory and his biographies passed out with wax fruit under glass and the antimacassar on the sofas.

Why should he survive? His writings cover a particle of the past untouched in more serious literature. And there is a fascination in reading of any past society, which may be forgotten of men but which the Gods cannot undo. Though slashed and ridiculed once as much as they were read, his writings are coming into their own as Museum pieces. For those, who appreciate an old cordial or liqueur drawn from the cellared dust, his biographies keep their value. His Guides are still models. His autobiography is the best of bedside books. No savourer of its quality but has wished there had been a seventh volume !

As a stylist of course he has missed English Literature, although no Victorian Prose Anthology would be complete without a passage from the Noble Lives. Can he be placed at all? Was there a touch of Pepys, a little of Greville and a good deal

of Horace Walpole in his making? Shall we say that he was a Pepys without his importance, a Greville without his brutality and a Walpole without his urbanity. But he was good enough for his times and for the task he undertook.

He had the good fortune to visit the country houses of England when they were still packed with original treasure and inhabited by their real owners. He was a conversationalist in days when good conversation held the social importance held by lawn tennis today. Augustus was an incredibly good teller of credible ghost stories which he had collected from the haunted homes of England. The autobiography alone contains fifty instances of the supernatural. And then he was the perfect social companion and traveller. There were few European countries upon which he did not shed a volume: France, Italy, Spain, Holland, Scandinavia and Russia. The omission of Ireland and Turkey seems almost a slight on those countries. It was said that the perfect Heaven of the Victorians would be furnished with a Guide written by Augustus: say Hare's Walks in and around Paradise.

There are few living who can remember him. Mrs Winthrop Chanler recalls him in her "Roman Spring" as "a dapper little man with a narrow aquiline nose and rather beady penetrating eyes with an extraordinary gift for story-telling. All his stories seem to have happened to members of his own family or to intimate friends. He told them slowly in a curious rather nasal voice which had an extraordinary

variety of tone and pitch. As he neared the climax, he would tremble and break and rise almost to a shriek while he writhed in his chair, twisting and wringing his hands, tortured as it were by the intolerable horror of what he was telling."

Mrs Plowden still remembers the sing-song voice in which he told his famous story of the young lady travelling alone by train. At every station she looked out and saw her fiancé beckoning. At every station he was waiting for her and trying to get her out but whenever she descended on the platform he had disappeared. On and on she went explaining her strange experiences to her fellow-travellers until the fateful accident arrived by which she was fated to be killed.

Another strange story was of his sister Esmeralda as he rather romantically rechristened her. She dreamed once that she was on fire and lo and behold the next day a person was horrified by the hallucination of fire issuing from her finger tips !

Miss Winifred Douglas Pennant remembers the ghost stories read from a little book with the lights lowered and the dramatic striking of the book to emphasise the horrors. She also recalls his triumphant cure for sea-sickness. The worst of sailors used to have himself gently chloroformed before taking ship.

Mrs Robert Crawshay remembered the last occasion that he acted as guide himself. An enthusiastic party were led to Albano but he insisted they should climb a hill before lunch to see a famous view from a café he had known in youth. The view

was there but not the café. Lunch was a necessity and in despair he appealed to his own Guide, only to gasp "but it isn't true!" He had to be revived in a chemist's shop with *sal volatile*, the infallible resource of old maids.

Augustus had been a pretty boy half-coddled and half-soured during his strange upbringing. He was brought up to be a prig but he only became a snob, for which there was something to be said in Victorian days. He made the best of nursing sons and an adorable master to servants. Perhaps having been made to suffer as a child, he was careful of the feelings of others. His experiences at school prevented him becoming a milksop and his individual moral courage was typical of that hardy age. His gentility retains its savours in his writings, for a slight snobbery acts like a whiff of garlic in the Society salad.

He can be minutely studied in his books. The "Memorials of a Quiet Life" recorded God's fairly successful dealings with the Hare family. The Hares descended from Marlborough's chaplain whose burly features are frescoed in the dining saloon at Blenheim. They obtained the magnificent Tudor Palace of Hurstmonceaux in Sussex by marriage. Hurstmonceaux had passed from the Dacres of the South to the Naylor and thus to the Hares who felled the majestic pile leaving but a shell. Francis the son of the Bishop had reacted slightly and joined the Hell Fire Club. His half-brother took a second wife who became jealous of

her step-children. She insisted on gutting the Castle and rebuilding on land which her children could inherit. It was then discovered that the new house stood on entailed land after all ! It was an example of Nemesis but meantime Hurstmonceaux became a ruin !

The rightful heirs returned from abroad. The children included Julius the future Archdeacon and Francis the father of the only begetter of many Guide Books. Augustus summarised his father as "a self-indulgent dandy". He sketched his grandfather as "quite odious, so imperious and arrogant". Great-uncle Robert was "more of a rowdy farmer" and Julius "a miracle of boyish precocity", before he became a Sussex Archdeacon.

They found their ancestral home in ruins and the retainers scattered. Life must have been magnificent for twenty "weeding women" used to be occupied in the courts, while the vagaries of the clocks on the establishment required the attention of four clock-winders. The ruins of red brick resembled what the centuries left of the Baths of Caracalla in Rome.

The male Hares seem to have hesitated in those days of free individuality between membership of Hell Fire Clubs and Orders in the Church of England. Augustus' uncle of his own name fortunately became a model clergyman. It is true that Uncle Augustus had been once meshed by Lady Blessington while travelling as a young man. She had descended upon him while recovering from an accident, but he wrote home in full consciousness

of his dangers : “ she is attentive, she is clever, she is affable, she is amusing, she is Irish, she has black hair and I foresee that she will force me to dine with her five times a week ”. Happily for himself he escaped from the “ gorgeous ” one and returned to marry Miss Leycester of Toft, the heroine of the younger Augustus’ mawkish Memorials to come.

Miss Leycester of Toft came from the County cream of Cheshire. She also had enjoyed a flutter and desired once to marry the Curate of Bishop Heber of Calcutta. He died on the “ coral shore ” and she fell back upon Augustus Hare senior. After his death she adopted our Augustus, whose father Francis parted with him without the least regret.

Francis had been a spoilt child. He had been educated at Bologna as his son recorded “ with the old monk and the beautiful Sibyl who attended him ”. This Sibyl was a professor of Greek and with Cardinal Mezzofanti, the linguist, instructed Francis, who unfortunately also became “ a pet pupil of the infamous or famous Lord Bristol ”. It was not surprising that he ruined himself gambling and became an A.D.C. to Garibaldi. No “ Memorials of a Quiet Life ” could be raised to his name.

So it befell that Maria Hare *née* Leycester received in the year 1835 “ a dear little immortal creature to train up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord ”. Maria had been barren but she believed the little Augustus had been sent in answer to her husband’s prayers when in a bold moment he once dropped money into the box *pour les femmes enceintes*.

Augustus arrived from Rome, where he had been born, with "a little green carpet bag containing two little white nightshirts and a red coral necklace". Already he was the father of the man, for "he went into each room looking round with an air of observation which was most amusing". Henceforth he was brought up like an infant Samuel though Mrs Hare soon had to record that "it is surprising even in a child how many seeds of evil show themselves". Severe steps were immediately taken. Mrs Hare had submitted to the rule that whatever amused or interested a child must be wrong. Augustus' story of his mother's ways made even the Victorians smile. But the Memorials preserved the bouquet of English clerical life as it was: better than the scenes described by George Eliot, detailed as Jane Austen and grim as Charlotte Brontë, omitting always their genius. They read like a bouquet of old lavender wrapped up in pages of "dear old Jeremy", not the Prophet but Bishop Jeremy Taylor, the favourite reading of the Hare household. It is right to record that Jeremy was favouritised for his piety and not as today for a verbal music which could still a loggan-stone.

Hurstmonceaux held charms for the aging but it was formidable to a child. Mrs Hare was distressed that at five years of age Augustus showed "greediness of pleasures and possessions", and prayed "how best to correct these sinful propensities with judgment". Judgment was found in the Archdeacon's riding whip. Listening to the Archdeacon

for three hours in a stuffy Hastings Church must have offered greater torture, but it was all part of Augustus' training. Worst of all was Aunt Esther. It appeared that the Archdeacon "always had a passion for governesses". To one named Esther Maurice he finally proposed. Augustus recorded that "it was the most dismal of betrothals. Esther sobbed and cried, my mother sobbed and cried, Uncle Julius sobbed and cried daily". In time Augustus had reason to add his sobs, when Aunt Esther was married and proceeded to crush his spirit. She ordered a cat, to which he was devotedly attached, to be hung ! In later life he described her as "a Carmelite nun in Protestant form". Her pious Sadism warped his boyishness, while his feeble and gentle mother always gave way to Aunt Esther's ministry. When he published the story of the cat he was severely contradicted, but Canon Douglas Gordon had lived to bear him witness. And in the end his pen avenged the Archdeacon's stripes.

Several passages in his life recall David Copperfield. Aunt Esther fitted Miss Murdstone and Mrs Hare like David's widowed mother had fallen equally under her influence. Dickens' novel is a work of art built out of fiction and memory. The Hare autobiography and the Memorials may be tedious, but everything in them probably happened. The exact dating betwixt anecdotes and letters always conveys a certain conviction that no novel can claim. Augustus had a long story to tell, but

he had real ambition. He believed that "the true picture of a whole life, at least an English life, has never yet been painted". He felt that his mother's life with his could fill the vacancy.

He had his mother's Diaries and his own. Together with his unflagging memory they made not one but three inexhaustibilities. She preserved the memory of some of his earliest speculations. Is God blue or did Noah take a Bible into the Ark? Such questions could not be answered lightly even by trained theologians. A certain struggle was recorded before Augustus would "thank God for Baby's good dinner". Another time he directed his childish conversation to the flowers in person and this rendered it necessary to guide him against "the confusion of truth and error". Truth appeared every evening in the person of the Archdeacon in order to make discussion on the Early Fathers, who were as familiar to Victorian parsonages as athletic heroes today. It was worse when Uncle Julius was accompanied by Aunt Esther and her sister. "Both were a fearful scourge to my childhood", recorded Augustus, "and completely poisoned my life at Hurstmonceaux". His soul was completely seared. Only the outside of his life appears in the autobiography he tells us. The inner history lay in the Memorials.

Strange scenes flicker down the ages between the forgotten pages. Mrs Hare describes how "every morning after breakfast we have a reading of Isaiah, Esther with her Hebrew Bible, Julius with his

AUGUSTUS HARE

German commentary. Then I go to Augustus and his lessons". One hopes that he was spared Aunt Esther's Hebrew, but there was a Paradisial side to life : " the sunny book-lined room with the scent of the orange trees and geraniums wafted through the open doors of the Conservatory, the frequent interpolation of a reading from Coleridge or Wordsworth. . . . Then Julius Hare would seize his straw hat and while composing and meditating pace rapidly down and up his favourite walk between the oak trees whence he could look across the level to the sea against the shining line of which the grey stunted spire of the hill-set Church would stand out as if embossed ".

The only shadows which befell this life in a quiet Rectory were the Romish revival in the Church of England and an outbreak of cholera amongst the poor. Cholera was met in the parish with doses of laudanum dipped in port wine. Not so the Roman malaria, which affected Augustus' carnal mother and uterine sister, for they both became Catholics. Uncle Julius never recovered from the secession of his fellow Archdeacon Manning. He continued to groan at the wicked and growl at the sick who loved him in their old-fashioned way. He was a fine specimen of Squarson : Squire and Parson. Unfortunately he was without humour save once, when he permitted himself to say in reference to his picture gallery that he kept seven Virgins ! By a saving grace most of them were three hundred years old !

His services in Church were varied with impromptu. Sometimes he gave a thrilling representation of Lady Macbeth from the pulpit. He also had "the oddest way of turning over the pages with his nose". Even Aunt Esther slept to the drone of his sermons. He died murmuring "upwards upwards!" and all the regions of Hurstmonceaux wept for him. Augustus noted a mourning retainer who had known his great-grandfather and lived in the Castle as a clockwinder, and wondered "that he should be living to see the last Hare of Hurstmonceaux carried to his grave".

The Archdeacon must have been an improvement on Dean Shipley, a great uncle, of whom Augustus gave a frank account: "He had led a very fast life before he took Orders and he had a natural daughter by a Mrs Hamilton who became the second wife of our grandfather": a curious relationship not provided for in the Prayer Book. He made up for his self-indulgence by severity to others. "He never permitted his daughters to sit down in his presence". One of the daughters married a reverend pluralist: "an old beau who used to comb his hair with a leaden comb to efface the grey". Augustus could give glimpses of a clergy as far away as the days of the three-deckers.

Manners were different. Mrs Hare used to curtsey to her father and even to his empty chair. Augustus' grandmother used to bully the Curates by making them enter at the backdoor except Mr Egerton "because he was gentleman born". The

same Granny may be dated by her reading *Pickwick* in parts while her maid kept watch at the door. In those happier days "a new book or a new flower was its greatest event". It was even thought improper to arrive in London by train so they changed to post-horses in the suburbs: one of those curious details which only the pen of Augustus would record. He had an eye for the quaint and the love for ancientry which keeps the soul of the Guide-writer fresh. For instance in Stanton, the parish next to his mother's he recorded that "all the boundaries mentioned in Domesday Book are still visible: such as an immense thorn tree of absolutely immemorial age in the exact spot where Anna's Thorn is mentioned". Perhaps childish unhappiness turned his mind easily towards stocks and stones. His soul rested upon ruins and flowers. He agreed with one of his aunts that "the curse has fallen lightly on our vegetable creation". The Victorian affection for flowers was not extended to children and Aunt Esther remained like "the Inquisition in person". Less and less chubby grew Augustus at her approach.

Augustus by this time was sent to school as one of Mr Kilvert's "little flock of lambs in Christ's fold" but he described them as little monsters. "The first evening I was at nine years old compelled to eat Eve's apple quite up. Indeed the Tree of Knowledge was stripped quite bare." In addition Mr Kilvert's cane was merciless and the teaching was trash. But any place was better than the holidays

with Aunt Esther about. One Sunday she locked him up in the vestry between Services with only a sandwich to while away three hours amid the tombs of the Dacres !

Harrow with its fierce bullying was a further relief from Aunt Esther. Like Tom Brown Augustus suffered the time-honoured tossing in a blanket. "Up to the ceiling I went and down again but they had no mercy and it was up and down, head over heels, topsy-turvy till someone called *satus* and I was let out very sick and giddy". Football was encouraged with blackthorns cut from the hedge till the blood of the smaller boys ran. Augustus recorded that Lord Aberdeen's son Douglas Gordon was made to swallow the feet of a dead dog with coffee ! Gordon ran away to his father who hushed the matter up for the credit of the school menu. But even masters hummed obscene songs coming into school. Augustus took Harrow as an adventure and was happy consorting with the boys "who did not despise picking primroses and violets".

Miserable days followed with a tutor near Bath, varied by dinners with old Savage Landor, Dickens' model for the explosive Mr Boythorn. The truth exceeded the fiction. Augustus described him roaring with passion while a small white Spitz dog sat unconcernedly on his bald pate. Though he had lived his life in Florence he chose to collect his Old Masters in Bath. Augustus passed to another tutor at Southgate who used to punish

aspirants for Oxford by tying muddy shoes to their necks and kettles to their coat-tails. Augustus stood everything until he was ordered to be kissed by a huge Scotch companion. Then he turned and fled !

He passed into University College Oxford in spite of Dr Plumtree, who guarded the entrance and asked him such odd questions as "the rivers of Spain and the relationships of Abraham". The rooms given him by the Dean might have been worse, but his servant could not have been so. The College Clock shared his bedroom, but he managed to snatch his sleep between the hours. From Balliol the great Dr Jowett recalling family connections invited him to silent breakfasts followed by silent walks, although at each milestone he would pause to utter some such remark as "Your last observation was singularly commonplace". Jowett only "cared for three kinds of Undergraduate: a pauper, a profligate and a Peer. He was boundlessly good to the first, he tried to reclaim the second and he adored the third". Jowett like Dean Stanley lacked both taste and smell. Augustus recalled them taking eight cups of steaming tea at breakfast before Jowett remarked: "Good gracious ! I quite forgot to put in the tea".

The studies at Oxford were still mediæval. Augustus calculated that "about fourteen years and 4000 pounds were wasted on an education of nothingness". Examinations were less alarming to him when he heard that one man had passed in spite of

asserting that John the Baptist was executed for dancing with the daughter of Herodias ! In the end Oxford had only fitted him for Holy Orders which he declined to take. Mrs Hare still hoped from seclusion that "my Augustus will be something more than a mere dilettante", but dilettantes have their place in society. They may not be the bricks nor supply the binding mortar, but like the weeds lightly rooted in the wall they become decorative.

The dilettante naturally fondles the great, but it was only when people were historical or picturesque that Augustus sought them. He used to say that "the most celebrated are frequently the most uninteresting. It is often the people whom the world knows least who influence it most". He loved to record vanishing characters as much as to paint inaccessible places. His memory was pegged with landmarks and littered with curious links in the past. Few could tell the family anecdote better. He remembered the spot in Portman Square where Lord Ravensworth, to whom his great aunt had borne sixteen children, once stopped a nursemaid to inquire whose was that remarkably fine child and to receive the answer : Yours, my lord !

Love for quaint knowledge and passing landmarks led to his invention of the modern Guide-book. True writers of Guide-books are born not made. Victorianism was largely a belief in the perfection of the present. Augustus set out to evoke a passion for the past above all when it made a good story. The Society of Antiquaries

would have endorsed a sentence which he wrote as a schoolboy : " what a pity that the new railway does not turn aside to save Lewes Priory. I had much rather Gundrada and her husband lay still in their coffins ". But alas the progenitor of the Southern Railway was destined to plough up the daughter of the Conqueror !

Augustus saved his pennies to visit Berkeley Castle and " accomplished the excursion by going without food the whole day ". He wrote seven sheets in transports about Berkeley, above all about the chamber haunted since the murder of Edward the Second. " In the park were the descendants of the stags which were harnessed to the King's bier and drew him to his grave at Gloucester ". He knew the touch, historical or not, which makes a Guide-book attractive. An antiquarian often helps those, to whom the present is unendurable, to side step into the unwounding past.

From his tutor's at Southgate he studied the County of Herts. Seeing Rye House through the willows and poplars made the moving thought that " for the plot conceived in that Tower Algernon Sidney and Lord William Russell died ". At Ware he gazed upon the Great Bed which is in Shakespeare and the South Kensington Museum. He was still in his teens when he saw the Duke of Wellington buried in St Paul's and Dean Milman " who had been present at the funeral of Nelson in 1806 ". Links with the past everywhere. At Oxford he saw Dr Routh, the centenarian President of Magdalen, who

remembered Dr Johnson visiting the University. He had been taken to visit the venerable Lady Louisa Stuart, daughter of the Prime Minister Bute and grand-daughter of the Lady Mary Montagu, who had flirted with Pope and been well singed for her pains.

From Oxford Augustus issued his first volume : "Epitaphs for Country Churchyards" whereat Old Landor wrote to Mrs Hare comparing the Preface to Addison. Augustus had been pained by unsuitable epitaphs in the Wye Valley. "Epitaphs have been one of the means by which God is pleased to warn and rouse and teach His people. But how can this be done when bad grammar, bad diction and worse thoughts unite to render it rather ludicrous than instructive?" As a crowning instance he quoted the ever memorable epitaph of Lady O' Looney at Pewsey in Wiltshire which can never fail to appeal to fresh readers and makes the lasting value of Augustus' first book.

"Here lies the body of Lady O'Looney great-niece of Burke commonly called the Sublime. She was bland, passionate and deeply religious : also she painted in water colours and sent several pictures to the Exhibition. She was first cousin to Lady Jones and of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Such sentences might arouse the laughter of even the elect without conveying a divine message.

The Oxford course at least qualified gentlemen to take the Grand Tour. Augustus' mother had taken the

life of an invalid as the line of least resistance, and they travelled together through the Europe of 1851. In Paris he recalled there were "houses still standing in the *Place du Carrousel*: the *Fontaine des Innocents* uncovered and the *Tour St Jacques* rising in the midst of a crowd of old houses". Baron Haussmann had not yet got to work with his crowbar.

Slowly they drove through bandit-run Italy to Papal Rome. In the Palazzo di Spagna Queen Cristina of Spain was living with a common soldier as her husband, but then she was the great-niece of Marie Antoinette! At a ball given in the Palazzo Borghese Augustus watched Cardinals playing whist apart from the mundane dancers. Italy was then full of odd English. In Florence he found the Brownings writing poetry, Ruskin copying Veronese and Mrs Sisted converting the Grand Duke to Protestantism! None of them was quite successful.

Augustus was still haunted by the malignant eye of Aunt Esther and he was accused of frittering away his life. "I was quite sure that nothing I did would be appreciated so that it never seemed worth while to do anything". His dreadful aunts combined to suggest employments "especially desirable for Augustus because they were uncongenial". He clung to the task of nursing his mother, who had taken to falling into trances and lengthy illnesses. "Sometimes I am almost sick with the silence and as I can never go far enough from her to allow of my leaving the garden, I know not only every cabbage but every leaf upon every cabbage".

He was roused from the lethargy of this life by his relative Dean Stanley, who induced Mr John Murray to order him to write a Guide-book to Bucks, Berks and Oxford. The very thing for Augustus ! and he was especially grateful, as the funeral of Bishop Stanley had afforded one of the few happy memories of childhood. His life's work began. He had shewn real zeal for historical relics. At Lichfield he had seen Archdeacon Moore open the grave of St Chad and had received a piece of the body. He had already begun to collect family ghosts and skeletons. He descended in the name of Mr Murray upon the stately homes of England like Sherborne Castle, full of Caxtons, and Fritwell Manor, haunted by an imprisoned madman. He recorded ghosts at Gibside, Hazeley Court, Ripley Castle, Lauriston and Wallington, sending little shivers through his careful pages.

He stayed at Sutton Court, an old Catholic hide, where " Lord Eversley has been talking of Bramshill where Archbishop Abbott shot a keeper by accident in consequence of which it became a question whether consecrations at his hands were valid". What a curious point ! the moral being that transmitters of Apostolic rites should not go out covert-shooting. At Hendred House he noted " one of the most romantic villages, groups of gable-ended houses, black and white or black and red, with turreted chimneys, a fine old grey Church in a glen and a beautiful Catholic chapel attached to this quaint house, which contains a great Holbein

of Sir Thomas More and his family, his cup, and the staff upon which Bishop Fisher leant upon the scaffold". One of many quick seen and quick lined sketches which he constantly made whether in words or brushwork.

He came to Chequers, then private property, where he saw "a very awful mask taken from Cromwell's face after death which Lady Frankland used to uncover with great solemnity". Augustus was not very discreet dealing with his relatives. The famous John Lord Strathmore was a grandmother's cousin, of whom the Peerage only recorded that "His Lordship married July 2, 1820 Mary daughter of J. Milner of Staindrop but died the day after his nuptials".

Augustus span this bald statement into a romance: of how "living near his castle at Streatlam was a beautiful girl named Mary Milner, daughter of a market gardener. With this girl he went through a false ceremony of marriage. Their only boy was sent to Eton as Lord Glamis. On his deathbed Lord Strathmore confessed. Ill as he was, she had him carried to Church and was married to him before all the world. Lord Strathmore died soon after he re-entered the house, but he left her Countess of Strathmore. It was too late to legitimise John Bowes".

Augustus visited Lady Strathmore at Gibside, which he found furnished with two ghosts "one in a silk dress being that of Lady Tyrconnel, who died in the house while living on somewhat too intimate terms with John Earl of Strathmore. He gave her a

funeral which almost ruined the estate. Her face was painted like the most brilliant life. He dressed her head himself ! and then having decked her out in all her jewels and covered her with Brussels lace from head to foot he sent her to London causing her to lie in state in every town upon the road and finally to be buried in Westminster Abbey " !

Truly he was an Earl who could thus honour the body of his lady love.

Apart from these anecdotes, which he kept for his autobiography, the Guide to Berks and Bucks was full of old things freshly told. It was a success and Augustus was bidden North to write another for Durham and Northumberland. He revelled amid old houses, old characters and old cellars. The stately Dean of Durham gave him two good reasons why England was going to the dogs : Crinolines and the paleness of the sherry ! Augustus dined with old Bishop Phillpotts, who in a bold moment excommunicated the Archbishop of Canterbury from his see at Exeter. He visited Dilston, where the last Lord Derwentwater was buried after execution : " Below is the old grey pointed bridge upon which he repented of his rebellion and turned back when his wife threw her fan at him and drove him forth to his destruction ". The magic with which he drew Chillingham Castle could not be bettered : " the setting sun pouring streams of golden light into the great grey mysterious basins of the Cheviots amid which Marmion died and Paulinus baptised the ancient Northumbrians ".

In a new way he was introducing England to the English. At times he approached the writing of home gossip which was then strictly abjured, though now a recognised side of literature. At Streatlam he stayed with the untitled Mr Bowes where the rules were strict. "We are called at 8 and at 10 march to breakfast, with the same procession at dinner. Only at this meal Madame Bowes does not appear for she is then reclining in a bath of coal black acid which refreshes her system but leaves her nails black. We are all sent out driving immense drives in an open barouche and pair. At 7 we dine in great splendour and afterwards we sit in the oak drawing room and talk about our ancestors". Augustus was in his element.

It was worth noting that the original of Dotheboys Hall was in this neighbourhood. Mr Bowes showed him a letter from a former usher (was it Nicholas Nickleby?) to say that "Dickens' misguided volume, sweeping like a whirlwind over the schools of the North, caused Mr Shawe (Squeers) to become a victim of paralysis and brought Mrs S. to an untimely grave". The characters of Dickens were taken from Victorian life and though they resemble cases of stuffed birds, Augustus' Diaries show that such could have walked English earth. Staying at Eastbourne as a child he compared his lodgings to Peggotty's cottage. At Harrow he found his Steerforth in Lord Saye and Sele. At Linedler in the North he recorded Mrs Bacon (mother of the Premier Baronet) who

reminded him of David Copperfield's aunt: "her chief occupation rapping at her window and keeping the Minster Green free from children". England was inhabited by people with individualities as different from today as the characters in Dickens are from those in Edgar Wallace. Stranger and stranger swam under Augustus' glass.

The North was his great hunting ground. With the Bosanquets at the Rock he found Feudalism happily installed: "the beautiful little Norman Chapel was filled from end to end with the whole population of the village, all responding, all singing. They live all over Northumbria bound by the year like serfs close round the large farms".

At Ford Castle he stayed with a great lady who was to have a great place in his future writing: Louisa Lady Waterford, the Marchioness Widow and Dowager. While one name is remembered the other will be linked with it, for she was one of the heroines of the "Two Noble Lives". In her wonderful powers of water-colouring he immediately recognised a mistress. Not every limner could ply the Marchioness' palette. It was said that "her brush was too good for a hare", but while her Venetian colouring was unequalled amongst the amateurs, he had taught himself a professional economy of line and dab. Their art is forgotten in this age, when studies of still life are apparently composed on moving easels with semi-explosive paints. Anybody, who has studied or collected the water colours of Augustus or Louisa, will know what is meant by

their tone, accuracy and depth. They shewed how buildings really stood ! This flower once lived !

Louisa had been released by death from the most reckless of the Waterfords and lived at Ford within sight of Flodden, which Augustus found "to be the great topic, the windows of the Castle looking out upon the battlefield. The position of the different armies and the site of Sybil's well are discussed ten times a day".

The people he met still remembered when Durham was unblackened, unpitmarked and when Houghton le Spring was a pretty rustic village. Augustus came to Ripley Castle, where Eugene Aram had been the gardener's son and had buried the murdered man in the Cave of St Robert, a hermit whom the local guide described as "a gentleman who wished to live very retired": a euphemism which could not distress Protestant ears. Thence to the Greys of Falloden, whose family spectre was a head rolling across the floor. It was seen by Earl Grey when he was introducing the Reform Bill into the House of Commons, or was that only a Tory legend ? At Hesleydale Augustus saw the Charlton Spur, which the hostess served when the larder was empty, and at haunted Wallington he met the quaint Trevelyans. As for their ghost :

"Old Lady Trevelyan was a very wicked woman and a miser. She lived here for many years and is believed to wander here still. Her son Sir Walter has never been known to laugh. Sir Walter is a strange-looking being with long hair and moustache.

... There is another strange being in the house. It is Mr Wooster who came to arrange the collection of shells four years ago and has never gone away. He looks like a church brass incarnate and turns up his eyes when he speaks till you see nothing but the white. He also has a long trailing moustache and in all things imitates but caricatures Sir Walter." More Dickens characters !

At Winton Castle he stayed with Lady Ruthven, who "was like other people only that she would constantly walk in and out of the back ante-chambers playing a concertina which as she wore a tiara of pearls and turquoises, had a very odd effect in the half-light", or indeed in any light at all. North Berwick he visited before the triumph of golf when "there were nine families of Dalrymple and seventeen Miss Dalrymples all old maids", which as a statement seemed to reflect on Augustus' chivalry. But it was not in his nature to leave them diminished by one or their virginities abated. Thence to Peebles, whose Bailie had just returned from Paris muttering "it's a grand place, but Peebles for pleasure!": said to be the greatest compliment ever paid to the women of Scotland. Thence to visit the superb Mausoleum from which twelve Dukes of Hamilton are expected to rise at the general Resurrection. At Chillingham Lord Tankerville told him how his father and Lord Derby were once attacked by a highwayman on Putney Heath who turned out to be his own groom riding his own best horse !

Hare's County Guides still make excellent reading, though less personal than the travels he kept for the Life. The first volumes appeared anonymously as "Murray's Handbooks", but the quaint curiosities of Augustus can be suspected between the lines. He launches into the stories of Lord Derwentwater and Grace Darling at length "because the memory of these persons is so intimately connected with the scenes amid which they lived". With his gift for selection he chose the right quotations and epitaphs, picked out some forgotten relic or antiquity and illuminated his facts and statistics with an occasional hint of a ghost, while he made the locale of famous trees or rare plants appeal to more than the botanist. The immense pains that he took did not appeal to Mr Murray, whose prosaic soul wished changes in later editions of Bucks and Berks. Augustus wailed (June 19, 1872) "My book is quite obliterated. I cannot but think that all the life is washed out. I may add all accounts of private houses, in which forty-eight staying visits in the three Counties while writing your handbook, were corrected by the proprietors".

Even greater was his grief over Durham and Northumberland (June 28, 1872) "I think you cannot be aware of the immense pains I took with it and the absolute devotion with which I gave up two years to it entirely. The Handbook of Bucks was never more than a handbook, but the Northern Handbook (certainly the best thing I ever wrote) is a literary and I hope a lasting work. I really feel it

due to the boundless hospitality of the great Northern Castles and Houses to protest against the alteration of a work in which all their owners have shared ”.

Collectors of Hare must secure the first edition of his Bucks and Berks, for the unhappy compiler found the second reduced to “maudlin trash”. He wrote (July 2, 1872) “All the old proverbs and ballads for which I passed many days in different libraries looking for the most accurate and ancient forms of a single expression are smoothed down into regular lines and common English. If the present book sees the light I shall never venture into the three Counties again. However, compared with what the spoliation of the Northern Handbook would be, this is nothing as there is no eminent Antiquary, Architect, Poet, Historian, Botanist or Geologist in the North of England who has not had a share of it ”.

Mr Murray was moved to tart reply : “ There are many persons who would apply the words Maudlin Trash to some of the ballads you have yourself printed and you ought not to ignore the number of your own blunders which have been detected and corrected to the saving of your reputation as a writer and observer ”.

But Augustus caught him there and snarled : “ the list which you kindly sent of blunders detected by another to the saving of my reputation oddly corresponds with the corrections of my own inaccuracies which I myself sent you ! ” And

later "I cannot undertake to rewrite the account of the Collieries. The late Mrs Surtees, widow of the famous historian, kindly undertook getting the present account submitted to each of the principal Durham coal-masters in turn".

This correspondence gives modern compilers an idea how the great Guide-books were written not as by scribes but by one having authority. Hare's Guides show mastery in describing "the things which are worth seeing but not worth going to see". His later Guides to the Counties of Sussex and Shropshire are equal models of his meticulous care and ability to invest home travel with charm. Sussex and Shropshire appeared under his own name with a different publisher and were safe from Mr Murray's sling. Each was filled with woodcuts taken from his water-colours and remain as valuable as photographs in representing nooks and ingles of England as she was.

Augustus devoted his home life to his moribund mother almost to the nausea of his readers. If she had not been his aunt by marriage, his letters would have seemed more than filial. Nuptials might have crowned his affections had not the Prayer Book forbidden marriage with an uncle's widow. In 1864 he nobly dismissed pleas from another quarter : "This year I greatly wished something that was not compatible with the entire devotion of my time and life to my mother. Therefore I smothered the wish and the hope that had grown up with it".

This devotion was at least rewarded by the news

that Aunt Esther was dead. She seems to have killed herself by an innocent habit of lying in the rain on the Archdeacon's grave.

Augustus had begun collecting material for his famous Walks in or near Rome. It was still the Rome of the Temporal Power. That hard-worked Capital of modern times was untroubled by the Sardinian tax-collector. The desperate pace involved in *Avanti Savoia* had not commenced. The Forum was still "picturesque, flowery and unrestored". Pellitory and maidenhair grew between the tufa of the ruins. The Colosseum had inherited a Flora from the days of the great animal shows. The Esquiline was vineyarded and the City of the Popes was enclosed by beautiful gardens.

Pio Nono was Pope and on returning in 1867 Augustus recorded: "the first acquaintance I saw was the Pope! He was at the *Trinita di Monte* and I waited to see him come down the steps and receive his blessing on our first Roman morning". Traveling was old fashioned. There was no tunnel at Mount Cenis and "fourteen horses dragged us over the mountain through the snow in a bright moonlight night during the greater part of which I crouched upon the floor of the carriage so as to keep my mother's feet warm inside my waistcoat". Augustus was a kind boy. Italian railways were still casual, for "though we did not order our carriage till some time after the train was gone we reached Perugia by road before the train!"

Of Pio Nono he recorded the strangest of yarns

on the authority of Provost Hawtrey of Eton. A daughter of Bishop Foster, Protestant Diocesan of Kilmore, had been engaged to a handsome Count Mastai of the Noble Guard but jilted him and lived to see him Pope ! This anecdote does not appear in his Roman book, of which the late Mr Luxmoore of Eton wrote "it is impossible to say anything about Rome which has not been said by the quotations in Hare".

Augustus saw Rome during the Vatican Council while his mother was slowly dying. Pages were devoted to her every symptom. He dragged her back to their new home at Holmhurst in Sussex in advance of the Franco-Prussian War, but a curious ripple did not fail to reach their gates. "On Sept. 8 the Empress Eugénie took refuge at Hastings and two days after walked up the hill past our gate. She was joined by the Prince Imperial." In time Augustus became the Prince's friend and often prided himself on his personal resemblance to the Emperor. For the time being he was occupied in nursing his sinking mother and many such pages were written as :

"Oct. 23. Alas another Sunday in bed ! said Mother this morning. But darling you need not regret it. All the days are Sundays to you.

Nov. 16. I felt as I feel a thousand times now how extraordinary people were, who spoke of the trial my darling's mental feebleness would be to me. It only endeared her to me a thousandfold, made her only more unspeakably lovable".

She died and typically he noted "the extraordinary sound that was going on as if hundreds of thousands of crickets were all chirping together". The noise of crickets at a death occurs in Ecclesiastes XII 5 where we are told that the grasshopper shall be a burden because man goeth to his long home. Ten years later, when his old nurse died, Augustus heard the crickets again.

He withdrew into solitary life to prepare the Memorials of his mother's life. The Stanleys with the true instinct of relatives threatened legal proceedings before they appeared. They were published in spite of threats and unexpectedly made Carlyle weep. And they were submitted to Queen Victoria, who was gracious but inexpressive.

His mother had never expected he would survive the severance of their twin lives and always spoke of the time "when we die". But Augustus lived and passed on his mawkish devotion to Lady Waterford. She was a link with the highest world socially and with the historical past. Her grandmother, Lady Hardwicke, who died in 1858, had a father who accompanied Prince Charlie in the Forty Five. More amazing still her grandfather's first wife was given in marriage by Charles the Second !

Augustus was also collecting material to illustrate his "Wanderings in Spain": a country that has attracted England's three best Guide-book writers: Borrow, Ford and Hare. It was a mediæval Spain with "every ploughboy in the colour of Solomon's Temple". Augustus engaged lodgings in the

Alcazar, the great Palace of the Moorish Kings, but was compelled to give them up "partly from mosquitoes and partly from ghosts". He informed Mr Murray that he had visited "almost every corner of Spain" and criticised Mr Murray for taking the spirit out of Ford's Spanish Handbook. This "brought down hail-storms of satirical recriminations" in correspondences which are lost.

On the way home he sketched the British Ambassador in Paris without a surplus line: "Little fat Lord Lyons' figure is like a pumpkin with an apple on the top. It is difficult to believe he is as clever as he is supposed to be. He is sometimes amusing however. Of his relations with the Pope he says: it is difficult to deal diplomatically with the Holy Spirit". This difficulty Lord Lyons was later able to overcome by becoming a Catholic.

Rome was now devastated and devastating to the sentimental pilgrim. Taxes took the place of ceremonies. Ugly new streets destroyed the gardened Villas of Princes and for all this Augustus moaned "so very little, a gayer Pincio, a live wolf on the Capitol, a mere scrap of excavation on the Forum". The Pope's Chapel in the Quirinal had become a cloakroom for Balls! the abomination of women's fashions in the Holy Place! Favourite landmarks had disappeared while the Colosseum and Baths of Caracalla had been scrapped of the herbage in which the English Poets had revelled. The Lion of the Apostoli had been moved, but was restored in deference to public feeling roused by Augustus.

A later passage written by him inspired Lord Ripon to save the Convent of St Chiara near Assisi and return it to the monks. Although as an Antiquarian he criticised the Savoyan occupation, as a courtier he could not help presenting a copy of his "Walks in Rome" to the Princess Margherita ! The Walks developed during his life time and as each edition was called for, he revisited Rome. He bequeathed the work eventually to Mrs St Clair Baddeley, whose husband kept it up to date : perhaps the only one from Hare's shelf to live today.

His later Italian Guides re-engaged the wrath of Mr Murray, who found himself insulted as well as injured. Augustus had both used and abused Mr Murray's prior productions. Mr Murray wrote with all the hurt dignity of Albemarle Street :

(May 10, 1876) "Your Cities of Italy contains more palpable proofs of your use of the Handbooks perhaps than any other of your publications. Besides, how could you criticise these Handbooks as you have done unless you had been making use of them ?"

(May 11, 1876) "The imputed use of the Handbooks is not confined to those Chapters, Verona and Mantua, but especially shines through the texture of that on Genoa ; embodying much of the original information derived by its author from abstruse sources."

Mr Murray appeared to be unanswerable and Augustus' new publishers removed Augustus' abuse. In consequence, Mr Murray was good enough to

believe that the Genoa Chapter was "a coincidence arising from two persons describing the same objects". Certainly Mr Murray showed that a publisher can be a gentleman.

Next year Augustus was hurling his *tu quoque* (Feb. 26, 1877) "It is absolutely false that I have ever quoted from your books without acknowledgement, though it is perfectly true that the Editor of your Handbook for Central Italy has made unlimited use of my days near Rome greatly to his advantage."

Nor were Augustus' troubles ever over, thanks to his gift for the right quotation. Freeman the Historian accused him of pillaging his Quarterly articles, but Augustus held the sensible view that he owed it to his readers to purloin of the best. He returned from Italy to write his "Walks in London", which hold a mirror to the Capital as it was. He was still taking notes for his autobiography and often succeeded in salving remnants of a fading Society. It was an age of Grand Old Men.

There was Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, who had engineered the Crimean War, sitting at St Leonards like Blake's Almighty with his white hair flowing and chatting about Goethe.

There was Lord Bute ("It was like reading Lothair in the original") speaking gravely of the AntiChrist and regretting the loss of real fasting "before the folly of collations".

There was old Lord Redesdale who "took us

into the far away by telling us of having heard his father describe a man in Swaledale named Rieveley, whose earliest recollection was of being carried across the Swale by Henry Jenkyns, who lived to 160, who recollected having gone as a boy with a sheaf of arrows to join the army before the Battle of Flodden ”.

There was Colonel Towneley, who rode 800 miles without stopping with despatches to Constantinople. Towards the end an old wound had opened, but catching sight of his Austrian rival he was nerved to continue riding to the bitter end and thus won his Colonelcy.

What conversations slipped into his record ! Imagine a breakfast with Gladstone discussing Cardinal Manning ! Someone present said there was a lady living whom Manning had jilted as a Curate. She always spoke of him as “fickle and false ”. “False ”, thundered Gladstone like a Rhadamanthus, “but never fickle ”. Augustus was suspected of having started the story for the pleasure of putting it six years later into the *Whitehall Review*, where it deeply wounded the aged Cardinal. At the same breakfast “Lord Napier every now and then insisted on attention on which occasions Gladstone persistently and defiantly ate strawberries ”.

One thing Augustus never missed telling, if possible from witnesses, and that was a ghost story. He was a real pioneer in Psychical Research. His versions were generally superior to the legends. For

instance his account of the famous Lyttelton ghost story, which undoubtedly found its correct form :

“ Mr Spencer Lyttelton rails at everything supernatural, so we spoke of the story of his own family and he told us the facts of the Lyttelton ghost, declaring that everything added about altering the clock was fictitious. Thomas Lord Lyttelton, my father’s first cousin, was at Peel House near Epsom when a woman with whom he had lived seemed to appear to him. He spoke of it to some of his friends, the Misses Amphlett, and said that the spirit had said that he should die in three days and that he believed that he should certainly do so. Nevertheless, on the following day he went up to London and made one of his most brilliant speeches in the House of Lords. He was not well at the time. On the third evening when the clock struck the strokes of twelve, Lord Lyttelton counted the strokes and when it came to the last exclaimed : I have cheated the ghost, and fell down dead. He must have had something the matter with his heart.”

Thus should ghost stories be preserved for future reference. Augustus’ repertoire of ghosts in his Life included Hatfield, 50 Berkeley Square, Harrow, Croghlin Grange, Chevening, Curraghmore, Battle Abbey, Loseley Park, Belvoir, Rufford, Skelton Castle and Warbleton Priory.

In those days London was frequented by fine talkers like Abraham Hayward, who bridged the art of conversation between Macaulay and Wilde. He was “ witty and well-informed, usually satirical

and often very coarse. . . . Interesting on account of his perverse acerbity, constantly invited by a world which feared him". Thus Abraham Hayward lies buried under two footnotes in the Life of a great listener.

By 1883 Wilde was replacing the old talkers. "He talked in a way intended to be very startling, but Mrs Stewart startled him by saying quietly: You poor dear foolish boy, how can you talk such nonsense?" Augustus was perhaps the first to record the poet's famous night spent sitting up with a sick primrose.

London was beset by great Houses, most of which have disappeared into service flats. Before Societies for the Destruction of Beautiful Buildings had gutted Mayfair, London could offer the attractions of a classical City. A glimpse of the most beautiful of perished buildings, Dorchester House, survives in a few words: "the staircase is that of an old Genoese Palace and was one blaze of colour and the broad landings behind the alabaster balustrades were filled with people sitting or leaning over as in old Venetian pictures. The dress of the time entirely lends itself to these effects".

Conversations were embalmed as well as scenes. We hear the Prince Imperial rebuke a pushing French diplomat "by a remarkable flash of wit", or Sir Henry Irving reading Macbeth to a company chiefly of Bishops and Archbishops and their belongings under the roof of Baroness Burdett Coutts. This famous lady, who was believed to have received

proposals from both the victor of Waterloo and the nephew of Napoleon, was fond of Lord Houghton as the only young man of English family who had not proposed to her millions. But we hear the poet Rogers abandoning the field of conversation to Lord Houghton, the splendour of whose breakfasts could only be imagined by strolling through Madame Tussauds. And Rogers finally going down to the witty snub of Lord Dudley, when Rogers boasted that he heard a lady saying : " I feel sure you must be Mr Rogers ". " And were you ? " asked Dudley very innocently.

Augustus' boudoir talents carried him afield. What a starkly etched vignette he caught at Gorchambury in 1877 : " the sallow basilisk face of Lord Beaconsfield : hear him I never did except when he feebly bleated out some brief and ghastly utterance. His is an extraordinary life. He told Lord Houghton that the whole secret of his success was his power of never dwelling upon a failure ".

Mrs Duncan Stewart gave Augustus her memories of Mr and Mrs Disraeli. She was a beautiful factory girl whom Mr Lewis married. Her next husband was Mr Lewis' secretary, the future Prime Minister. " When asked why she married her second husband, she would say as though it were a feather in her cap : my dear, he made love to me while my first husband was alive and therefore I knew that he really loved me ". The last time Mrs Stewart had met him he could only say in a hollow voice : " nobody is quite well ". From

Lord Rowton, Dizzy's secretary, Augustus collected other Dizziana. Asked what was the most self-sustaining sentence he knew, he answered : " sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof". Another time he had said : " there are three things I have never used, mustard, a watch and an umbrella". Big Ben was his time piece and he was always driven in a closed carriage.

From Betton House Augustus visited the Church tower at Mucklestone from which the Queen of Henry VI watched the battle of Blore Heath. " In the village the same family officiate as blacksmiths, one of whose members shoed the Queen's horse backwards to be ready for her escape, if it was needed, and thus saved her". He came to Southam, the house of the de la Beres, one of whom " saved the life of the Black Prince at Crecy and a Prince of Wales helmet and feathers over a chimney piece commemorates the fact".

At Osterley the last Duchess of Cleveland recalled to him other days when fashion had unbared her arms and an earlier Dowager threw her a napkin to cover her nakedness. Time had forgotten this good Duchess Elizabeth " who went on receiving a pension from the Duke of Bedford as his cast-off mistress after she was married to the Duke of Cleveland. She had been a washerwoman. She used to call Lord Harry Vane : my Arry. One day the conversation turned on Venus. I do not like her, she said, she had a bad figure and by no means a good character." So spake Britannia.

Victorian women were not always true to the type laid down for them. They were often as different as the men. There was the wife of the Historian Grote. Sydney Smith derived the word grotesque from her. (This is not borne out in the new Oxford Dictionary.) Augustus sketched her as "celebrated for having never felt shy. She had a passion for violent colours. She talked with equal facility on Italian literature, the best manure for turnips, the harmony of shadow in water-colouring and then upon rat hunts. She regretted her true vocation as an opera dancer. . . ." This is easier to believe than that she could be found "aloft in a tree dressed in a coachman's brown overcoat with capes playing on the violin cello".

Dickens never surpassed Augustus' account of Ham House going to ruin during the minority of the Eighth Lord Dysart. The door handle had gone through a Sir Joshua ! There were "old Persian carpets of priceless designs worn to shreds, priceless Japanese screens perishing, black chandeliers which look like ebony and are solid silver, a library full of Caxtons, a china closet with piles of old Chelsea undusted and untouched for years".

There was also a ghost in the shape of an old woman seen by the butler's girl scratching the wall near the fireplace. She turned out to be the Countess of Dysart who had murdered her husband to marry the Duke of Lauderdale.

A visit to Welbeck gave him mention of the strangest of the English Dukes even in a different

age, the Duke of Portland who built himself a secret life underground. "He insisted on being treated like a cloistered nun or a sentenced prisoner. He walked at night with a woman carrying a lantern ahead. When he came to London in a brougham with the blinds down : no one ever saw him go or arrive. When he needed a doctor, the doctor only came to the door and asked questions of the valet who was allowed to feel his pulse". Exactly as a European doctor is treated in a harem.

Augustus lived between two worlds of Society. He could still meet women who had been painted by Lawrence as children and precocious boys who were to become the future Lords Rennell and Curzon of Kedleston. He defined Society as "when people were never in a hurry" which shows that it must be extinct today.

Augustus' interminable Life passed into a fifth and sixth volume. During a more active phase he acted as bear-leader to the Crown Prince of Sweden and Norway, then united. He wrote a Chapter on "Royal Duties and Interests" which meant taking Prince Gustaf round London and Rome. In Rome the Duke of Sermoneta once elucidated the mysteries of Italian titles in a single breath, which remains just as useful to date :

"He explained that all the splendour of his family arose from the fact that they were Caetani : that many of the old families such as the Frangipani had no titles at all : that even the Orsini had no title of place and that it was only modern families

like the Braschi who cared to air a title. The oldest title in Italy was that of Marchese, which came in with the French : Duke came with the Imperialists : but the title of Prince, for which he had the utmost contempt, was merely the result of Papal nepotism. Borghese was the first Prince created ”.

Augustus travelled later through Scandinavia, Russia and Holland, contributing Guides for those who followed in his steps. In France he discovered parts usually missed by the tourist. “ The Churches and Abbeys of the Correze and the Creuse are absolutely glorious and some places, Rocamadour for instance, worthy of being compared with the very finest scenes in Italy ”.

The death of his old nurse broke up his life again. She had figured as deeply in his life as that type figures in a Greek Play. His sobs found their way into print : “ I have a piteous feeling that there is none now to whom I signify ”. It was possibly in his desire to signify in the lives of others that he adopted a number of young men, many of whom he had better never have met. Towards the end of his fifth volume he gibetted nine of them after receiving the usual gratitude reserved for those who favour their own sex. He had founded a Hospice at Holmhurst where he entertained ladies of the broken-down governess type and every week end a few hard-worked clerks from London. Some sixty used to look to Holmhurst as to a home. He wanted them to feel, he said, that they had one friend who really cared for them. Some were

dreadful failures. They borrowed and repaid not. Some sank low, but Augustus only resented the deserter who soared socially until "a shake of the Prince of Wales' hand finally turned his head". Sometimes he was well rewarded as when he paid the expenses of Marion Crawford's first novel. In his youth dislike had saved him from the sex of "gig-driving pianoforte-strumming minxes", but his later affection for young men brought him plenty of worry. Innocent he must have been or he could never have devoted a printed analysis to the worst of them. It affords a moral which is not out of date :

"No 1 was a gentleman in a good position once, who had fallen into extreme poverty. I gave up being in London, I gave up going abroad, I always went in an omnibus instead of a cab, I always travelled second instead of first to have £50 a year to give to No 1. But when I found that my poor gentleman always took a hansom even to cross Eaton Square, I drew in my purse strings.

No 2 only cared for work and his work was science. But he had no one to help him to buy the patents that were necessary and I spent £800 for this . . . He suddenly turned Buddhist and went off to India. He wrote that his religion would prevent his ever again forgetting that he owed me £4000 with interest. Yet after his return he repudiated his debt . . . No 2 was an utter collapse.

No 3 wanted to be married . . . I sent the money but the marriage never took place . . . No 3 vanished into chaos.

No 4 was very engaging and I became very fond of him. When he wished to give a party to his friends in London, the food, the wine, the flowers came from Holmhurst . . . No 4 collapsed.

No 5 was a very young and ingenuous boy. His family were trying to compel him to take Orders. I backed him up in resisting. He was very affectionate to me and I grew very fond of him . . . He got into one miserable scrape after another. He sank and sank . . . Now he has taken Holy Orders. This is the end of No 5.

No 6 exceedingly unprepossessing in appearance . . . never told the truth . . . a sorrow to those who know him and think mournfully of its beautiful Might-Have-Been.

No 7. Of very lowly origin but gentle instincts . . . he yielded to a great temptation . . . I replaced the stolen money . . . He never came back . . . received into the Church of Rome . Since then he has sunk lower and lower ”.

But as Mrs A. H. Southworth wrote : “ no more faithful or affectionate friend ever lived. He would forgive again and again almost any injury, while he was morally absolutely fearless ”. He had need to be.

People were genuinely alarmed by his indiscretionary powers even when he only fell in love with

his subject as he did when writing his book on Miss Edgeworth. He wrote to Lady Constance Leslie (Nov. 25, 1894) "When asked to undertake it, I had many scruples, but gradually became interested in her simple frank generous character as unfolded in her letters and at last I became much attached to her ! The papers came from Edgeworthstown with the most ardently expressed wish that I should edit them. But when the book was in print there was the most bitter, almost violent, opposition to its publication from Pakenham Edgeworth's daughter. It was very nearly stopped altogether".

Augustus was equally indiscreet of himself and others. According to W. H. Mallock he was "incomparably the most intrepid" of Memoir-writers. In his own Memoirs Mallock recorded some of his indiscretions.

"What a comfort it is after staying with people, who are too clever, to find oneself with people who are all refreshingly stupid ?" he printed of a House near Chevening.

Other anecdotes survive of his spontaneity of manners. He once invited a party including Archbishop Trench and family to visit the Etruscan tombs at Veii. All arrangements were left to him. The party arrived by train to find one small vehicle, in which Augustus promptly left with Lady Ashburnham, leaving the others devoutly to hope that brigands would rise to hold Augustus to ransom and to treat her Ladyship to worse !

Another time he paid a visit to Miss Trench and Miss Emily Leslie, who then occupied Bourdon House, the Manor of Mayfair. The name of the house had puzzled antiquarians. Someone remarked that there was no clue to the name save a sculptor who had a school of carving near Ghent. "There you are", shouted Augustus, "always say this house was decorated by Bourdon or one of his pupils?" And so is history made.

Constant visits to Ford Castle and Highcliffe brought his "Story of Two Noble Lives" under weigh. The noble ones were Lady Waterford and Lady Canning, daughters of Lord Stuart de Rosethsay, who had turned a small villa on the Hampshire coast into something between a Palace and an Abbey. The actual room, in which a King of France had been born, was brought by sea. In justification it may be added that Highcliffe has since proved worthy at different times of housing the German Kaiser and Mr Selfridge.

Augustus took Dr Johnson's advice in most valuing the biography in which the hero tells his own story. He listened and recorded every scrap that fell from Lady Waterford. She remembered when the neighbouring site of Bournemouth was "a desolate moor and at last we came to a wild valley where was one house only". The two sisters Louisa and Charlotte were brought up to be beautiful and bountiful, but their married lives were very different. Charlotte married "Clemency" Canning and died in India after a mutinous

Viceroyalty. Louisa met the wild Lord Waterford at the Eglinton Tournament, where he alone of the Knights galloped into his tent in full armour. Ireland went mad over the marriage of such a pair. His uncle, the Archbishop of Armagh, took a hand in his reformation before he was allowed to marry her, but he would live only for hunting and practical jokes. She sat at home and consoled herself with water colours. Ruskin like "a wizened rat" used to hang about her with advice. Once he challenged her lack of pains in the drawing and she spent several months exactly copying a print of Van Eyck in Indian Ink.

In spite of all family assurance, Waterford hurt himself steeplechasing before his wedding and a week after bringing his bride to Curraghmore upset her down a hill into a severe concussion for which she forfeited her glorious sheaf of hair : long preserved in glass at Highcliffe.

Waterford's escapades make a legend different from any other practical joker. He stands in the frisky tradition between Theodore Hook and Jack Mytton. He was the first to steal the swishing block from Eton. It was concealed under the Irish Primate's dining table in London until it became an heirloom at Curraghmore. At Melton Mowbray he jumped his hunter over a spread table within the house. Lady Waterford recalled his pursuit of a burglar whom he ran down in a public house four miles away. He convicted him amongst a number of men by feeling their heartbeats in turn. After a

midnight quarrel with a Dublin cabman he emerged wearing the Archbishop's cap and gown and gave him a thrashing with "what do you mean by trying to cheat my nephew?" He was fond of paying first-class fares for chimney sweeps to induce them to travel with the quality. He laid out some neck-breaking steeple-chases in the manner that moderns lay out a golf-course. He used to row fair ladies into the middle of lakes and abandon them by swimming ashore and urging every husband, who loved his wife, to swim to her rescue!

Augustus considerably glossed this wild character in his book and Mr Luxmoore commented: "I doubt those unclouded horizons like the Italian. Even Waterford is made an Angel". He was an odd mate for the pupil of Ruskin, but she bore with him and sat up to give him midnight dinner on hunting days and when necessary "put a new mouth to an old family picture instead of one which Waterford had cut out to stick a cigar into". And so on until Waterford was naturally killed in the hunting field.

Augustus' account of Waterford's death and funeral makes a passage as good as the best in Miss Edgeworth, whose letters he afterwards edited. Waterford was riding his favourite hunter and conversing with his favourite huntsman in full gallop before he fell. An awful wail arose from the Hunt when his body was found. Lady Waterford knew the worst by the cries of the servants in the Courtyard and went down "and looked on his

face once more, but what my lady did that night we none of us knew ”.

Lady Waterford's letters are suffused with an evangelical tinge worthy of her times and position. Distinctly naïve was her comment on Newman's *Apologia* that “ he lacked the sincere milk of the Word ”. One of her beautiful sketches reproduced in the book shows the Primate of Ireland playing cards. But those were the days when Cardinals had private boxes, as the sisters discovered when once travelling to Bologna under the Temporal Power. Letters from their ambassadorial father had brought a visit of the Cardinal Legate to the amazement of the Bolognese. The Cardinal apologised for the closing of the theatres in Lent or they would have been offered his box !

Those were the days ! But one would have given more to have seen Miss Burdett Coutts' party on June 19, 1857, which Lady Waterford described as “ Black and Blue, being clerical and literary. Hans Andersen was there, a long grave man and Ranke of the Popes, a short merry one, just reversing one's notions ”.

The second volume contains Lady Canning's Journal and letters from India during the agonies of the Mutiny. Canning became the first Viceroy instead of the first official of the old “ John Company ”. Augustus recorded this occurring shortly after the death of old Mrs Ellerton, who had seen Sir Philip Francis (Junius) brought in wounded after his duel with Warren Hastings. Another

good link with the past covering the whole history of British India !

The social and religious attitude of the sisters was positively Victorian towards the natives, Irish or Indian, whom they were called by Providence to rule. They noted and sketched the same ragged hordes living outside the Gospel pale. There was Famine and Rebellion abroad in both countries, but there was a difference between the chivalrous Smith O'Brien, the Irish leader, and the tigerish Nana Sahib. Lady Canning died in India and her husband sank shortly after his return, having lived "enough for his Fame and Happiness but too little for his country". Together they had passed through "trials of no common order" as their laconic epitaph told. They both died in their forties, but their gentle heroism had saved India to the Crown.

Louisa Waterford retired to Ford, where Augustus became the tamest of cats, scribbling her memories and picking up odd ghosts. They found a secret stairway "at the very spot from which the ghost was said to emerge". Ford had belonged to the Delavals and carried a curse that "no male of the family should die in bed". Old Lady Mexborough stated in *affidavit* that her grandfather, father and eldest brother died in their boots. Other members of the stock were killed in Hyde Park, Quebec and in the Lisbon earthquake, making seven casualties. The curse was raised by the separation of the Ford and Seaton properties and the eighth brother was

permitted to die between his sheets. It was strange that a similar curse had affected the Beresford family, of which Waterford was head, but that is another story.

At Ford Louisa Waterford was painting frescoes on the school walls and raising a pillared angel to her dead Lord. Ford became a model village worthy of "Young England" ideals. Her Ladyship pioneered in sanitary arrangements when they were little known and spent 200 pounds "as I used to say *entre nous* out of my Privy purse". Dear Lady Waterford, did you intend Augustus Hare to publish that witty indelicacy to the ages?

Highcliffe was her other home and already there was a far-seeing contest between Stuarts and Beresfords which should inherit. She lived long enough to entertain her nephew Charlie Beresford, when the coastguards dragged him in as the hero of Alexandria. In her letters she recorded how he brought the Prince of Wales (Edward VII) from Cowes with the two little Princes: the Duke of Clarence and the future King George V who took to the sea in their flannels. "Highcliffe looked its best. The nets and the people in flannels rollicking in the sea and then the Osbornes boats of dark blue and gold bands and the sailors holding up their oars. . . ."

With the Nineties Lady Waterford was invited by the old Queen to Osborne. She had never been to the Isle of Wight, having a superstition that if she did so she would die. It was a curious echo of

the belief of the Continental Celts that the souls of the dead were ferried to that island. Nevertheless she paid her Royal visit and withdrew to Ford where Augustus came to glean her last memories. What a lapse in time she could evoke when she remembered : " my last sight of Cardinal Howard was as an officer in the Life Guards when I danced with him (the last time I ever danced) and at the same Ball I saw Melle Eugenie Montijo, then called the Spanish heiress ; and never saw her again till I met her as a deposed Empress in Walker's hatshop " .

In 1891 Lady Waterford was dying and her sister, who had died thirty years before in India, appeared to her in all her girlish loveliness. Augustus recorded the deathbed as though it had been the Dormition of the Blessed Virgin herself. It was true that the Marquises of Waterford were generally referred to in Tipperary hunting circles as " the Lord " but there was no excuse for dubbing the Marchioness " Our Lady " in a printed book.

When she died, it was found that Highcliffe had been left to the Stuart cousins against whom the Beresfords had not unnaturally cast their influence. A deciding pull in favour of Eddie Stuart Wortley was given by Lady Constance Leslie, although a sister-in-law of a Marquis of Waterford. For this reason she was able to open the Highcliffe archives to Augustus later and to receive his gratitude (Feb. 14, 1893) " Ten thousand thanks for your prompt telegram to Highcliffe. It brought instant response. Exactly what I have been panting and

pinning for, for a year past and could not get hold of : all the indispensable and fundamental material. A number of Lady Stuart's Diaries settling endless dates and difficulties at once, Lady Waterford's Diary for four years at Curraghmore, the history of the cholera and riots in Ireland. I cannot think why I could not have these before . . . Lady Sarah Lindsay and all the Yorke clan had written to Lady Waterford that she was deluded about E.S.W and Mrs Lowther did the same, but hoped Lady Waterford would ask the military authorities. This I believe she did and was satisfied ”.

A book like the Noble Lives is always tempting to a Devil's Advocate, who would enjoy mentioning that her Ladyship sometimes touched her face with the brush when nature failed to meet her artist's eye. There was a tradition that Augustus painted his own features, but then water-colourists have their temptations in old age. He remained well-preserved because, as he said, he had always enjoyed life which he found “worth living to the very dregs”.

The Jubilee of 1887 made a golden exclamation mark through Victorian Diaries, and Augustus was the more loyal that he had been mixed in the Trafalgar Square riots of the previous year when “a Socialist named Burns suggested a reign of terror”. Glass had been broken in Mayfair and Augustus grimly noted that a footman had been stripped of his livery. So much for the English Revolution ! The Jubilee outglowed all discontents. Was

Augustus the only scribe to mention the yellow-feathered Queen of the Sandwich Islands seated in the Abbey or such a link with the past as Maria Lady Aylesbury, the only survivor (except her Pages) from the picture of the Queen Coronation : or Mrs Procter (Barry Cornwall's widow) who was presented to the Queen as the only survivor present at the Jubilee of George the Third ?

During Jubilee year Augustus went sketching in North-West France and was arrested as a spy. When asked if anyone in those regions would answer for him he replied haughtily : " Yes there is a Lady at Aix les Bains who will answer for me : the Queen of England " ! The *Times* published his arrest and a question was asked in the House of Commons. Later he became subject to attack in the Press. For instance in the *Athenaeum* with " such bitter personal malignity as gave one the shuddering conviction that one must have indeed an enemy as virulent as he was unscrupulous ". Towards the end of his life he came to " wonder why I have scarcely ever had a favourable review. My work cannot always have been so terribly bad ".

There was nothing left but to continue visiting the country houses of England. He found he made himself welcome by keeping a rule which may be commended. He always took his leave overnight in order to slip away without fuss in the morning. Society was changing under his feet and over his ears. He picked out relics of the old ways with

delight as at Alnwick, where whist was stopped at ten in the evening in order that the Company might hear the Duke of Northumberland read prayers or at Belvoir, where trumpeters sounded the dressing hour and a watchman called the hours of night. It was like staying with King Arthur, presuming that the Knights of the Round Table dressed for dinner. But elsewhere the old Society was cracking. Augustus cleverly contrasted how "people love talking but not talk. Dinners are rather display than hospitality, supplying abundance but no *esprit*". When the terrible scandal of Tranby Croft shook the nation, he compared it to the famous affair of the Diamond Necklace which precipitated the French Revolution. It is difficult to recall the emotional horror which swept the British nation when the heir to the Throne was discovered playing baccarat! Metaphors failed, but it could not have been worse if a youthful Archangel had been detected gambling in the Courts of Heaven. The nation shook, but the Throne remained.

Augustus ended his years in that peace that comes from not too much understanding. The Victorian landscape seemed set for ever. He went his way sketching castles and characters, men and mansions. Nothing could improve his description of Burne Jones as "the Botticelli of the Nineteenth Century who has given an apotheosis to *ennui*". It covered exactly every Burne Jones angel in windows and every Burne Jones damsel in frames. When

Tennyson's tiresome Memoir appeared, he complained that it gave no real picture of "the rude rugged old egotist, who was yet almost sublimely picturesque, always posing for the adoration of strangers and furious if he did not get it or if he did". Fittingly Augustus recorded the dying utterance of the Prince of Snobs of his time, Sir Alexander Taylor, who gasped from his deathbed asking that his duty might be presented to Princess Amalie! A pathetic footnote adds that "it had been a subject of extravagant pride that he had occasionally entertained this good-natured Princess to dinner". Little things enchant little minds and, as the huge majority of minds are small, a Life recorded like that of Augustus makes a personal appeal that is never conveyed in the lives of the great. The Snob's philosophy gives great importance to what is not really important at all, partly because nobody can really be important on this planet and partly because really Important things look after themselves. The Snob then affords a triple happiness: to himself, to those he flatters and to those who laugh at him. The Snob was defined by Balzac as one to whom every Duchess is always thirty years of age. Augustus would have substituted the word not less sacred of Marchioness.

For thirty years he had produced volumes from Holmhurst and here he commemorated his labours by erecting Bird's statue of Queen Anne, when it was discarded from the front of St Paul's. He used to say that he had taken off Queen Anne into Sussex

with a first class ticket. Here he continued to entertain elderly ladies and less worthy young men. Evening by evening he read prayers and the allotted portions of Scripture to those who would listen. His sonorous voice could touch the chromatic scales like an echo of the dead Julius. And like him he added asides during his Services. When reading of the warriors, who could not say their Shibboleths properly, he stopped and murmured "So silly of them !"

There was a real charity behind the Holmhurst scenes. He kept old servants like Anne, a deaf and dumb housemaid, for fifty years. She was only known to utter when he returned from a journey and then to announce some "joyful surprise" which had been prepared for the master. His charity to the menial and the moneyless makes an endearing trait. Here he is writing towards the end of "much leisure for thought and work and many friends coming and going. These are chiefly old ladies bringing echoes from a past life, but there are many young men, especially poor young gentlemen in hard work in London, who are glad to come to a homelike place for Sundays, if their journeys are provided for. Some of these give me great pleasure and if they do not always turn out well, that is simply in the day's work and I must hope that others will turn out better".

The multiplying editions enabled him to smile at the viperish reviewers. By 1894 "the upper classes, the public for whom it was especially

written" were revelling in the Noble Lives. Augustus divided the reviewers of this work into three groups according to their "wishing the First or Second or Third Volume were excluded". But he was pleased when a Radical wrote that the book had taught him what "unselfish lives might belong to the class he has maligned". On the other hand he had to face the wrath of Lady Cork for not allowing a dazzling cloudlessness to cover Lady Canning's life. He committed a mysterious indiscretion in describing how Lord Canning "looking over her papers, realised for the first time how entire her happiness had been during the first years of her married life and then how she suffered". In a copy of the volume the late Susan Duchess of Somerset apparently added an explanatory note which was not without a dramatic touch: "Bobby Spencer sat near Lady Dalhousie at dinner and asked her who it was made Lady Canning's life so sad. It was this same lady. He did not know!"

The Reviews written of his six-volumed Life showed that his rapier must have often touched when he believed it was buttoned. It was alluded to as "foam of superannuated wrath" or "a monument of self-sufficiency", but he went his way until the year 1900, when the Sixth and final volume brought him within three years of the grave. Critics asked how he could reconcile his conscience with what he had written of the Maurices and Hares. The public still preferred Biographies to be written as Carlo Dolce painted his haloes, but Augustus

liked what he called the "projecting peculiarity" of a Hals. So Aunt Esther and Uncle Julius continue to project as painfully in death as in life as long as Augustus' pages endure. He insisted that the glamour of death should not be allowed to apotheosise those who deserved it not. Mrs Southworth wrote : " his quarrels with his relations were not of his seeking. His family were most unjust and grasping, envious of his hard-won success and a social popularity which they could not share. Augustus always said : the moment you become discreet, you cease to be interesting and that was the reason that he told the world his woes."

He himself was the most unchangeable of men, and happy in his intransience. " What a pleasure there is in a thoroughly well-bred Society " he cried. How happy he was in the Nineties to be driven about Wiltshire in a four-in-hand by a Duke ! There was already a new Society springing up which was alarmingly tinged by Americans. In his last visits he was constrained to describe Mr Astor entertaining at Cliveden amid the very marble benches and sarcophages he had known in the Borghese Gardens so many happy years ago : when the bluish sunlight crept like Röntgen Rays through the thick green ilexes, when his mother and nurse were sitting amid the tinkling fountains and old Pio Nono was hobbling on the Pincio round the corner . . . and here were the same marble benches dripping in the fogs of the Thames !

The Boer War covered his last months. His

last visit was to the Methuens at Corsham Court. The captured flag of General Cronje floated over the staircase like a symbol of the new era opening into warfare and closing not again. Slowly all the treasure and tranquillity Augustus had described so well was beginning to slide towards the abyss.

Memory's pleasures were intense to the end. He could call on any distant scene to repeat itself in his brain. When Mrs Ramsay died, he wrote (Aug. 8, 1902) "What a chapter of life it closes to me, one of the happiest, best and most touching recollections. What pleasant teatimes when dear Miss Gaudens' wit and wisdom flowed like a fountain. What delightful days in the Compagna amongst the bee-orchises and marigolds. What kindness long further back at Hurstmonceaux when I was six years old" ! . . .

How sweeter all Memoirs would be for an infusion of such letters. What pleasant tea-parties ! The Coronation of King Edward VII drew him to London and with the following New Year he withdrew to Sussex and found himself "alone now and very busy in my upper window with its wide views over sea and land". Thus he wrote at Holmhurst on Jan. 10, 1903. Ten days later he was found lying dead of heart disease. He had written one of his well formed letters the previous day. He was buried in his dear old nurse's grave at Hurstmonceaux. It would be too much to hail his life as the Students Club, of which he was President, hailed it—as "a Noble one". But it was not ignoble.

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For anecdotes and criticisms I am indebted to the late Mrs Robert Crawshay, Miss Winifred Douglas Pennant, Miss Chenevix Trench, Mrs Plowden and Mrs St Clair Baddeley.

Mrs St Clair Baddeley, while criticising my treatment, has allowed me sight of letters which have modified my views, while Mr John Murray has allowed me access to Hare's correspondence with his distinguished grandfather.

The Swedish Minister most courteously informs me and the admirers of Augustus Hare that his letters to the Swedish Court "are probably included in the late Majesty King Oscar's documents which are sealed and are not to be opened until fifty years after King Oscar's death or in 1957", a date I was not disposed to wait for before publishing my essay.

ARTHUR DUNN

(1860-1902)

*“ O strong soul, by what shore
Tarriest thou now ? For that force
Surely has not been left vain.
Somewhere surely afar
In the sounding labour house vast
Of being is practised that strength
Zealous, beneficent, firm ! . . .
Still like a trumpet dost rouse
Those who with half-open eyes
Tread the borderland dim
Twixt vice and virtue : revivest,
Succourest. This way thy work.
This was thy life upon earth.”*

MATTHEW ARNOLD ON DOCTOR ARNOLD

A GENERATION HAS RISEN IN THE FOOTBALL world which has forgotten the name of Arthur Dunn. Athletic fame fades as fast as that of great actors or musicians. None pass more quickly out of mind than the dead amateurs of games, and a modern Villon might ask "where are the Pros of yesterday?" All their achievement has been upon the perished film of the past and the present retains only a few memories amongst the aged or the names on a time-bitten trophy.

Every year the Old Boys from Public Schools playing Association Football compete for the Arthur Dunn Cup.

Who was Arthur Dunn and is it too late to recall his winged steps from the dead ?

Suffice to say that in the Eighties he was the most accomplished amateur football player in England, as unfailing a joy to the beholder as Dr W. G. Grace on the cricket field. Memorial essays and sketches preserve some memory of the bushy-bearded and Herculean cricketer, but it seems impossible to describe the playing of the most mercurial of football players : one who achieved the fantastic record of playing forward for England against Ireland and returning ten years later to captain the team against Scotland at full back. What manner of man was this, whose life was described by the motto hanging

in his room : " whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might ".

Arthur Tempest Blakiston Dunn was born at Whitby in 1860 of several North Country strains. He combined some of the historical bloods of England without any heritage of wealth or privilege. He derived from the Tempests, who give their name to the House of Londonderry and from the Blakistons, who were also owners of coalmines which had descended for generations with the family lands. His mother was the daughter of the Rev Mr Bowen, Rector of West Lynn, a clergyman inheriting the descent of the Percys. His father had been Second Wrangler in Westcott's year at Cambridge and a Fellow of St John's College, that famous seminary of arithmeticians. He became a leading mathematical coach and the author of " Dunn's Previous " : a justly famous guide to the Examination of the name.

Most of his earnings he devoted with a poor man's honesty and pluck to paying Mortgages on his northern property. He could barely send his only and beloved son to Eton and Cambridge, but he managed somehow and gave him that leisurely education which was still reserved for the sons of gentlemen. In one fashion old Mr Dunn could hold his own amongst the best in the land. His wonderful eye made him a crack shot with the sporting gun. It was his ambition, so he said, to make Arthur a Wrangler of high standing at Cambridge and a fine shot. With his quick brain

and quicker eye Arthur could easily have been either.

In appearance the old man resembled a fine specimen of South African Boer. He wore the hat of a mediæval Magician over a mighty skull: a hat famous amongst the hatters of Cambridge for it had to be specially ordered. He was a strangely reserved personage: one for whom the Binomial Theorem held no terrors and from whom Quaternions could not extort a qualm.

Shooting in the field or the moor was the hobby of father and son. In those days partridge shoots could be cheaply taken around Cambridge and good bags could be made by walking up the birds in sporting fashion. They had the same contempt for pheasant battues that English cricketers once had for the ladylike game of lawn tennis. Grouse was always the sacred bird of English sportsmen and there was a famous moor near Whitby where the grouse were unclaimed. Every Eleventh of August Arthur and his father slept on the Moor with their guns beside them in order to get the first chance on the glorious Twelfth. This was an annual exhibition of that commendable keenness, which for Arthur was amongst the theological virtues. He was born keen and keen he remained as a burnished razor to the end. He was keen on sport, keen on games, keen on music, keen on singing and keenest of all on his friends. His short life was lived on the edge partly owing to his proverbial keenness and partly to his magnificent fitness.

Football was the game at which he excelled and he learnt it in a venerable seedplot of English play, Eton College. He was at Frank Tarver's House from Michaelmas 1874 till the summer of 1878. Tarver's was the little brown-bricked building known as Gulliver's which still hangs over Barnes Pool Bridge. At school he was too small of stature to become distinguished, but he learnt how to put life into a game as well as how to play the game of life. He was a tiny player not weighing more than six stone but he won his House-colours at football before he was big enough to wear the official Tails. In fact he was never out of jackets while he was at Eton. His Captain, the late Sir Evelyn Ruggles-Brise, had the greatest doubt whether to confer House-colours upon so diminutive a player. But perhaps the memory of Gulliver's found grace for a Lilliputian living under a roof of the name?

It was interesting that Tarver's House then held two boys destined to found famous educational establishments. Ruggles-Brise put Borstal upon the penal map and Arthur Dunn started one of the best of Private Schools preparatory for Eton. There was a social gulf between Ludgrove and Borstal, but both founders took an equal determination and delight in giving boys the zest to succeed.

Arthur made his chief impression on Eton by his astonishing gift of song. He inherited great musical gifts from his mother. He was born with song in his throat and a perfect sense of harmony. He had chosen his parents well and their combined

love had indued him with his father's eye and his mother's voice.

Those who knew Mrs Dunn placed her sweetness of voice in the front rank with Jenny Lind and Christine Neilson. Like so many of the best people in England at the time she was content with so little. Once she was asked whether she had the necessary dress to make a Royal appearance and laughed back : " Give me a clean pocket handkerchief and I dare face the world " ! She used to sing to Charles Stanford's accompaniment while Joachim played the violin. With Stanford she helped to liven the Cambridge Musical Society. On one occasion she shocked Victorian ladies by singing in public at the Albert Hall although her duet was shared by the wife of a Bishop ! In spite of the strictness of the times it was curious how much people were still able to get out of life. If they had less occasions they enjoyed them more.

The Dunns settled at Little Shelford five miles out of Cambridge, whither the old man drove his gig every day, regularly changing speed when he struck the Trumpington Road. The old man, stern and ascetic, a sportsman and a gentleman of the old country breed, spent himself saving the property he would never own. He made his modest pile by giving his personal knowledge industriously to pupils. Money was made by hard work not by speculation. Mr C. P. " Plummer " Wilson, who had made sand castles with Arthur at Hunstanton, recalls him as tight-fisted, but " with one

redeeming quality, a great love for Arthur. Mrs Dunn could get nothing out of him except through Arthur and he certainly backed up his mother nobly. A tough old boy, who used to bathe in the Granta at seven a.m. summer and winter and was to be found on the bank when over seventy". Needless to say the Dunns were the making of Little Shelford socially, musically and athletically. The quiet little village was raised later to cricketing fame: Arthur coaching the rural Eleven and Mrs Dunn making the cricket caps. As a result the village once defeated the County of Cambridge!

Arthur's voice was his mother's and Eton long remembered the most beautiful treble in the history of the School. The *Eton College Chronicle*, which is filled with the puerile records of the great, preserves tributes to Arthur's singing at the School Concerts of 1878:

"The principal feature of the Finale in the *Lorelei* was the singing of Dunn, whose voice seemed to be as strong and sweet as ever: and the pathos and dramatic power with which he rendered the solos . . .

"The feature of the evening was Dunn's singing. He has never been heard to greater advantage, the perfect clearness of his high notes and the rich quality of his voice could not fail to take the audience by storm. His rendering of the 'Better Land' was exquisite . . ."

His mother was present when he sang "I hear thee speak of a Better Land" and remembered that

the audience around her were left sobbing. A school friend, whom he never met again, the late Monsignor Arthur Stapleton Barnes, wrote that "he had a lovely voice and kept it very long. Indeed he developed slowly. Certainly in 1878 I never looked upon him as a future celebrity but he was a pleasant child like the infant Moses". It was a far cry to the rough-and-tumble grounds of International Football.

To Cambridge he carried his gifts of song and speed. The idealisation of Eton entered into his life. Though he seemed but a Pocket Athlete he gave his best powers to playing for the Old School : for the Eton Ramblers at Cricket and for the Old Etonians at Football. He was as quick with his feet as with his hands and they literally twinkled when he crossed the field at speed. He brought with him the fast dribbling of the Eton game where the individual rushes forward without daring to pass or "sneak" as it is hatefully called. The Association game was still in formation at the Universities. Henry Jackson, Professor of Greek at Cambridge, wrote in a letter of historical value : "Old Rugbæans had a game once or twice in the season in memory of the past but the notion was that football was a game for boys. Then the Harrow men and the Eton men started their respective games. They then began to learn one another's games. Then Association was deliberately invented".

The Old Etonians added their theory of quick bursts of individual speed to the passing game which

later became one of long exchanges. Arthur Dunn excelled and became a very attractive player. Mr "Plummer" Wilson "never thought Arthur a dangerous forward. He never got over the Eton dribbling game and it is always easy to stop a dribbler. He took to playing full back and proved a great player. His kicking was long and accurate with either foot and he was as brave as a lion".

Arthur was an Old Etonian first, *sans peur et sans reproche*. He could never give the University his heart as he had given it to his School. He was careless whether he won his Blue, preferring to play for the Old Etonians. A controversy arose between the Varsity Football Club and the Old Etonians, who naturally stood by their School. They rightly considered it a more sacred duty to assist Eton through the Ties of the English Football Cup than to help the gownsmen of one University to bounce the gownsmen of another.

The world of sport had travelled far from those days when the Old Etonians and the Old Carthusians could wrest the Cup from professional Clubs. Today it seems unbelievable. A Varsity Boat Club might as well be suspected of lifting the America Cup! But the days of Victoria were often the days of Epic.

The controversy at Cambridge was settled after the Varsity had been defeated in the Cup-ties of 1879 and decided not to compete again, leaving the Old Etonians to take the field by themselves.

Oxford had the same trouble with the old Carthusians and decided to follow the Cambridge example. In 1879 the Old Etonians won the Cup, defeating the Clapham Rovers by one to nil. It may or may not be believed but Canon Norman Pares, who had played with Arthur for Tarver's at Eton, was recruited for this Cup Final from among the spectators to take the place of a missing player !

Three years after leaving Eton Arthur was considered proficient if not large enough to play in first-class Football. His appearance against Clapham Rovers for Old Etonians led to an enquiry whether a boy still at school could play for the Old Boys ? He was one of those many bantams, who do better as a rule than the weedy giants amongst human kind. Quickness of mind and alertness of body is far commoner with those whose blood circulation has the shortest journey. At least the doctors have not found better reasons why it is that the world is always run by Bantams, from Napoleon to Lord Beaverbrook.

Arthur, intense Etonian as he was, came to wish the Eton tradition to be modified in favour of the Association game, which had not yet been introduced as a by-play at Eton. Etonians played a game at School which they could not afterwards share with their fellow public-schoolmen. Arthur delivered his inmost feeling on the subject in the *Eton Chronicle* of Dec. 12, 1888, pointing out that " whatever the Eton Behinds may be at Eton, it is a

stubborn fact that no one has developed the qualities of a reliable Association Back". It was the men from Charterhouse, Westminster and Brighton who excelled at the Varsity and won their Blues. "The Association system in allowing one player to pass the ball to another makes full test of the tackling powers of a Back. It is not a mere matter of kicking high or far but of greater judgment." And so say all of us !

By 1882 Arthur was playing for the Old Etonians in the most famous of Cup Finals, when they defeated the Blackburn Rovers. It was played, of all places, on the Oval Ground in front of the Surrey Cricket Pavilion and was watched by a record crowd of 5000 spectators who in those days were mostly players and sportsmen themselves. Both teams had unbeaten records and one considered itself unbeatable. The Blackburn Rovers printed their Victory Song before the match with such taunting lines as :

" All hail, ye gallant Rover lads !
Etonians thought ye were but cads
They've found at Football game their dads
By meeting Blackburn Rovers ! "

Four Rovers were Internationals. They had lost a formidable full back but had imported a Scotch half in his place. The Etonians were captained by Lord Kinnaird and included :

Goal : J. F. Rawlinson, later M.P. for Cambridge and a Judge.

Full Backs : Tom French and Percy Paravicini.

Halves : C. W. Foley, a cricket Blue, and Lord Kinnaird.

Forwards : W. H. Macaulay, a Running Blue,
H. C. Goodhart, Second Classic
and later Professor of Greek,
J. B. Chevallier,
W. J. Anderson,
Arthur Dunn and P. C. Novelli.

Today one does not associate Greek Professors, Judges and Peers with the Final of the Football Cup, but they were different then.

These were worthy of a Homeric catalogue for they won the best match of all matches played in their time. Excitement ran high and the ball danced over a dry and fast turf. Both sides played gallantly. It was one of those rare matches when the professionals played like amateurs and the amateurs like professionals.

The Etonians won the toss and played the first half of time with a strong wind but failed to score. In the second half the Rovers began to press. They were trickier, more correct and played a better combination. If they lacked the Etonian dash, they had more staying power. The Etonians were heavier and faster, while the Rovers showed the new practice of heading to perfection. At the end of the game the Rovers were all round the Eton goal, which Rawlinson was defending with miraculous passes and punches. Suddenly and as it seemed

in weariness he threw the ball over the heads of the attack. Macaulay had returned from forward to the defence, as they used in the brave days of old, and found the ball at his feet. He sprinted down the field with the ball under perfect control. Half-way down he was tackled and passed to Dunn who dribbled to the goal line with instant speed and sent a sharp low centre. Anderson was well up and volleyed irresistibly into goal. Though the Rovers pressed hard, they could not undecide the fate of the Cup. The *Daily Telegraph* reported thus (March 31, 1882) “. . . a most determined rush was made by the light blue forwards and, Dunn conducting the ball skilfully down the ground passed it to Anderson who sent it between the posts. This feat was greeted with the most deafening cheers”.

After fifty-four years Mr Macaulay keeps his recollections : “ The match was played on March 29 and I was due to run a Quarter against Oxford on April First. My own general recollection of the game is of making occasional attacks on the Rovers goal but of being more often on the defensive, and in this our superior pace was very useful. The ground was in fine order. I remember that we came off the ground so dry and clean that Harry Goodhart and I drove to Liverpool Street Station as we were, caught the five train to Cambridge changed in our rooms and dined in Hall”.

Days, men and manners have changed since Undergraduates could slip into Hall after winning the Cup Final the same afternoon in London !

In the opinion of Mr N. L. "Pa" Jackson : "Arthur practically won the tie against Blackburn Rovers with a lovely centre all along the ground".

The Members of Parliament for Blackburn had arranged with the prescience of British legislators to give a banquet that evening in St James' Restaurant. Mr Jackson continues : "I was invited as representing the Football Association. It was rather a dismal affair." One of the Members was the brother of the late Lord Morley of Blackburn but not even his subtlety could have extemporised a satisfactory toast to the words :

"All hail, ye gallant Rover lads !"

The Final of the following year was tragical for the Old Etonians. According to Mr Macaulay : "Blackburn Olympic were not really first class and ought not to have reached the Final. We had every expectation of winning and were on the way to do so, having already scored a goal, when in the middle of the first half Arthur Dunn put his knee out and we had to go on with ten men. We nearly pulled it off in spite of this. The Blackburn Olympic equalised but we only just failed to get a winning goal before time. I felt no doubt we should win on a replay but to my horror we were told that it had been arranged that in case of a tie we should play an extra half-hour. Our men were pretty well cooked, while the Blackburn men were in strict training and they just managed to get a winning goal." The Press said that "Dunn until

injured played a capital game and it is undoubtedly to his absence that the Etonians owe their defeat ”.

According to Mr Jackson “ Lord Kinnaird had agreed out of good nature to play an extra half-hour so that they should not be at the expense of coming to London again, and although Arthur Dunn had retired he kept his word and thus lost the match ”. It was looked upon as one of the pluckiest games ever played for there were two limping casualties. Kinnaird kept his promise and Blackburn kept the Cup. The Old Etonians appeared six times in the Final, won the Cup twice and were three times defeated after extra play.

After the 1882 Final it was believed that Arthur would never play again. But he played for Cambridge against Oxford in 1883 and 1884, playing centre forward in days when there were two centre forwards, who naturally got in each other's way. The full Blue was not awarded for Association at Cambridge until 1885 owing to the protests of the angry oarsmen who wished Varsity sport to be represented in the eyes of the world by the Boat Race and the Cricket Match alone.

The Greek ideal came near attainment in the Universities of that time. Scholars and athletes did not despise each other. They more often met in the same individual and could boast with Pericles : “ we can be philosophers without being softies ”. In Arthur's old scrapbooks there were Old Etonian teams which included men like Hugh Macnaghten,

a superb Grecian, as well as Arthur Benson, poet and essayist.

Arthur was not literary. His one book was the Bible. Novel-reading in an armchair was his synonym for what was the rank and rotten in behaviour. His was not unlike the description given of a Greek gentleman "beautiful and good". His small head was finely set. He would have given Michael Angelo an ideal model for his stripling David. His proportions were like chiselled ivory and all of one piece. No limb seemed to have been added as an afterthought. His shoulders clasped under the base of his neck but their deep setting gave his arms powerful leverage. His speed with the ball was terrific and he balanced himself, when he turned round, with one arm raised in the air. He had a wonderful power of running back and kicking as he turned. However quickly he approached the goal, he hung for a perceptible tithe of time to direct aim. Overtaking was a remarkable feature of his play. He delighted in pursuing a fast forward and parting him from the ball at full speed.

Most men secretly deplore some deficiency in their build. Arthur never wasted a moment thinking how to add to his stature. He was indifferent to his own good looks and content to remain small but compact. He could tumble head over heels on the ground with the greatest ease. "Look at that man like a rubber ball," his wife heard a spectator shout during a match. He lacked weight but his ounces were perfectly packed. His design was as

spontaneous as a house built from a single steel frame. He was a fierce little tackler, but he was severely hurt three times on the field :

Against Blackburn Olympic playing for the Old Etonians in 1883.

Against Bolton playing for the Corinthians in 1885.

Against the North playing for the South in 1887.

This was a remarkable record for a player playing two or three matches a week for eleven years against every type of player.

His eye was very keen and seemed to pierce through orbs more placid than his own. When he took trouble, he could win at billiards. He had charm and could make any man his friend. His percentage was fully virile. Only that wonderful voice, which remained with him through life, might have served a Prima Donna. He seemed to have picked it up by accident in the changing rooms of a former world. He could have made song his life's work but he was content to give friends a very occasional reminder of his divine gift. In later days he was present at a concert of the conventional type which seldom cheers and never intoxicates. At the last moment someone called on Arthur to sing "Tom Bowling". Instead of applause there was dead silence, for the audience was in tears. His voice never really broke but passed from a boy's to a man's. It remained resonant to the end.

At Cambridge his father still ambitioned him to take the Mathematical Tripos. He made him work six hours a day in the holidays which Arthur naturally took out of College time. In his first examination he did so well that a high Wranglership was prophesied. He was not given to boasting but he believed he could have taken the place his father wished had he worked hard. He preferred a widening circle of friends who later turned out a good investment. His admirers insisted on giving him the entertainment he could ill afford in return. To give a dinner he never hesitated to pawn his watch. He was never in trouble with his College of Trinity though he enjoyed the mischievous side of life. One of the Trinity courts had been piled with plates in view of a banquet. Arthur and a friend ran out and laid hundreds of plates neatly round the grass circle and waited to enjoy the surprise of the waiters.

He was drawn into card play. It was never his pleasure and certainly it was not his friends' profit, for his luck was described as amazing. He could not help winning during those years, but he was no real gambler for he hated winning. When he left Cambridge, he vowed never to touch cards again.

When it was not too late, he turned to his books and with undeserving ease sailed into the Third Class of the Honours list. He could think as quickly over a mathematical problem as over a run at Football. His father was bitterly disappointed. He left Cambridge and began to earn his own living. He

followed his father's steps as a coach and spent a winter tutoring in the family of Dunville, whose name is connected with the national Irish beverage. He joined the Cliftonville Football Club and the Ulster Press began to take note of his sparkling prowess. We read that Cliftonville played Moyola in Lord Chichester's demesne in presence of "a vast assemblage of the gentry" and that although Arthur "was well watched, he succeeded in scoring the only goal by a beautiful screw from the left".

When he returned from Ireland he was still without a profession. He dallied with a position in a solicitor's office in Newcastle. Had he accepted, the whole firm would have come to him very soon owing to a series of deaths. He believed he was one of those whom money was bound to miss, and he applied for a mastership at Elstree School under Mr Sanderson.

Long before the days of Films Elstree was famous for her Preparatory School: for studies rather than Studios. Geographically the Studios are in Boreham Wood which is not so good a name as Elstree. The English Prep School had been rising out of an abyss of discredit and dislike. Elstree and Cheam led the way towards better things. Athletic gentlemen were replacing the Victorian Dominies. Their influence lay in hero-worship rather than fear. At Elstree Arthur found his old playmate "Plummer" Wilson, a Double Blue, and Vernon Royle, the greatest Cover Point that the game of cricket has ever known.

These were happy and strenuous days for a young Master who was also playing for England. To keep fit, Arthur began systematically to over-train. As though daily games were insufficient he used to get up early and cover long tracts before morning school. Surplus energies were drained by a huge fifty-six inch wheel, which required two steps to mount, and by a French Horn which he played in the School Orchestra. A temporary mastership passed into seven busy and unclouded years at Elstree.

His Football career suffered no check. Three volumes of Press cuttings preserve the scores and details of long-forgotten games. It is difficult to recall his grace and glamour from those pages for they have perished like the grass upon the fields of his athletic achievement.

Throughout the Eighties Arthur was at the top of his form. He played in over 500 matches and seldom failed of a mention in the meagre Press records of the time. He played in such obsolete contests as London versus Sheffield or for the South against the North. He played outside right for the Corinthians in 1886 when they beat Newcastle and Everton and drew with Middlesbrough. Playing for St Albans on Nov 23, 1887, he made a famous kick "from almost the boundary line and to the utter astonishment of all the onlookers the ball went between the posts". He played in the opening game of the Queen's Club ground when the Corinthians defeated Oxford University.

At the end of 1888 the Old Etonians played five matches in six days. The Press asked "how many goals will Dunn obtain?" Against the Household Brigade he scored seven out of nine. Against Clapham Rovers the ball burst and they used a Rugby ball during the second half: a unique incident in football history.

He played for London against Birmingham twice: in 1888 "the Old Etonian's runs being simply marvellous" and in 1890 he scored the only goal after "finely evading both backs who tried all they knew to stop him".

We have reduced three volumes to a few paragraphs. His career, while it lasted, was as individual and popular as any cricketer or boxer has enjoyed in his time. He played three times for England against Ireland. He captained England against Wales and Scotland. Against Scotland he once led ten professionals on to the field and the Press recorded that "it was thought that his position would be irksome but, as it happened, these particular professionals turned out to be men of easy and gentlemanly demeanour and they found their captain a very sociable companion". How very pleasant for all! and pleasanter still England won by four to nil, and the *Westminster Gazette* remarked that though "the selection of Dunn as full back was much criticised, there is no doubt that his great speed enabled him to pay much closer attention to the fast Scottish forwards than any English back at that time".

The three volumes are filled with moments of speed and skill to the end of his career. It was a good moment for the Old Etonians in 1892 playing Crusaders when "Dunn at full back gained a hearty cheer when he headed the ball out from under the goal, the goal-keeper having for a moment deserted his post". In his last appearance against Wales in the international field "his volleying was perfect and he never made a miskick. His great pace was very useful and he had no difficulty in overtaking an opponent who had passed him".

He played in a big match for the last time for old Internationals against Charterhouse at Queen's and scored the two goals shot for his side. All that can be said after the years was said at the time: "His name will be handed down to Posterity as one of the players who raised Association Football to the height of England's National Game".

The arrival of Professionalism in English Football cast a shadow over Arthur's life for he realised what a menace it entailed to his beloved sport. He foresaw the day when the paid player would make it difficult for the amateur in first-class matches, but he never dreamed of a day when Clubs would purchase their players and train them as meticulously as racehorses.

The Old School teams and the Corinthians long stemmed the tide. While Arthur was on the field the professionals could not carry the day. They could not equal him or the pick of his equals in the vivid variety and extemporisation of their

play, but they brought in the rough element and by many fouts England learnt that there was a difference when the game was played by amateurs or hirelings. All English sports have begun with amateurs but within half a century there only survive Rowing, Rugby Football and Steeplechase Riding in which gentlemen can hold their own. A curious version of the three Rs. It would be difficult to imagine professionals rowing in a Boat-race from Putney to Mortlake or a Grand National without amateur riders.

Association Football has been almost entirely taken over by professionals although the system was not legalised till 1889. Until then the Clubs kept two sets of books: one for secret service and another for official inspection. Scotchmen descended from the North rightly drawn by the payment. It was said that the difference between an English Professional and a Scottish Amateur was the Tweed. The London Football Association tried in vain to legislate against the professional but had to legalise it later. Only the Corinthians by occasional entry into Cup Football have made protest of the old spirit. Arthur Dunn suffered several times from rough play, especially in the Cup-ties. It was the spirit of money which he feared and disliked in the field. The strength and fitness of the amateurs of those days equalised the play between themselves and the professionals. Of course no one dreamed that Football would add another industry to Sport in England with annual

turnovers of thousands of pounds : and perhaps it had to be. The Football which Arthur Dunn and his generation, like the King of his name and his Knights, gave to the public was as the chivalry of the Tournament compared to duels between standard tanks.

Something must be said about his Cricket, for only lack of time and practice kept him out of the First Class. He was a neat and determined left-handed bat and a fast round-arm bowler. On tour in Ireland he related how he once took five wickets in an over, when overs contained five balls. His quick eye enabled him to keep wicket when needed for Herts County. Mr Godfrey Foljambe has kindly added his cricketing record :

“ His presence was invaluable to any side, for he could bat, bowl and at a pinch keep wicket, while his proximity to the ground and wonderful agility enabled him to be a first class fieldsman in almost any position. Entirely owing to his energy and personality the Eton Ramblers Cricket Club was revitalised in 1890 when on the point of collapse. Within two or three years he had trebled the membership and quadrupled the match list. He nursed it first as Secretary, then as Treasurer, managing a large proportion of the matches himself and organising tours with meticulous detail. He left it going yearly from strength to strength. In the Nineties in Rambler matches he played 79 Innings for 1567 runs and took 95 wickets for 1079 runs. An ideal Captain, he always and without effort extracted

18 ounces of work to the pound from everyone on the side and never gave up trying till the last ball was bowled. A perfect leader of men, never playing a lone hand for himself. Good teamwork and unflagging keenness he insisted on and invariably obtained."

Elstree was a good time in his life, but there was a fly in the ointment. Elstree prepared boys chiefly for Harrow, and Arthur believed that his true vocation would to prepare boys for Eton. So farewell to Elstree with its dark Harrovian proclivities ! With the help of Mrs Sanderson he discovered a promising site for a new school at Ludgrove on the Bevan Estate near Trent Park at Cockfosters. The Great Northern Railway runs through the valley a mile away between New Barnet and Hadley Woods. On the opposite horizon rises the squat tower of Barnet Church and at night glimmer the streets associated by Dickens with *Oliver Twist*.

His Capital was slight. His father was willing to back the venture and Old Etonians made a small return for his enthusiasm when he resigned the Secretaryship of the Football Club. At Eton on St Andrews Day 1891 they presented him with a silver bowl and a hundred guineas. "The meeting was large and enthusiastic in recognition of his invaluable services to the Club of which he had been the leading spirit for the last seven years." But no moneys could repay what he had given.

Taking the colours of dark blue and white, he opened in May 1892 with T. R. Pelly. "He had

one term with one boy and was hugely chaffed when he brought his whole school to Elstree in a dogcart." He soon collected five more, three maids and one assistant master Henry Hale, which his funds just permitted. He had found the perfect wife in Helen Malcolmson to share the project. Her father forbade the marriage until there were ten boys to sustain the home. For some reason the arrival of a tenth was always being thwarted. For weeks the school amounted to nine and there stayed. The tenth arrived not knowing how dear and welcome he was. Still there was never a minute to spare. Only when the assistant slumbered after meals had husband and wife time to exchange their dearest confidences.

T. R. Pelly was the only Ludgrovian old enough to serve in the Boer War. When he left in 1895 the School held thirty-six, of whom the last was the present writer. Friends and admirers chiefly from Norfolk were pouring their boys upon Arthur, for his Cambridge days proved a splendid investment. Had he been the Senior and solitary Wrangler his father had wished, he would have never known so many friends who were potential fathers of boys. These he received and trained much as the old Celtic Heroes opened their houses to the sons of others in fosterage.

Elstree traditions were transplanted to Ludgrove. Following Sanderson Arthur made his Staff a band of brothers under his Captainship. He insisted on good relations between Masters and Boys, being

certain that unless they liked one another they could not get the best from each other.

The old type of Preparatory School does not figure well in Victorian Biographies. The mention is brief or unpleasant. Readers recall horrible experiences between those of Augustus Hare and of Winston Churchill. It was curious how boys of position were ill treated. Boys were antagonised for not understanding the unintelligible. They went to the Public School cowed or soured. Even the traditional bullying at Eton and Harrow was a relief. Boys were fond of using the formula that they loved their Public School and hated the Preparatory. This state of affairs had to cease and the way was led by Cheam and Elstree and Ludgrove. Doubtless there were others.

The Ludgrove life included some enjoyment of boyhood. Keeness was taught as a subject and games were given full scope. It was something to be taught football by a Captain of England. Buildings grew and Arthur could have had a hundred boys but preferred to keep the number between fifty and sixty-four.

Parents could be a dreadful pest, but Arthur had ways for dealing with them. He only begged them to leave him his Sundays in peace. He discovered that a number had entered their boys with him and Mr Joyce's school. He and Joyce agreed to write simultaneously to each parent passing over the boys to each other.

Arthur picked his Masters like brothers : Scholars

some and athletes all. T. C. "Feather" Weatherhead was both and taught boys to turn Bab Ballads into Latin Verse. The athletes included "Jo" Smith and W. J. Oakley, both superb Internationals on the Football field. Oakley had been amateur Long Jump champion. Smith like Arthur captained England from centre forward. Their styles of playing were very different. "Jo" seemed a fragile and loose bundle of bones compared to Arthur's sturdy and compact build, but he could use his feet like hands and there was no telling what the ball would do when he was on it. Behind him "Okers" towered at full back: quiet, impassive and practically impassable. "Okers" ran, he rowed, he hurdled, he jumped. An early arrival was Henry Hansell, the tall debonair Norfolk goalkeeper, who looked at a distance like a third goal post and near by as good-looking as a Guards officer. He was a great gentleman and believed it was his duty to entertain his Class when he was not losing his fiery temper. Arthur placed Hansell's class between his own and Weatherhead's to keep an ear on what was happening. Hansell's wrath was like thunder but the peals ended merrily. He could evoke and hardly quell laughter. Sometimes his class sank into an ominous hush. Once Arthur entered and found him asleep. It was difficult to say who laughed most: the boys or Arthur or Hansell.

In the goal Hansell performed amazing feats, for he was six foot six. When he ran out doing the

goose-step there was joy in the gallery. He taught French with a delicious parody of the French accent. When the brothers Baker arrived he overwhelmed them with chaff over the recent failure of General Boulanger. That was one French word no Ludgroviaan could forget. Of all the Masters Hansell alone was touched by Destiny. He became the tutor of the future King Edward VIII of lovable and regrettable memory.

How it befell was after the manner of a moral in a novel. It happened, as happens at the best regulated schools, that two boys absconded to London in a natural desire to possess white rats. They were of old Norfolk stock and the Norfolk goal-keeper was sent in top-hat and morning coat to soothe their parents. The impression made by Hansell was ineffaceable. His name was bruited in town and later at Court as the perfect tutor for the Princes. Often he recalled the strange consequences of that afternoon. Like Saul he went in search of a pair of asses and ran into the heir of a Kingdom thereby.

Arthur took Masters into his confidence and left them to work on their own lines. Once chosen he never worried them. Whatever crossed his mind, he never uttered fault. In consequence they were devoted and gave him better work than he ever could have bargained or badgered for. Mr W. P. Blore recalls that "in the letter which Arthur wrote offering me a post at Ludgrove he added nothing more than this: There is only one thing that I think I need mention and that is that I am most

anxious we masters should be punctual for early school and for breakfast on Sundays. Need I say that for 35 years I carried out this injunction religiously”.

Masters were expected to serve the boys on the field as well as in class. The Masters' Football Eleven was formidable and first class matches were played on the new ground which Arthur's enthusiasm caused to be levelled in the slope. In 1897 the boys witnessed their Ushers defeat the University of Cambridge. This ground was Arthur's pride and cost him a hundred pounds to build but the constant stoning was left to the combined keenness of Masters and boys. It was an inspiring sight to see three Internationals filling their pockets with pebbles.

As the years passed, Arthur could play Football less and confided to friends his wish that he had given his time to Cricket which always remains a middle-aged man's game. Lack of practice had left him in the second class. He was always singing the praise of the great Etonian cricketers and above all of the Lytteltons : how one had kept wicket for England against the Australians without letting a ball pass and another had practised batting before a mirror for hours and hours. . . . No boy could forget his hero-worship. To turn out Lytteltons, unassuming in intellect and unbowable in flannels, was his ideal. He picked out a Master for special praise to the boys, Mr F. L. Crabtree, who had bowled for Eton but since spoilt his spin by practising the boys with a

small-sized ball. This was Arthur's idea of real self-sacrifice. He was intolerant of leisure for himself or others. Boy or Master not automatically keen was classed as a scug, for whom a Corner was reserved in the School Yard. Arthur was not satisfied unless they glowed in all weathers. The thoughtful, the meditative and slow-growing boys were nervous of him. He learnt himself that there was a type of boy to whom games meant nothing. He found he had boys to whom the intellectual was the only side and he was determined to respect them. One of his first boys, Francis Jekyll, began Greek in October 1894 and headed the Eton Scholarship List in the following May. In a paroxysm of delight Arthur transported the whole school to the London Zoo for an afternoon. The claims of pure scholarship were made apparent to the boyish mind.

However many cricketers he sent to Eton, he was proudest of the list of Ludgrovians who had taken Remove. When he had made friends with a boy, he could train him to play games or charm him to work at his desk. Boys became "Bloods" or "Saps" at Eton much as he advised them. He certainly had the magnetic power of turning an athletic boy to the studious side.

Plato would have agreed with Arthur on the part of Music in education. He brought an enthusiast to teach music at Ludgrove no less than the late Cecil Sharp, who almost single-handed saved England her folk music and dance. Sharp used to teach the boys to sing catches and glees. Every

night that he spent at the School Arthur snatched an hour to sing with the Masters' Quartette while Sharp played old favourites on the piano. It is history how Sharp in later years crossed the Atlantic and recovered lost English Ballads from the wild Whites in the Appalachians.

Religion lay old-fashioned at the back of Arthur's mind. He would not have known the meaning of devout or ascetic. He was simple and severe to himself. He cherished the boyish beliefs of all who came to his School. He suspected that the Public School would smirch or at least crumple its flower. His creed was Evangelical interpreted by the code of a gentleman. Bible History he accepted as a prelude to Victorian England. He read the Old Testament to his boys for the best. The heroes or scoundrels of Israel and Judah he fitted into categories of gentleman or cad. The gentlemen of his own day he considered of one cast with possible subdivisions into Etonians and Harrovians. Ludgrovians subconsciously learnt what a cad was. It was the utter reverse of Arthur.

Nothing amused him more than the genuine blunder or clever mistake. He kept a wonderful book of howlers. Nothing pleased him more than the boy who was asked to name the three divisions of the Tabernacle and answered :

“ The Holy Place
The Holy of Holies
and The Ladies Cloak Room ! ”

On inquiry it was found that the sage youth was thinking of what is Biblically called "the Women's Court" !

Sunday was made a day to be loved at Ludgrove rather than dreaded. There were excursions to different Churches according to choice, and in summer the gardens were open to boys, who settled with rug and book in every corner. There was even a Sunday Library of books appropriate to the day and Ben Hur was substituted for the Iron Pirate !

Ten years of intensive effort and success passed. An Eton Fives Court was added to the School buildings where boys could be prepared for the surprises of that most ancient game such as the Pepper Box and Dead Man's Hole. Matches continued against the Universities on the home ground. Arthur had very little time. He bore the whole weight of the School without secretary or typewriter. He took class and he joined in the Football. He floated and swerved round the school like a falcon unrestingly. He was wearing himself down. Like every schoolmaster he was always in dread of fire. On one occasion an outbreak was prevented by his second sight. He heard a mysterious sound which was apparent to no one else and insisted on going the rounds with the matron. There was nothing but suddenly he glimpsed a light in rooms where the maids were sleeping. They were discovered asleep with a guttering candle near their bed clothes and danger of fire was averted. The curious may

well ask what was the warning sound which came to his ears and to no others ?

His first vintages passed chiefly to Eton, where he followed their careers with passionate interest. No father wrote such letters of encouragement when all went well. No father grieved over his children as Arthur grieved when any fell by the wayside. Lines of misery crept into his fine features and for once his falcon eyes were dimmed. How familiar was his appearance in the boys' hall at the steps into the private passage hung with the picture of "Mike" the genius of Eton Cricket. For a moment he would survey the scene and then disappear. He never seemed to have time to eat, a belief which was reinforced among the boys by the occasional cups of tea he brought into class. Often in the stilly watches of the night he went the round for no reason save that so many young lives were under his care. He lived on his nerves and he was always utterly exhausted at the end of term. He could not help being irritable sometimes, for his body was a bundle of twisting nerves : the very nerves with which he electrified Masters and boys. Others were not aware of his unseen forces unless he was absent for a few hours from the School, when the atmosphere changed distinctly.

His happiest days were the days when the Old Boys returned from Eton to play the School. The first Old Boy Match marked the opening of the new ground in 1896. Arthur enjoyed five more Old Boy Matches before his work was completed.

He died on the night of February 19-20, 1902 while he was on the crest of his enthusiasm and success.

On the previous day he played a game of Hockey on the ice at Trent Park, the hospitable home of the Bevan family. He had complained that for the first time in his life he felt slow and had not overtaken other players as was his wont on the ice. Others had noticed it as well. The next day was his last on earth and was spent in London with a parent, Colonel Kenyon Slaney, M.P., who took him to the House of Commons. For the first time in his life he heard a Debate. He returned to Ludgrove very tired but not too tired to visit "Jo" Smith, who was ill in bed in the Cottage. One Captain of England was saying farewell to another that night, though neither knew it. Arthur retired without saying how badly he felt. At eleven in the night his wife rose and opened a window. During the few moments she was away from his side he sighed deeply and died. She could only believe that he had fallen asleep unusually quick. . . . The fine heart which could neither rot nor rust simply broke. Like his voice it rang clear to the end. A legend arose and is still believed that he had played for England on the day he died.

Two days after his death the University Association Match was played at Queen's Club. Arthur's name was printed on the match card as an official. He had intended to act as a linesman. The Cambridge Eleven and the Oxford Captain wore

mourning bands in his memory. It was a tribute never given before or since.

He was buried in the Churchyard at Little Shelford and later a noble Latin Epitaph was placed upon enduring bronze in the ante-chapel, where Eton secretly honours her dearest and elect.

Matthew Arnold's lines in Rugby Chapel to the memory of his father are prefixed to this Memoir. They seem truer than the bitter words of the Ecclesiast from which Arthur had drawn the motto of his life (Eccles. ix, 10): "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might, for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave whither thou goest".

Across a third of a century his death seems less lamentable than in the days when it saddened Old Etonians all over the world. There was an outburst rare in the days of Press reticence. The *Times* said: "it would be difficult to find another man of his age and position whose premature loss has been more widely and genuinely mourned".

The *Morning Post* said: "if Old Etonians, who take the closest and keenest interest in Eton, had been asked a few days ago to name half a dozen of those who embodied and carried out the traditions of the School in the best manner, there can be little doubt that Arthur Dunn would have found a place in every selection".

Mr Hansell returned to take the wheel over the term, and after a staggering moment of grief Ludgrove swung forward as before under "Jo" Smith

and Oakley. Oakley only retired in 1934, a few weeks before he was killed in a motor accident. Of Arthur's Staff W. F. H. Stanborough, A. N. Brown and W. P. Blore remained at Ludgrove for a quarter of a century.

Arthur had died too young to see his boys carry the Eton successes which were coming. During his life he saw Jekyll take the Newcastle Scholarship and only a few months after his death Philip Williams (later a Captain of Gloucestershire) played in the Cricket Eleven: while Geoffrey Aspinall and C. R. H. Wiggin won their Eton Field for Football. In the following year there were three Ludgrovians in the Field while C. E. Hatfeild, Geoffrey Aspinall and E. N. S. Crankshaw were in the Eleven, the latter making a century against Harrow at Lord's. E. G. Williams later became Captain of the Boats, Hatfeild became Captain of the XI in 1906, the Anderson brothers Keepers of the Field and Gerald an Olympic hurdler. Gerald Anderson, E. G. Williams and Hatfeild were killed in the War.

Ludgrovians have since multiplied. Boys from Arthur's days have figured in Diplomacy and the Distinguished Service Order, the Army and the Navy, the Church and the Indian Viceroyalty. A score were killed in the Great War, including Johnny the dear and only son of their Headmaster. Twelve years previously Arthur had given his life no less, that others might have life more abundantly.

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I am indebted for many anecdotes, much information and some corrections to Mrs Arthur Dunn, his widow, and to Mrs Bright Smith his sister. Also to Nurse Broomfield.

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GEORGE WYNDHAM
(1863-1913)

“It will be the history of an honest gentleman whose chivalrous loyalty passed through a fiery furnace and came out unseared.”

CHARLES GATTY

IN THE HOTEL LOTTI IN PARIS IS A ROOM, WHICH A gracious lady used to occupy in deep mourning on successive Eighths of June. It was the late Lady Grosvenor mourning for George Wyndham who had died suddenly on that day in 1913.

George Wyndham was often summarised as a broken and disappointed man: a politician who had buried his ill-success in pleasure and died rather untimely. One great success he was allowed to have achieved: the Wyndham Land Act which composed an age-long feud by abolishing relations between Irish Landlords and Tenants. When he tried to settle the historical troubles between the two Nations, he failed at the outset under circumstances that long remained mysterious. His Party hurriedly abandoned the Irish Question to their Liberal rivals to be paid with perilous and increasing interest. When George Wyndham died, Romance died from English politics.

Romance is not what is expected in Parliamentary affairs, but when it appears in a Randolph Churchill or a George Wyndham it is none the less redeeming of contemporary dullness and interesting to Historians.

George Wyndham was born in 1863 of a family that was ancient, influential and artistic. The Wyndhams like the Russells and Cavendishes grew like trees that had seeded themselves in the ruins of

the great English Abbeys. The Wyndham connection included Petworth, heritage of Somersets and Percys, with the books of the Wizard Earl upon the shelves. Through his mother George Wyndham was descended from Lord Edward Fitzgerald. His was a great inheritance in bloods and included physical beauty and an un-English gift of eloquence. He was brought up in the atmosphere of "Young England". He might have been an infant Coningsby or a Sussex Lothair in a novel of Disraeli. His mother used to read Malory's "Morte d'Arthur" to her sons, who wore childish suits of armour instead of playing with toy railway trains.

His Fairy Godmother did not neglect putting down his name for Eton where he tasted the first sweet incentives to life. He boarded at the House of "Mike", the celebrated though now forgotten Mr Mitchell, who taught Cricket with unswerving orthodoxy of the bat. George's letters were brimmed with the delights and amusements of Eton which included "hoisting a Bobby". He read "Pickwick" for the first time and played for his House in a Football Final. He reported a great triumph for the boys: a master had his leg clean broken in the field. At the Debating Society he later defeated George Curzon for Secretary.

By the year 1882 he had been sufficiently coached and trained to accompany the Coldstream Guards to Egypt in a campaign against the unfortunate Arabs. His father Percy, a Tory of old-fashioned independence, disapproved of this Egyptian business.

His cousin Wilfrid Blunt actually took sides with the Mussulmans. The Egyptian campaign of 1882 was typical of the time : a picnic enlivened by native attacks, inefficient Generals and disasters which were often saved by the puzzled men.

George's letters during the campaign developed a literary power which henceforth he never lacked. Amusing descriptions varied by sudden leaps into the picturesque or sublime. On the troopship he felt as though he was acting in a Gilbert and Sullivan Opera. Wolseley's Soldiers Pocket Book made his comic reading. When he landed at Suakim he found the Arabs charming, their deportment dignified and the carriage of their heads an example to the ladies of England. They looked well-bred even when eating raw camel flesh. Later he engaged in a real battle and captured an old Crusader's sword which alone was worth the campaign. One of his letters threw a queer light from hearsay on the Battle of Abu Klea. Colonel Burnaby having remained outside the square was shot by his own men and we read that " the romance disappears when we find that General Earle was shot looking into a hut and Colonel Eyre by his own men behind him ". The use of firearms in the field cannot have been properly understood. Realism began to temper George's pen. He was a man when he returned to England.

By Christmas he was in Ireland riding what the Irish call a " staming honter " or guarding various Sovereigns dutywise at the Bank of England or

Buckingham Palace. He wrote to his sister that it was "better to be alive irritable like a sea-anemone than mummified like dry sea-weed". His well-spring of phrase and simile was fed by bouts of reading which he combined with the dance and the chase. What would a serious Guardsman read in the Eighties? Omar Khayyám, Shelley and Marcus Aurelius: he passed through that garden of sad serenity which has often been the religion of the ruling classes.

In the following year he was in love with the widowed Lady Grosvenor and wrote to his mother: "the two worlds of dreams and books are much more real to me than the third of things and people". He still had the dreams of an Arthurian Knight and doing knightly deeds if they came his way. Marrying Lady Grosvenor was like wedding the Lady of Shalott, something too beautiful to be real. High Anglican influences entered into his life and henceforth he heard Mass in her Chapel before his morning ride.

The honeymoon was spent in Italy, and in Florence a letter arrived offering the position of Balfour's Secretary in Ireland. A Siren, less gentle and more exacting than any fair lady, was beckoning to him across the Irish Sea. After basking in Rome and Perugia he returned to find himself in an arena which he had not chosen for himself, but which was to try all his strength in the future and give him both his failure and his fame. In October of 1887 he described a prophetic storm beating against the

Viceregal Lodge in Dublin: "the West wind howling and hurling himself against the house in a mass and then retreating whilst lesser eddies blustered and worried about my window. I could hear the leaves shuddering and being torn from their homes in the darkness". He was inclined to prophesy that he would get nowhere "riding these two circus horses, Politics and Poetry, round the narrow arena of my capacity".

The Balfour administration of Ireland was at least courageous. It was a stand-up struggle against Parnell in days when men were making precedents. George wrote of his Chief "Arthur having for his battle ground a field, from which all have run away, creates a very great impression upon men who have been used to tremble at every threat". He became more than Balfour's Devil in what he realised was "a funny country". His humorous answers elaborately written to furious critics entered into the gaiety of Ireland. They were collected into a small volume now of rarity, which will be discovered by humorists or historians in the future.

In 1889 George was elected to Parliament for Dover and made his maiden speech following Parnell's Amendment to the Address. Already he seemed pitchforked into his life's work. At the time Ireland no more than amused and fascinated him for he could not as yet give his soul to Politics. His tastes lay elsewhere, and as he wrote "Politics and Banquets are a sad substitute for Palestrina and Browning". Ireland attracted him with occasions

for riding and hunting. His repute as a bold rider to hounds underlay all his future success in that country. But he was never as entirely absorbed in the sport as a Waterford or a Jorrocks. In 1889 he described a fine twelve-mile run across grass lasting for an hour and ten minutes. Most sportsmen would have contently gone to bed. Not so George Wyndham, for in his reach were many fields and in his house many mansions. That evening "I sat up till twenty to three reading aloud with Charles Gatty. We especially attacked the Latin Hymns of Adam de St Victor, who lived in 1130 and was the best mediæval Latin Poet. We managed to translate a Hymn to the Virgin, very beautiful in the Latin, as follows :

Garden where the South wind blows,
Gate on every side kept close,
Path that no man ever trod :
Meadow steeped in golden dew,
Gideon's stainless fleece that drew
Down from Heaven the rain of God ".

This jewel of Mariolatry appears in his letters mixed with laughable stories from Ireland about a comic Inquest and a fatuous dinner given by a Lord Chancellor of the same country. A page further he is inspecting the magnificences of Achill from a gunboat with a humorous reference to Trevelyan, a previous Irish Secretary "who is said to have visited the congested districts in a brougham with the blinds down". Perhaps Irish History shows that Trevelyan in his way was right.

A muffled vehicle was the better approach to Irish Politics. George insisted on seeing his Politics by the light of Art. When he was told that he lived in a practical age he retorted: "what in the name of Glory do we *practice*?" This sounds unanswerable but he was far from being a dilettante. He worshipped "what is sturdy and heroic". He professed to find the heroic in Arthur Balfour and gave him the devotion of a Squire to his Knight. His friendships were always Arthurian but then Malory was his Bible. His early days in London and Dublin glitter through his letters, for as a letter-writer he easily stepped into the first rank. A picked handful of his sheets make good play against the famous letter-writers of English literature. They leave Cowper looking devout and dull, Horace Walpole stiff and choked with lace. His verbal colour resembles Ruskin's and his literary opinions are as quick as Fitzgerald's when "Fitz" was young. If these were not four of the best English letter-writers it is vain to refer readers to such extracts from such collected Letters as the following for verve and variety:

Impression of sleeping in Lumley Castle.

A German Prince at an Irish Review.

Lord Chancellor Ashbourne gives a dinner in Dublin.

Heraldry in Shakespeare.

English Middle Class Culture.

King Edward VII in Dublin.

In the Laurentian Library.

Ghosts.

Pheasant Shooting.

Cirencester.

Lumley Castle

"... Upstairs the rooms open one into the other interminably : all stripped of every rag of tapestry, nothing but bare boards and grimy ceilings with cracked designs and cornices : all the walls are hollow : the allowance of secret stairs and hiding-places is about two secret stairs and three hiding-places to each room : besides places where nuns were walled up and troopers slain which are thrown in and about the landing-places and corridors. It is a real ghosts' paradise. . . . One of the most interesting rooms is the whole second story of the S.E. tower : James I used it as a bedroom on a visit : it is quite bare : a very old paper hangs in strips from the wall and the sun shines lazily into it from a high window with steps to it, showing millions of motes, on to a rotten and worm-eaten floor. The ceiling has a lovely old design on it but cracked right across and very black."

*Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar brings a nephew to
an Irish review*

"He was the cynosure of every eye and proved that old caricatures of small German princes are in no way overdrawn. At the big review he rode about in a white pot hat with a broad black band and peacock's feather, a green plush waistcoat and white trousers with buttons sewn on at the knee,

stuffed into long yellow boots. He drank like a fish or a baron in "Vivian Grey" and was altogether without conversation or mind. Lord Londonderry tried him on every subject: at last elicited that he had travelled a great deal but without meeting with any interesting men or things. He spoke of Nijni Novgorod and after stiff cross-examination owned to having seen the yearly fair. When asked if that was not an interesting sight, he said: Yes, it is vary interesting. I meet some Germans there."

Lord Chancellor Ashbourne gives a dinner in Dublin:

"Last night we dined with Lord Ashbourne, Lady Ashbourne and 22 men: room enough for ten and waiters enough for eight. The heat was terrible, it melted my bones till I hung like a limp rag over the back of my chair as the hours slowly rolled by and one unwholesome dish after another was borne in from the provincial Gunter."

Heraldry in Shakespeare

"For whether beauty, birth or wealth or wit
Or any of these all or all or more
Intituled in thy parts, do crowned sit,
I make my love ingrafted to this store.

(Sonnet 37.)

I had first put my money on *intituled in thy parts* equalling first, second part in a legal document. But I am now convinced it is heraldic. Compare Lucrece 57, 58:

*But Beautie in that white entituled
From Venus' doves doth challenge that faire field.*

Entitled=entituled because Shakespeare always maintains the termination *ed* and elides the preceding vowel. There is no exception.

What was John of Gaunt's coat of arms, badge or crest? Did it contain any punning emblem of gauntness? I ask because when Gaunt says (Rich II, 2, 1, 82) *Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as the grave*, I suspect a play upon words no longer apparent. I want the first grave to mean engraved coat, badge or crest. This because I want this meaning for grave in Lucrece 198: *O foul dishonour to my household's grave*.

Come and read Guillim with me. He is a perpetual joy. To him a *Unicorne sejant* (depicted like a pony balancing a barber's pole on his forehead) is no monster, no, nor even an Exorbitant Animal. Some, it is true, have made a doubt whether there be any such beast as this or no. But the great esteeme of his Horne (in many places to be seene) may take away that needless scruple. O for the Age of Faith!"

English Middle Class Culture

"The remnants of cultured nonconformity: the political bosses of the Midlands with their bath-rooms on every floor and no servants: vintage wines and worsted lamp mats: early Millais and Biblical prints. I have seen these things in their environment of Venetian blinds and smoke-smearred glass: the monkey-puzzle solitary on the lawn, where no bird sings, and inside the brand new clock which must be interred in a drawer if you are to sleep."

King Edward VII in Dublin

“ I stood on the steps and presented each of the 82 deputations. They were to present the addresses. But they did everything but that : shook the King’s hand and marched off with address under arm : were retrieved and address extracted. The last touch came when the spokesman of the Land Surveyors touched the tip of the King’s fingers, shot the address into the waste paper basket and bolted at five miles an hour. The Queen was very naughty and did her best to make me laugh. I cannot adequately express the kindness and coolness of the King. He coached them in a fat cosy whisper : Hand me the address, and then accepted with an air and gracious bow as if gratified at finding such adepts in Court ceremonial. The only people who approached him in simplicity and charm were the two carmen who presented an address signed by 1200 jarveys. Only the Irish can do these things. They never faltered and invented something between a bow and a curtsy that seemed exactly appropriate.”

In the Laurentian Library.

“ There is a fine Latin Bible of 680 with gold letters on purple vellum for the front sheet. It was written at Jarrow in Northumberland and after many adventures is here. What you would enjoy with me is the picture of the life at Jarrow in 680 proving as I always maintain that people were just

as or more civilised then. The bookcase depicted in the illumination with lovely books bound in red lying side by side in the shelves might have been made by Morris and the table would do for tea in our gold room in Park Lane. It is by looking at these illuminations and reading in the fresh Latin handwriting, which might be written today, of an easy going simple modern kind that you can dispel the false conceit of archaism of age. It is all fresh and full of new life as the spring. The people who wrote and painted it might ha' died o' Wednesday or meet one tomorrow. This gives the sense of eternity and makes Time and Age and Death the accidents they are. I am not Time's fool."

Ghosts

"Ghosts ought not to be unhappy. The fact that there are only a few ghosts at all, apparently discontented about trifles, seems to show that the great majority of ghosts are very happy and too absorbed in iridescent recollections, when they revisit immemorial scenes, to trouble about manifesting themselves to the living."

Pheasant Shooting.

"I am not really a good shot for I do not practise enough to shoot well steadily all day and every day. Capt. Machell amused me very much by quite seriously warning me against sacrificing my life to politics. He instanced Harry Chaplin as a shocking example, of whom better things were expected in

youth. . . . Lord Wemyss by the professionals meant Lord de Grey no doubt but also the Young School. They live for shooting and record bags on their several estates. And in order to secure these bags they have abandoned most of the old precepts, shooting at every thing near and far, taking the best places at their own shooting, being rude to their guests, who shoot badly, and generally destroying the amenities of a pretty sport."

Cirencester

"I had associated it with rhymes to sister and Percy's point to point races. Instead of which the Church, though late, is wonderful. This Church is a wonder of aspiration and stalwart discovery. Because when they pulled down the Early English Nave in order to build four naves they said to themselves: But will the old Tower stand? And they answered it by two stone flying-buttresses such as I have never seen for they go from the shoulders of the tower right down into the earth. And they undulate to leave free the West windows of the naves. This was long after dinner in the after-glow. The tower was rosy from the after-glow and when you went beyond it, a dark blue concentration of stone against a star lit an aquamarine sky. But to me there was something greater and more homely and immemorial. My Henry II had built Almshouses on arches. And there they are. For nearly 800 years his foundation has sheltered the wrecks of men."

A note on George Wyndham's religion before his life became hopelessly enmeshed in Politics. His religious aspects like his Politics were viewed through the atmosphere of Art. He reached and retained the cultured High Church which is content with Tradition clothed in beautiful vesture. An Eton boy's religion it was said was based on his dislike for "Sunday Questions" prolonged through several years and the humours of Confirmation. But George by instinct and reading picked up something more. George left as a boy for the Soudan and returned "on the high road to Catholic Christianity, having passed rather rapidly through Pantheism in Egypt, Paganism in Cyprus and Mohammedanism during the sunset hour in which I passed the Island of Crete".

And of Catholic Christianity? Like most Englishmen who think that way, he was attached to Newman, but the Life of Newman was a shocker to those who cannot take Rome as an all in all. Worse came the Pope's condemnation of Modernism, which many Anglicans considered a kind of posthumous Newmanism. All this came in George's day and he wrote to Newman's biographer, the subtle Wilfrid Ward: "the crux is that every shot at you is a shot at Newman and a shot at all that his apologetics and reconciliations have meant not only to you and yours but to others including myself". George meant that he escaped the claims of Rome on the ground that Newman had been suppressed by the Church to which he was most

Englishmen's magnet. Was he only playing with Wilfred Ward when he wrote the delicious sentence: "I see the Universal Flux but I believe in the Choric Dance".

He asked whether the Oxford and Pre-Raphaelite Movements (which meant so much to his type of Englishman for two generations) could "tow civilisation back to its moorings," but he accepted the Elizabethan Liturgy. The Thirty-nine Articles he pointed out were Articles of Peace! The rest of the Prayer Book was Catholic enough and above all the ripostes of controversy the scholar in him ever heard "the English of the King's Bible tramping by in gorgeous austerity and brave compassion."

Like many at the dawn of the Century he was persuaded to read the ever-attractive writings of Father Tyrrell, who soon sank under the Pontifical ire, but it was the coming of Francis Thompson which touched him with meteoric effect from the Catholic camp. He recognised that Tyrrell wrote "with lucidity and persuasion. But there is a third position". In other words the *via media*, which Newman had paved but left. A third position in theology is really as difficult as a fourth amongst the Dimensions.

Thompson's Essay on Shelley drew him into ecstasy. The twain of Poets were "as angels ascending the iridescent ladders of sunlit imagination." Thompson was "a meteor exhaled from the miasma of mire, and all meteors, earth-born and heaven-fallen, help the Heavens to declare the Glory of God".

George was a Catholic in a Shakespearean sense. All that was beautiful in vision and symbol attracted and filled him. He was a little doubtful of the Papal claim, whether it was to diminish the English Sovereignty in Tudor days or to disparage Anglican Orders in his own. But with Catholics like Charles Gatty he made ready and immediate friendship. Nor was he a trifler toward the spirit world. He believed in the influences of the dead or as he poetically put it: "When we face danger, all the Norsemen sit up in their mounds. When we love, all the ladies dead and lovely knights wish us to be true and gentle". He believed then in a Communion of Saints.

He admired and adored great Church buildings. As Charles Gatty once wrote: "Society probably thought George mad for spending ten or twelve Whitsuntide holidays at Chartres instead of playing with them". If he fluttered through Society, it was to hear the echoes of the last good conversation-makers. He enjoyed measuring his own powers against the clever and beautiful women of the time. He laid down the proportion in which they should be mixed with the men: "two men to each and one over to promote circulation". Two horses of mettle, as it were, with one hack to each Diana! Too many women he considered worried a subject for conversation to death like a pack of hounds. Husbands were "only considered as padding to any party", but he did not like "really clever women, who are a desert that would swallow a Nile to give

back not one blade of grass" ! He loved instead the grace and splendour of fine conversation. In days to come he exulted in entertaining Professor Mahaffy at his table, Doctor Delany, the Dublin Jesuit, or Chesterton. His own talk was like a chamois scaling different crags at bewildering speeds while always keeping out of shot from the slow and stupid. He abhorred blatant women, pompous bores and the foolish interrupter. He called for beauty, for flowers of speech, the wine of wisdom, or a good rally of words. Contemporary taste did not appeal to him. As he wrote to a sister : " that people should try to be funny over procreation and succeed in being mawkish over Death stamps our rotten age, in which no child may be born innocent and no man die like a gentleman ".

He met the conflicts and consternations of life with cheerful contempt. He was destined, as he said, to see the insides of a good many machines, including " the Army, Irish Office, Colonial Expansion, Fleet Street ". Fleet Street he saw under the guidance of Henley and for Henley's *Review* he secured the amazing gift of an article written by Mr Gladstone. In none of these spheres was he tempted to give a decisive effort save in Irish affairs. There he made full trial of himself.

In 1896 he took a journey through South Africa, a turning point in his life, which gave him a most serious turn for the affairs of Empire. He stayed with Rhodes, one of the few Plutarchian men he met in his life. Rhodes had only heard of him as a

"spring poet" but he took to him warmly, conducted him to the Motoppos and lay down on the ground which he intended for his grave. George never forgot a syllable of his words. The condition of South Africa he summed up grimly to Arthur Balfour (Sept 19, 1896): "Here is a country with the greatest industrial possibilities in the world, and yet with 5 separate states in it taxing and impeding each other; a war with barbarism,—rinderpest annihilating all transport and Foreign intrigue fostering the suicidal vanity of the Transvaal".

As a young man he had set his heart on being "a Minister of Queen Victoria". This he achieved when Lord Salisbury slipped him as an Under-Secretary into the War Office in 1896. He learnt his portfolio in time to defend the Ministry from the early disasters of the Boer War. From 1899 his letters were seared with details of that warfare once so menacing but now so distant that a forgetful generation has inquired on which side the British fought! George remained gay and gallant under the galling drudgery. Sometimes his spirits revived as when he wrote his father (Dec 20, 1899): "The Imperial Yeomanry is my child. I invented it after lunch on Sunday and it is already a fine bantling. To bring it to birth has been a business. Don't say it was my idea. It is now taken up officially. And I want no more".

George found that he had to fight President Kruger abroad and the Pro-Boer Opposition at home. He made a great triumph by his speech of

Feb 1, 1900, when the House was under the cloud of gloom provoked by the disaster at Spion Kop. Arthur Balfour reported: "He has just made a speech of an hour and a half than which I have never heard anything better in my long experience of the House of Commons. I can hardly trust myself to speak of it".

Even for a report to a sister of George these were remarkable words. The most striking token George received of his success was that old "Black Michael" Hicks Beach slapped him on the back when he sat down. He himself never thought the House would stop cheering. He was glad he had toned down the bitterness and scorn with which his speech was to have ended. In the field his words were reported as inspiring to the soldiers as Tennyson's verse had been during the Crimea. Spion Kop was blazoned in Despatches and George groaned: "now I shall have to defend their publication of which I did not approve. But that is part of my profession". He searched for precedents and discovered that "Isandula (the Zulu disaster) was dismissed in a few lines. The Charge of the Light Brigade is knocked off in one and a half lines. Why then 45 pages on an inconclusive operation?" The proportion seems very British.

After the General Election of 1900, which was won by the War Party, George was promoted to be Secretary for Ireland. "Beware of Healy" was Salisbury's sardonic advice on the appointment. George found himself settling in the Phoenix Park

during the first days of the Irish Literary Revival. In that marvellous year British imports into Ireland included George Wyndham and George Moore. For the time both were engulfed in a Celtic Twilight, which took on the proportions of an opaline fog. But Poets, Gaelic Leaguers and even politicians were happy to be lost in the folds of the new phantasy.

George entered his new position in Ireland with headlong spirits, discovering that "the Government of this country is carried on by continuous conversation". He always knew what he was in for and wrote that: "a man who expected personal success in Ireland would be ripe for Hanwell". He looked away from the sinister shadow of the Castle towards the Congested Districts so called in the West. No one knew why the least inhabited parts of Ireland received that badge of official irony, but George heard "through the green and golden witchery the piercing appeal of the grinding and helpless poverty. I walk like the mermaid in Andersen on pointed knives". He compared himself at different moments to a Ghibelline Duke or to Haroun al Raschid. He said that his actions would resemble the description given of Lord Clanrickarde's skating: "an alternation of quick turns and quiescence".

Westwards he came upon his old tracks in the days of Balfour. The Squire was now in his Knight's place but Ireland was different. The Irish Party had split and Parnell's place was for

ever unfilled. Their teeth were in each other and a Chief Secretary enjoyed a less noxious existence. He inspected everywhere and rejoiced over everything, even over a gale which struck him hard off Achill: "the glory and the glee of the storm were an ecstasy. The whole surface of the Atlantic was a weaving haze of spin-drift from the wind. The great rollers hit the cliff and roared and spouted up two hundred feet. . . . We went from Achill past Clare Island. A sunburst in the storm threw a rainbow over Achill. It was one of the best moments in my life".

Ireland afforded him many of his best moments and some of his worst. The next great moment was experienced out hunting on the famous run of Dec. 17, 1902, when hounds ran for 22 miles! "It was just like my luck to fall into a historic run at the first draw of my season. It appears that we jumped the Ratoath Drain and the Sutherland double in the first six fences. That at the delirious pace we maintained for fifty minutes with one hover accounts for the fact that 150 people never saw us again. But on my bay horse I was sublimely unconscious, only realising that I had attained felicity."

Destiny began to throw out her net. Sir David Harrel, the valuable Under-Secretary, retired through ill health. In a daring mood George borrowed a fine administrator from India to carry out the Land Act by which he intended to settle Irish troubles. Incidentally he touched the religious trouble. Sir Anthony MacDonnell was, unfortunately for Ireland,

a Roman Catholic. George consulted Balfour, who knew nothing but good about MacDonnell; "but is he not a Home Ruler?" he asked. He was, but of so Platonic a cast that he considered an Irish Parliament out of the question. George stated simply: "I need a first class man with large administrative experience. I am ready to stand the racket on the ground that I wanted an administrator and luckily found one of the best available". Balfour had the second sight to foretell "violent suspicion among your friends". He suggested consulting the wary old Whig Lord Lansdowne, but both Lansdowne and Lord George Hamilton recommended MacDonnell and they were "two Unionist Ministers who belong to the garrison". So Sir Anthony MacDonnell entered like a wooden horse full of armed men into Dublin Castle. Suspicions were soon rife and never quelled. In June 1902 George complained to Tim Healy that his official staff had been gradually poisoned against him. Twenty years later Healy let out a piece of information, which he could only have learnt through George, and which George was always too loyal to reveal: "Sir Anthony MacDonnell's appointment was entirely due to Edward VII".

George had a superstition that from that October the change would begin in Ireland. He made MacDonnell what he called "the text of my superstition" and incidentally wrote to Gladstone's daughter, "MacDonnell is a trump". By this time

George knew he was in for a bout with Destiny and was ready to make the stakes as high as Destiny cared. He looked back into the ancestral past as many an Irish gamester has looked and he invoked his daring great-grandfather the Geraldine, who had died for Ireland. On his first visit to Dublin he had descended into the vaults of St Michan's where the body of Lord Edward Fitzgerald lay and passed into the house where he was arrested and stabbed.

In the year 1903 he passed the Wyndham Land Act through both Houses of Parliament. Still that was nothing to jumping the Ratoath Drain. By his Bill he offered terms which left both sides, Landlord and Tenant, better off. It was a simple way to tempt Ireland and in spite of extremists, both Orange and Green, the miracle was accomplished. There was a curious lull in Irish polemics. Not a single Irish Member spoke against the Second Reading, though it seemed to take the wind out of the Home Rule sails. No one helped the Bill more than William O'Brien, the "Mad Mullah" of Irish Politics.

In those days George often took counsel with his cousin Wilfrid Blunt, who had once investigated the Irish problem in his own way. Blunt recorded their conversation in his indiscreet Diaries. When he reproached George for continuing Coercion in Ireland, George admitted that this was the price he had to pay for Cabinet support of other measures. He admitted that his policy would probably lead to Home Rule but it was not his business to look so

far ahead. On the last day of March 1902 he told Blunt of a desperate battle to get his Land Act through the Cabinet. Balfour had stood his friend and saved him by one vote against the dog-in-the-manger opposition raised by Chamberlain. When criticism threatened from the Nationalist side Blunt used his powerful influence on the Irishmen. George, though a Tory Minister, met Redmond secretly and the situation was saved. With some humour the Irish Leader congratulated the Irish Secretary on saving the life of a certain Irish Member by keeping him sober in gaol and releasing him when well enough to renew his attacks on the Government !

After the great triumph of the Land Act King Edward visited Ireland. He raised such a sea of happy hysteria that George could "understand the Musulman Conquests and the Crusades". The King drove through Dublin mid a feudal outburst from the Irish which now reads like a dream of something in the Middle Ages. George wrote truly : "in all history the only Sovereigns who ever tried to be Kings to them, were John, Richard II and George IV, a sorry trio. But the Irish loved them : the first two to failure and death : the last until he turned from them and threw in his lot wholly with Orange uncouthness".

Ireland knew the King to be a sportsman. It was stated that he desired a settlement between the two countries. The dreary dislike which Queen Victoria had felt for Ireland and the Irish was at

an end. George sensed wonders to come as he drove beside Queen Alexandra through a delirious Dublin. It was the last time that the Irish people accepted the English Sovereign from their heart. Home Rule granted, they would have voted overwhelmingly for the Monarchy. It was now for British Politicians to carry out what King Edward hoped and George Wyndham had prepared. . . . But within a quarter of a century three-quarters of Ireland was not only at heart but practically outside the Empire !

At the moment George was watching how "the horses, maddened by the cheers from a nation, did knock down the whole of the Admirals and Captains invited from the Fleet". After the fun was over, the King drew George aside and entered with him into every twist and turn of Irish Politics, desiring him to stay in Ireland and find a settlement for the greater feud in English and Irish history. George could have left Ireland with peace and honour. But the King bade him stay at his post and the Mediæval Knight obeyed. All that followed may be laid indirectly to King Edward's immensely wise foresight in desiring Ireland to be made free within the Empire. Other and more lowering shadows had come into the King's mind. He could see ahead like a chess-player and the War between France and Germany could not have been hidden from him nor the part he knew England must play not without Ireland's acquiescence and help. But neither he nor George Wyndham were fated to see that day.

George returned to the Irish Office with a plan for the long-delayed Catholic University. "It is madness to leave Ireland once more behind," he wrote, "it is odious to do so out of spite or cowardice. But perhaps one cannot have two miracles in two years." Not even in the Land of Saints.

Neither of the extreme schools of philosophic thought in Ireland enjoyed the unnatural love which grew between the Parties following the success of the Land Act. There were too many peace-makers and reformers in the land. For instance there was the Irish Reform Association, which reflected the ardent ripples in the quicksilver temperament of Lord Dunraven. Its historical import lay in the tragic means it presented for dragging George from his high horse.

George's line was romantic toward Ireland but neutral towards politics. He refused to consider every move in Ireland, every proposal and every reform as it might affect the chances of Home Rule. If it worked against Home Rule, that would please the Party managers. If by chance it gave Home Rule an argument, well that remained to be seen and, if it was good in itself, it was worth trying. This was far from what the Conservative Caucus liked to think. As for the Orange Party in Belfast they considered that loyalty to the Empire entailed loyalty to themselves and that an Irish Secretary appointed by the Party they helped to keep in power was their political and almost their intellec-

tual servant. George was not a good Protestant and deplorably lacking in Christian bigotry.

There were Landlords and Loyalists in the South, who were not averse to considering the prospects of Home Rule. Dunraven, a freelance and a sportsman, a friend of the King and the head of all Quins in Ireland or beyond the seven seas, began to correspond with MacDonnell. How about Reform? MacDonnell wrote to inform George who slipped abroad under nerve strain. Two of his letters contained casual references to the Reform Association but George mislaid both. He could meet Dunraven when he returned, but the day before he returned from the Continent the Reformers' scheme for Irish Devolution appeared in the *Times*! It was never known who was the mischief-maker, who would not wait twenty-four hours before showing it to the Irish Secretary. It was actually shown to an underling who murmured "what will the Chief say?" Nobody was left in any manner of doubt when George returned the next day and repudiated it in the *Times*. Devolution was not even a feeble form of Home Rule but it was instantly and angrily construed as a betrayal of the Union. Nobody was really interested in Reform or Devolution or conciliation in Ireland except a few good-natured visionaries and real patriots. The Nationalists wanted to restart honest agitation and the Orangemen wanted MacDonnell's Popish scalp.

MacDonnell had been virulently suspect but George refused to sacrifice him and became suspect

himself, Don Quixote refusing to dismiss his Sancho Panza. Then the storm burst from Belfast and the Cabinet in a fit of nerves censured MacDonnell but acquitted him at the same time of disloyalty to his Chief! George made a rambling speech in the House, which did not soothe Ulster, and Lansdowne spoke indiscreetly in the Lords. It was clear that George was chiefly concerned to act as a gentleman, which is as uncalled for in Politics as in Poker. Balfour as Prime Minister admitted to the rising Ulster leader Carson that George had been indiscreet but insisted he had a logical defence. Carson asked for a real not a logical defence! Carson at least was loyal to his friends, which was not the case with George's friends in the Cabinet. They did not support him and he would only say that he would never serve with Curzon or St John Brodrick again. Balfour never let George down and twice refused his resignation. But George had broken down and hurried abroad.

He left Balfour to announce his fall, writing: "I beg of you not to praise me tomorrow. It *will* do you harm. Perhaps the argument will not weigh with you. So let me add, it will do me harm". George was the Philip Sidney of his time but Ireland was not to be his Arcadia.

The storm was not quieted. There was an angry demand for the publication of documents, which Balfour refused on the ground that private correspondence was as necessary to "the controversies of the living as to the biographies of the dead".

Private they must remain. He wrote a rebuke to Belfast so bitter that his colleagues refused to publish it. He was unjustly blamed for letting down his friend. Balfour like George could only let down himself, such was their calibre.

What were George Wyndham's real views? Blunt dined with him after he had repudiated the Devolution scheme and wrote like the slightly malicious recording angel that he was: "I know this kind of Home Rule to be in accordance with his views but he gets out of the difficulty by declaring that it is absolutely contrary to those of the Unionist Party, a distinction which has so far escaped the criticism of his opponents". The kernel of the truth seemed to be that he had "sacrificed himself to party necessities and his devotion to Arthur Balfour". Blunt believed later that could George give less time to his lighter occupations he would succeed Balfour but in George's own words, so true: "lyrical people are never austere".

George was apparently unfitted to be the Tory Secretary for Ireland. No doubt he was too lyrical and chivalrous, but what was the situation in his mind? Philip Hanson wrote from a deep personal knowledge in the "Dictionary of National Biography" that "he was savagely attacked and has since been praised for having devised a solution of the Irish Question. He deserved neither the praise nor the blame". George had not devised his final Irish plan but he "preached in season and out of season that all should endeavour to agree on

practical proposals of a moderate character". But moderation was not wanted in Ireland, and it was known that George's moderation moderated towards the National side. Once he had declared the Irish language was an heirloom and he wrote privately that, "if the English were once assured of their safety, Parliament would be ready to sanction the development of Ireland on Irish lines".

Walter Long took George's place in Ireland and was inclined to blame George for the bastard bitterness he found amongst the Dublin Unionists. They declared to that worthy English Squire that "they would not cross the street to support the Unionist Government". English Cabinets have always been perturbed by big language from Dublin or Belfast. Later Long learnt how to dilute their Blarney and when George died he wrote a most generous and glowing estimate of his work.

Meantime the wise, the moderate and the romantic offered George their sympathy, but he was hard stricken. There were days when friends were "in anxiety for his reason or his life". Lady Grosvenor accompanied him abroad and described "in what beautiful humility he has gone through this time, stern to himself, full of charity to everyone else". At Bordighera he had recovered his humour and with humour all else. He found himself sitting with a Grand Duke in a deserted Restaurant and comparing the situation to the two shipwrecked mariners in the Ballad who could not speak because they had not been introduced !

He returned to better things than politics, to Ronsard's poetry and the French Renaissance. He was translating and commentating with ecstasy. He was lecturing at Oxford "in crimson glory of robes to a large audience mostly composed of lean and earnest ladies". The Chamberlains observing his popularity in the House and his power on the platform dangled the meshes of their new Fiscal Policy before him. He accepted Tariff Reform characteristically as a substitute for the Privateering of the Eighteenth Century! Later in the year he released the Irish compartment of his soul to Gladstone's daughter (Dec 20, 1905): "I am too tired to argue tonight. I stated my position in advance. . . . I asked that questions should be discussed on their merits without making them stalking horses for Home Rule. . . . It was bad enough to be murdered politically as a Reformer in Ireland. It is almost worse to see your Party committing suicide in a like capacity. Fortunately I am young. And when your Party has reaped in turn its crop of savage ingratitude, I may still hope to see the Parties working together for what is possible in Ireland".

He awaited the General Election of 1906 which proved fatal to the Tory Party. There was one defeat over which even Lady Grosvenor did not think it necessary to grieve: the defeat of one who had been close to George's work and had then turned to bitter attack. By the law of compensation George was one of the few Tories to increase his majority. "My joy is that I pulled out the working

man for the Empire," he wrote. His Irish griefs had made him magnetic to the audiences and he could truly report that "at the blackest of the rout I spoke better and exerted more influence than at any time in my life". His English politics were simple if his Party could ever accept them: "Labour and Imperialism, they aim at the same goal: a better life for more of us. The others are old women and senile professors".

There were consolations to be gathered. There was no beating his political record. There arose a growing sense of gratitude throughout Ireland for an Act which Tim Healy said "undid the confiscations of James I, Cromwell and William III".

And George knew how to take the amusements of life. He could not have been soured. Lord Winchester, an old playmate in Petworth days, has an engaging paragraph about him in his book of Memoirs: "He would have infinitely preferred the career of a Master of Hounds varied with a literary lectureship at a University. He could have served Gloriana amongst her soldier and statesmen sonneteers or he could have made a charming after-dinner speech at the Symposium of Plato, but steering a complicated measure through the House was like setting a butterfly to drag the wheel". One can only remark that his butterfly flight across the bogs was the commencement of modern Irish prosperity.

Henceforth he was carefree. The fusty mustiness of Office never worried him again. However bad

the House for his soul, he could always escape and live his own life by reading and writing and hunting. He settled down at Saighton near Chester, the old country grange of the Abbots. Lady Grosvenor had given him one beloved son Percy, who had won his spurs in the Irish hunting field, and that alone was worth the Irish Secretaryship. Father and son rode together to hounds, and "in the evenings we read Anthony and Cleopatra and old books about Cheshire and England, Fuller's "Worthies" and Froissart. For it is our pleasure, after riding over the country, to retrieve the renown of great men who came from here and fought under the Black Prince" . . . And a very fine pleasure too.

George's pleasures were out of the run of most politicians and he could laugh at his floundering successor, "poor Birrell talking clever rubbish about Ireland", while he himself was gloriously engrossed in editing the Sonnets of Shakespeare. In a high mood he wrote to Sir Walter Raleigh that "the old poets say Beauty and Love are divine and therefore eternal. The new poet will say . . . what will he say? Perhaps that Beauty and Love are dynamic as well as eternal: energetic as well as indestructible. How with this rage shall Beauty hold a plea whose action is no stronger than a flower? The new poet will answer that the action of a rose is stronger than all the gravitation of the Universe".

As President of the Walter Scott Club, he prepared an address on the Northern Wizard, who had

“extracted secrets from oblivion so as to endow what is with the charm of what has been”. It was Scott, who turned the mills of the Oxford Movement and of “Young England”. It was Scott, who cross-currented Realism with Romance, and George proceeded: “Keats and Shelley were beautiful flowers which grew by the brim, Hugo and Byron tumultuous currents that never got out of the whirlpool”. It was on this riverside that he dwelt rather than by the Thames at Westminster.

Most men would have been wrecked by his Irish experiences, but the man who keeps Sport and Literature as his shield and sword can mock the silly arrows of political mischance. The best days of his life followed his fall from Office. Why should he despair? He had not fallen at the Ratoath Drain. He continued a wise indulgence in books and horses and retained both ecstasy of body and mind. He spoke of his “happy animal Centaur-self” and let political disappointments dissolve in the sense of splendid well-being. He described a day in 1910 which he spent in the morning beagling and in the evening after a game of polo playing lawn tennis. He did not mind when his pony “squashed him just in front of the Queen of Spain”.

The animal world was ever his delight. He solemnly called for “due attention to Birds and Elephants: the volatile and monumental inures one to Time and prepares one for Eternity”. At Saughton he wrote deliciously about birds: “the owls woke me at five o’clock. I could hear their

wings as they brushed past our windows. They are paid like old watchmen to call the birds, for the dawn chorus began immediately. The garden is full of confiding thrushes and latticed breasts looking sentimental out of round liquid eyes. There is nothing austere about a thrush. Lyrical people are never austere”.

Politicians, to whom Politics are all in all, remain like wounded animals in the political trap. Randolph Churchill and Parnell could never escape. Racing did not ease Randolph's soul and Parnell's metallurgy was insufficient to draw Parnell into retirement. But George Wyndham took the wings of literary Romance and passed by hurtless paths. The French Poets of the Pleiade and the Elizabethan translators opened the doors of another world for him. He was amongst those, for whom North had translated Plutarch as his Introduction showed. He knew well how to “repose on the past”. No one knew better that the present is a mere passage of Time or as a Dublin Professor of Philosophy finely remarked “the moving shadow of Eternity”. No one knew better than George how to sidetrack from that shadow.

The springs of Romance stayed open “beginning with the *Chanson de Roland* and working in the Crusades eastward and the conquest of Ireland by the Geraldines westward . . . then Romance and Rhyme coming in from the Arabs and the Celts. The two springs are Saracenic and Arthurian : the Orient Sun and the Western mists . . . all are more

delectable than a Church Disorders Bill in a stuffy House of Commons”.

Disgust with life in the Commons was growing. He preferred the breezes of the Platform : take for instance his successful slogan for more ships in 1909 : “ we want eight and we wont wait ” ! It was not a case of sour grapes but of ripening literary powers. Had he given to literary research what he had given to Office he might have left his name high amongst the critics. After the Election of 1906 the membership of the House deteriorated not in the sense of class, but there was less variety, less promise and less adventure. George appreciated the new Labour men and the old Squires in a British scheme of things, but he had no use for what he called “ Levantine levies ” and “ fraudulent financiers ”, who made the House cosmopolitan rather than Imperial. He looked out upon England’s fair fields and swore “ they shall not be sucked like eggs by the weasels of pure finance ”. Doubts of Democracy surged in his mind long before Wars were thought necessary to save Democracy in the world. “ My knowledge informs me that Democracy has never lasted a whole generation. When an oligarchy, based on War and farming, perishes, you get a good two generations. The prudent and thoughtful oust the political militia. But they always invoke Democracy after thirty or sixty years. Then Democracy develops the Cry and the Caucus and so dies giving place to Bureaucracy or Cæsarism.”

This reads like the Intelligent Man’s Guide to

Modern History. That was certainly the case abroad but George kept a saving clause for home : " Tush ! the English will do something that no one else has done." The failure of the " Die Hards " to live up to their name (which sounds an Irish expression) was a sore disappointment. This was the long-forgotten issue knitted between the two Houses and George took it with a Crusader's intensity.

The Commons proposed to castrate the Veto of the Lords by creating hundreds of Peers to swamp the Upper House unless they surrendered their Amendments to the Budget. Lord Halsbury then recruited and George inspired sufficient Peers to dare Asquith to issue a bogus Battle Abbey list of new nobility. Excitement reached feverish stages. On the voting day George calculated that it would be a tie. Unfortunately the Bishops and the ratting Peers betrayed their House. The Lords surrendered by a handful of votes. For the first time George found himself in opposition to Balfour. This failure he had no heart to surmount and his pen sickened : " just for once I cannot see the future of the Unionist Party and Constitution. Perhaps there is no future. Just now I have lost my vision ".

Henceforth he was willing to roll up the map of Chivalry. In the sphere of friendship there was a *Morte d'Arthur*. He continued to frequent without haunting the House : " the cut-throat cage of Politics in which slime usurps the place of gore " he called it with furious bitterness. He contemplated

Ireland from afar as a shipwrecked sailor looks at the sea which once swallowed him. The third Bill of Home Rule was introduced by Asquith and George remarked that "altering a Frontier and dividing an Exchequer are damned ticklish jobs. That is the heart of the problem." A quarter of a century has passed. The divided Exchequer has provided chiefly irritation, while the altered frontiers across and around Ireland remain the problem he foretold: ticklish in the present and damned in the future.

His only political plan was to mete Justice on "the Plutocrats who have bought the Government in order to sell the country": one of his splendid Rupert-like sallies. When a political agent asked him for a quotation from Wordsworth which would apply to the bad custom of killing birds for ladies' hats, George wrote: "this is the best news I have had of Party Politics for a long time. Even agents perceive beauty and shrink from silly destruction".

The death of his honoured father left him with a beautiful home in Wiltshire called Clouds: as delightful a name for an English home as it was for a Greek Comedy. "Let us go to Clouds," he cried to Charles Gatty, "and farm and write books and dig up Prehistoric Man". He had made the agricultural labourer the stake and test of his politics. He began rebuilding his village to be a thing of beauty as well as an example in hygiene. In dealing with his men he wished to keep the Old Tradition

in preference to Trade Unions, and Custom instead of Contract. He was still writing the best letters of his time. Chesterton and Belloc qualified to join his correspondents. He was declaiming aloud Chesterton's "Ballad of the White Horse" or describing a visit to Wookey Hole in a letter for Belloc.

The imagination once given to Ireland was loosed upon Wiltshire: "remarkable because it is just East of a Mystery Line. But its mysteries are dead. White Sheet Castle, Ogglebury's Camp, Quarley Hills are all gone dead: and a new wonder of Rome in a trance supervenes. Wiltshire is not dead, not mysterious but Romantic. That's why I love Wiltshire: stand in awe of Glastonbury and shudder at Stonehenge (in Wiltshire but not of it). Wiltshire is a *belle au bois dormant* not a sepulchre, a cataleptic not a skeleton. Wiltshire is living and entranced. But now I must go to bed. . . ."

It is difficult to believe that this was the letter of an English Squire and rider to hounds, even though he was writing to Hilaire Belloc.

A few weeks later he was at play with Belloc in France and hunting books down the Paris *quais*. His last day of life in the open air was spent at Fontainebleau. A week later he was buried at East Knoyle in Wiltshire. It was as sudden as that.

Ireland's tribute was to be noted amongst many. John Redmond with all the Irish Party attended the Memorial service at Westminster. William O'Brien and his seven seceders sent a wreath. Tim Healy

went to the graveside. Now George Wyndham had been an English and Conservative Secretary for Ireland. But he had loved Ireland and whatever was lovable in Ireland responded to him.

He had not reached his fifties, the decade which was hateful to the Elizabethans, to whom he belonged by more than sword and pen. He had lived and written, dreamed and loved and risked like any of them. As he once said to Professor Mahaffy : “ if we cannot make our lives long, let us make them broad ”.

It was well. Indeed it was well. He did not live to see his dear son and the sons of brother and sisters perish in the field. Those whom the Gods loved, died before the outbreak of the Great War. George Wyndham died in 1913 on the Eighth of June.

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I am obliged to Col. Guy Wyndham for allowing me to take substantial quotations from the Letters and also for guidance on several points.

WILFRID BLUNT
(1840-1922)

*“ Beneath the heroic sun
Is there then none
Whose sinewy wings by choice do fly
In the fine mountain air of public obloquy ? ”*

COVENTRY PATMORE

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THE NAME OF WILFRID BLUNT HAS NOT BEEN fixed among Sussex Worthies or even on the Victorian bede roll. It will be curious to see what the biographers make of so vivid a figure amongst both. Like many of the Victorians he had a touch of the Elizabethan, and he would not have failed the axe on Tower Hill. The terrible Queen would have spared him neither for his Sonnets nor his good looks, had he criticised her Irish policy as relentlessly as he treated Queen Victoria's.

He gave his poetry and purse (both of which are generally lacking to great agitators) as well as his voice and enthusiasm to the cause of nations lying under the British yoke : Ireland, Egypt and India. He was the chief public nuisance of his time. In turn he puzzled and exasperated the Foreign Office, the Irish Office and the India Office. To Pro-Consuls and Secretaries of State he was a pest. To his fellow-Squires he was a disgrace : a country gentleman born, who spent life and substance defending subject races. The Christian bodies found him a puzzle. He was brought up a Catholic before he undertook the regeneration of Islam. In the end Islam proved the supreme disappointment of his thwarted life.

The consistency of that life he defended in many eloquent, curious and sometimes libellous Diaries, most of which have seen the light. He is oftener

remembered by salient peeps from the Memoirs of others. He flashed with much more than a flash in the pan in the lives of Randolph Churchill and George Wyndham, both of whom he influenced without deflecting. Memory of him is often hostile or ridiculous, but generally picturesque. How could it be otherwise with one who lived in the East as a Sheikh and went to prison in Ireland as an agitator? Even in Sussex he wore Oriental dress and swept the dusty lanes with a team of Arabians. Even in a romantic age he was a figure of romance.

Lord Howard of Penrith's Memoirs carry a vivid picture of Blunt driving his team to the Derby too late to cross the course but "with his usual utter disregard of law Wilfrid whipped up his horses and charged straight at the police who fortunately gave way". He continued full speed up the course amid cheers and catcalls until the police made an entry for him on the inner side where his customary space was reserved.

In those days he lived at Crabbet, mentioned in Hare's Sussex as "a modern Georgian house built from an admirable design of its mistress Lady Anne Blunt, the African traveller and granddaughter of Byron. The place has become celebrated for its breed of Arab horses and their sales. The owner of this house, Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, has insisted on a wild piece of land covered with rubbish heaps and brushwood, the African Desert, being left in front of the house door in curious contrast to the well kept lawn and pleached alleys a little further off." Lady Anne

his wife was the daughter of Ada Byron "sole daughter of my house and heart".

Crabbet was devoted not only to the stallions of the East but to the budding poets of the West. Blunt founded the Crabbet Club, which met, as George Wyndham laid down, "to play lawn-tennis, the piano, the fool and other instruments of gaiety". They also composed and printed their own poetry. Amid much levity there was a serious rule, which must have weighed on some of the members, that whoever became a Bishop or Cabinet Minister forfeited membership! The group was brilliant: Herberts and Wyndhams, Harry Cust, George Curzon, Lulu Harcourt, Oscar Wilde, Godfrey Webb and others. Two eventually struck political disappointment and two social disgrace, but Crabbet gave them their Attic nights. They must have been as picturesque and clever a team as the Arab four-in-hand. Wilfrid Blunt was equal to the conduct of either.

For him Sussex Squiredom alternated with Sheikhdом in Egypt. He settled at Sheikh Obeyd, which was reputed to have been the country seat of Potiphar, whose wife received so unfortunate a reference in Holy Writ. Here Blunt was described by Lady Asquith in 1891 as "an enthusiastic individualist and a good poet with an elaborate plan of living like a Bedouin under the impression that people in the London world are saying: strange man that! But he is one of the most beautiful men I have ever met. We were met by the great man

beautifully dressed on a splendid white donkey. A lot of camels waited to take us to his house . . . presented there to a good-looking daughter Judith also in Bedouin garments with an ivory dagger stuck through a wide silk sash. . . . Lady Anne was very nice and gave us tea and we then all rode off to the ostrich farm ". Altogether a far cry from a family party in Sussex by the sea !

This Oriental life was not approved by the officials. We find Lord Rosebery reporting to the Queen that "this invaluable subject of Your Majesty spends his time in masquerading like an Oriental in a circus under a tabernacle outside Cairo and intriguing against the British occupation of Egypt".

This view may be modified by the words of Ouida (a novelist whom the Victorians loved) describing Blunt "fresh with English air and dark with desert suns, passionately liberal in thought and nobly independent in opinion, the friend of the Arab, the champion of the dumb and the standard-bearer of all lost causes . . . the Englishman who amidst a deafening roar of national vanity and triumph dared to denounce the injustice and the inhumanity of Omdurman".

It was following the slaughter of Omdurman that he issued the most sincere and terrible of his poems, "Satan Absolved". His pretty love Sonnets shrivel beside such volcanic heats. It has been forgotten while the Sonnets cluster the Anthologies. The following lines spoken by the Angel of Pity to

the Almighty will decide whether Wilfrid Blunt was amongst the English poets :

“ From the deep Central seas
To the white Poles Man ruleth pitiless Lord of these,
And daily he destroyeth. The great whales he driveth
Beneath the northern ice, and quarter none he giveth,
Who perish there of wounds in their huge agony.
He presseth the white bear on the white frozen sea
And slaughtereth for his pastime. The wise amorous seal
He flayeth big with young. . . .

Where, Lord, are they now
Thy glorious bison herds, Thy ariels white as snow,
Thy antelopes in troops, the zebras of Thy plain ?
Behold their whitened bones on the dull track of men.
Thy elephants, Lord, where ? For ages Thou didst build
Their frames' capacity. The hide which was their shield
No thorn might pierce, no sting, no violent tooth assail,
The tusks which were their levers, the lithe trunk their
flail. . . . ”

It was poetry such as “Satan Absolved” which infuriated his fellow countrymen more than his politics. The notices he incurred in literary or current history were never dull. It was impossible for Wilfrid Blunt to be anything but unique.

Yet he was born in the conventional Upper Class, the son of a soldier who had been wounded as long ago as the retreat from Corunna. He himself lived four years after the Great War. His blood was of the Sussex Squirearchy in days when all Society was interrelated to each other and when only gentlemen wore top hats or hunted or travelled.

His mother was caught by the Catholic Revival

and her son was sent to Stonyhurst and Oscott instead of Eton. He spent impressionable years outside the national trend but returned to it as a young diplomatist. In the Sixties he served in Greece and Spain. At Madrid in 1863 he met the Dictator General Prim. In Paris during the war of 1870 he started Diary-writing. Bismarck he had already met at Frankfurt: "a tall distinguished personage still slight in figure, who talked pleasantly and well in excellent English affecting a certain Anglo-mania". Blunt had an eye for historic personages and speedy ink to bottle their words. He watched for great moments. He waited outside St Cloud to see Napoleon III start for Sedan, but the Emperor left by the backdoor. "The flag was pulled down exactly at ten oclock" and with this ended the Second Empire in Paris. Blunt chronicled the gossip and excitements of the time, regrettably including an account of the Empress' first love-affair. As Empress she certainly never looked to Right or Left (unless politically). Blunt's old nurse was with Henry Howard at the British Embassy. It appeared that Howard's mistress had taken Eugénie to Compiègne uninvited, where the Emperor first saw her beauty. "History," Blunt commented, "is written from such intimate talk". It certainly became his indiscreet practice here and hereafter.

Into his famous Diaries he poured his life. They convey his own personality with the accuracy of a mirror. They include many adventures, many

angers, many conversations, many asides to the passing event. His lyrical pen saved many pages from dullness. Every phase or phantom of natural beauty was caught by his observing mind. Much of the world's beauty was disappearing before his eyes. There were also enduring things and he chronicled the six most beautiful views he had ever seen :

The view from Salahieh in Damascus.

The view over Cairo from the top of Mokattam.

The Harbour of Rio Janeiro from Corcovado.

The Lake of Geneva from the hills above
Lausanne.

Constantinople from the Tower of Galata.

The Red Sea and Sinai from summit of Kalala.

“All these will stop one's breath for wonder and bring tears to one's eyes,” he wrote: but how many professional tourists have seen half of them.

He never lost a chance of describing rare and beautiful birds and beasts or of cursing their destroyers. His interest in the feelings of Nature was shewn as a schoolboy when he kept caterpillars in card boxes, which he had pricked with the Constellations that the inmates might still believe they were under the open sky.

Birds and animals appealed to him like men when they were in their primitive setting. He described Lake Mensaleh in Egypt when it was still a prodigious sight of pelicans, flamingoes and ibis. All

this perished with so much else before the intrusion of the European.

If this generation choose to forget Wilfrid Blunt, they will lose one of those vivid unclassified characters which could only have arisen against the Victorian background. Only the self-satisfied age could have bred so restive and satirical an Englishman. Though brought up in respected and even refined surroundings, he literally went into the desert. There were times when he deflected British policy by sheer personal influence. He was lonely in life and death, apart from a circle of intense admirers, and but for his Diaries he would be forgotten with all agitators whose fate is to perish with the dust they have stirred.

History has a secret lining, which officials are inclined to omit and which historians do not always know. Blunt filled the gaps even if it entailed the betrayal of private conversations. Sometimes his gossip was unsupported but his pen often pricked between the joints of offending statesmen. His writings raised a certain question in ethics. In answer to a challenge from Frederic Harrison he insisted that to ask permission in publishing private matter would invite refusal. By breaking conventions the falsehoods of Blue Books could be dispersed. The historical case was Parnell's publication of his conversation with the Irish Viceroy, Lord Carnarvon, on which occasion Salisbury laid down the rule that: "If a conversation is to be repeated, it should be recorded. If it is not recorded, it should

not be repeated". Blunt's rule was to record it at the moment and repeat it in the future.

Twelve years of easy-going diplomacy had given him the manner and the entry of the old school. He was long the best-looking man in England. He certainly remained one of the most distinguished in appearance. His life amongst the old diplomatists gave him a singular experience in dealing directly with the great. He knew their little fears, their little ambitions, and larger suspicions and hates. As a young man he had known Russian ambassadors of the old regime like de Staal and Nelidoff. At home he delighted in the friendship of Lords Currie and Dufferin. His idolised Owen Meredith, Lord Lytton, walked with him as a fellow-romantic. Lytton first took Blunt's poems to a publisher and insisted on their publication.

A chance meeting with a Persian Ambassador in Belgravia revolutionised his life. Henceforth he was stung with curiosity and delight in Mussulmans. Henceforth he knew there was an Islam to be redeemed. He became a sort of inverted Crusader. His immediate ambitions were to free Araby from the Turks and to introduce the Arab horse into England. He became a forerunner to Lawrence of Arabia. His love for the Arabs was the love of his life. He compared "their noble pastoral life with their camel herds and horses with the ignoble squalor of the Frank settlers with their wineshops and their swine".

Brought up to Victorian pride and comfort he had

never tasted the ignominies of life. The most intelligent conversed with him. The beautiful loved him. His life should have been decorous and filled with dignified distractions. There was no reason why he should shed the glamour of Mayfair to champion downtrodden races, who had never heard of him and were often puzzled by his political bearings.

His politics were roughly those of Tory Democracy. He called himself an "anti-Imperial Conservative". For him the best days were the spacious days of a Little England. "We were better off and more respected in Queen Elizabeth's time when we had not a stick of territory outside the British Islands". With the decay of religion he perceived that modern Imperialism sought a scientific basis. This accounted for his dislike of Darwinism as an abettor of Conquest by the Fit. He loathed the scramble for Africa and his final word was "we shall perish as the Roman Empire perished by trying to hold too much".

Brought up to believe that the British Flag was the symbol of golden conditions and of freedom and justice interwoven, he was not prepared for the petty tyrannies which met him in India or Egypt. From British rule in Ireland he reacted with an indignation which landed him in hot water he enjoyed most at scalding-point.

But no one enjoyed life more nor better appreciated the characters with whom he was brought into conflict. At the beginning of his Diaries he was

already noting the giants of the past. He visited old Lord Stratford de Redcliffe at the age of ninety-four with his "countenance of extreme benignity, a complexion of milk and rose leaves : clear blue eyes and hair as white as snow". Blunt said he preferred his conversation to that of the prettiest women in London, and we can believe him. Here was a living man who had played cricket with Byron in the first Eton and Harrow and ridden afterwards with "Childe Harold" in the East, surviving in a suburb of Tunbridge Wells. It was like discovering Sir Philip Sidney in a Brighton lodging house ! The world was still scattered with grand characters and perilous souls. In Damascus, Blunt met Abd el Kadr, the hero of Algerian resistance to the French, and Lady Ellenborough, a Victorian beauty living with her Bedouin husband—for like the woman of Samaria she had had many.

There is a sketch of the brilliant Viceroy Lord Lytton returning from India "brown as a berry and very ill-dressed, with that cigarette in his mouth which cost him his Viceroyalty. On what trifles success depends." Apparently, if he had smoked in moderation and accompanied his wife to church, he would not have been recalled. Rationalist at heart, yet superstitious in fancy, Lytton "spent his spare time during the Afghan War making fire balloons and auguring from their quick or slow ascension good or bad fortune to his army" ! Doubtless he was often as right as the army experts, but the reader asks : is this History or Biography or neither ?

History has seldom been told with such individuality or indiscretion as in Blunt's Diaries.

During 1881 his Mohammedan studies bore fruit, and he published articles in the *Fortnightly* which afterwards were collected in book form as "The Future of Islam". They touched on the Census of the Moslem world, the Haj or Pilgrimage to Mecca, the Caliphate, and a chapter on England's interest in Islam. He foretold and approved the Moslem conversion of Africa. As against the Ottoman he proposed an Arabian Caliphate with British protection. "The Caliphate is a weapon forged for any hand, for Russia's at Bagdad, for France's at Damascus, or one day Germany's in our stead at Mecca". This of course was the line taken by Lawrence during the Great War, and the Foreign Office might well have taken Blunt's advice to heart thirty years before. He concluded his preface by trusting "to prove his sincerity in some worthier way than by the publication of these first Essays".

This promise he soon put into effect in the land of Egypt. In later years his accumulated Diaries and documents from Egypt furnished him with the material for a volume on the secret British occupation, swelling to 600 pages. As an intervening critic he recorded all that could be known to the recording angels in Heaven and possibly a little more about Arabi's revolt and the bombardment of Alexandria and the battle of Tel el Kebir. After twenty-five years he did not hesitate to print what Dilke had said

privately and what Gladstone's secretaries had written to him no less privately.

The story of Arabi is a sad one, but it has been forgotten in the saga of General Gordon. Blunt was the one man in the world who knew both intimately and he rightly wrote the truest history of Gordon at Khartoum. But Arabi made a large chapter in his life, and a big hole in his bank account.

The story of Egypt can be told from Blunt's point of view. It opens with Blunt intriguing in Egypt to save the Moslem world. Disraeli had already annexed Cyprus secretly and nearly wrecked the Congress of Berlin thereby. The price of Cyprus had been the admission of France to Tunis. As Blunt put it, Disraeli paid "a province belonging to his ally the Sultan," which at the distance of time must still seem good business. Thence Blunt traced the Joint Note of England and France to Egypt in January 1882. This was the beginning of many ills to Egypt and eventually to Europe: a theme Blunt was wont to develop upon the minor diapason of a Gibbon and with some of the bitter integrity of a Thucydides.

The wretched Egyptians had been saddled with the debts of their thrice-wretched Khedive Ismail, and the British Foreign Office was supporting the European bond-holders, who demanded their money to be paid if necessary in blood. Between the Egyptians and the tax-collectors stood the mutinous Colonel Arabi with his patriot army, and the indignant figure of Wilfrid Blunt. Sir Charles Dilke,

who was then at the Foreign Office, received word from the British agent Sir Edward Malet that he was managing Arabi through Wilfrid Blunt, who was acting as a go-between : but a little later the relations between Blunt and Malet became such as to show that " each had thought he was using the other as a tool ".

The Joint Note meant the dreaded intervention. Egypt could only be saved by a personal appeal to Gladstone's better self. Blunt felt he was on good ground. Gladstone had preached freedom for the East in his Midlothian campaign. Blunt believed he had pulled the old man round in a forty minute interview : " Such was the Gladstone I saw unveiled for a moment, a man of infinite private sympathy with good. But alas there was another Gladstone, the opportunist statesman ". The former caused Blunt almost to shed tears of joy but the other was soon " to make the angels weep ".

Lord Granville at the Foreign Office was puzzled and then fiercely antagonised by this English free-lance dancing between Arabi's camp and Mr Gladstone's sanctum. For a time Blunt held Granville at bay. He was not unknown to Gladstone, who had once condescended to discuss with him whether the horses which dragged Hector round the walls of Troy were Arab or Balkan ponies. But Gladstone had other advisers. Blunt recorded that Morley had persuaded him to be violent and intervene with force. He found this slurred in later years in Morley's " Life of Gladstone " but he

nailed it down, for "History is History" remarked the Diarist, "and his mistake needs to be recorded". Lord Eversley was in the Cabinet and afterwards confirmed Blunt's account. Eversley said Gladstone was fed with lies from the Foreign Office "to the effect that Arabi was at the head of a military insurrection and not of a National movement". Blunt scribbled down a historical clue from Sir Frank Lascelles to say that: "Hartington has told him that they intend occupying Egypt and probably annexing it. Chamberlain has said: we have got the Grand Old Man into a corner and he must fight".

Blunt was insistent that British agents had advised the Khedive to parley with Arabi before shooting him. The British Admiral had orders not to allow Blunt to land on Egyptian soil. Blunt was constrained to send twenty pounds' worth of telegrams to persuade the Egyptians that if they became disunited they would be annexed! There was some double crossing, for Blunt took the answers directly to Gladstone, whose ironical Secretaries observed that he ought to be re-embursed out of the Secret Service Fund. Granville at the Foreign Office became more and more infuriated.

Then the curtain of destiny was drawn.

Riots were engineered at Alexandria, with the connivance of the Khedive Tewfik, that European blame might fall on Arabi. Gladstone hardened his heart and allowed Alexandria to be bombarded. Blunt sadly sent his correspondence with Gladstone

to the Prince of Wales and left the Premier to his "conscience of a Eugene Aram"! a dignified phrase for accusing murder. For himself Blunt had decided in the words of Shakespeare :

" Thou shouldst know
There were a heart in Egypt ! "

When the Khedive fled before the patriots, Blunt telegraphed to Arabi " Thank God for Peace and Victory". This was chronicled by Dilke as " abominable ", but Blunt was insuppressible. He appears to have insulted Dilke passing the St James Club by exclaiming, " There's Dilke who has done it all ". He denounced " the Tribes and the Tetrarchs " and he enlisted Randolph Churchill against a bondholders' war. He buttonholed Rosebery in Downing Street, but was frankly told that Rosebery had " No views but those of a bondholder ". This Blunt bitterly attributed to his Rothschild marriage.

As soon as Alexandria was bombarded, Wolseley landed with an army. Arabi had unwisely not taken Blunt's secret advice and blocked the Canal. The Khedive, so Lord Charles Beresford told Blunt " in a moment of unusual frankness ", had watched the bombardment from his roof, waiting to join whichever side proved victorious. The British Army pushed to Tel el Kebir, where they won an easy victory. To Blunt it was " one of the decisive battles of the world ", for it was the last throw Islam ever made against Europe. Henceforth Europe would always be the attacker.

As soon as Arabi was captured, a legal battle commenced for his life. The Khedive and the bondholders were thirsty for his blood. But Arabi had powerful friends in England. John Bright, who had resigned office at the sound of the guns, told Gladstone that Arabi's trial at the Khedive's hands would be a "lasting infamy". Blunt started a Defence Fund, to which such eagle spirits as Randolph Churchill and General Gordon subscribed. Gordon wrote to Blunt: "as for Arabi, he will live for centuries in the people: they will never be your obedient servants again".

Blunt plied Gladstone hard, and the Premier alluded to Blunt in the House as "one unfortunate exception to approving the War". The patriots were now at the mercy of their enemies, though Blunt was assured by Gladstone's Secretaries that he would denounce Egyptian atrocities, if they occurred, as strongly as Armenian ones. Blunt plied Downing Street with Gordon's letters and was informed that Gordon's suggestions for the good of Ireland had shown that "he was not clothed in the rightest of minds". Apparently in 1881 Gordon had suggested a form of Home Rule. Presumably he infected Mr Gladstone very severely in the future.

Meantime lawyers were despatched to assist Arabi and arrived in the nick of time. Khedivial eunuchs were already beating up Arabi in prison to produce that broken and contrite spirit which no Oriental prosecutor will despise. The Trial can

only have been farcical. The Government Prosecutor was French, the defending lawyers were English, and neither understood each other's code.

The *Times* gave a helpful twist to some words which had been extracted from Granville, who spent his time helping Gladstone to concoct stories for the Queen. On Egyptian affairs she was misinformed by Gladstone who was himself misinformed by others. But public opinion was rising and Lord Dufferin was sent out to effect a truly British compromise. Arabi was advised by counsel to save the British face by confessing rebellion. His life was then spared and he was exiled to the scene of Adam's exile from Paradise, Ceylon. Dilke had dreaded the chance of his stumping England behind Blunt.

The costs of defence fell on Blunt who nobly wrote cheques for four thousand pounds. By way of a moral receipt, he kept a scrap of paper from Gordon on which was written : " when thou seeest the violent oppression of the poor or the subversion of justice, marvel not at it, for the Higher than the Highest regardeth it ".

Blunt had saved England her honour and Egypt a martyr. He himself had incurred official outlawry. Forbidden to land in Egypt, he sought pastures new as far afield as India. Here he desired to announce his adhesion to the Mahdi, who had risen like a prophet in the Soudan. The winter of 1883 was spent investigating the benevolent rule of Lord Ripon in India. Ripon had been sent after the

Imperial reigns of Lytton and Dufferin as a sop to Gladstone's conscience.

Blunt had already visited India and convinced himself that the debts and poverty of the country were due to the Anglo-Indian Civil Service. He found a parallel of woe between the Egyptian fellah and the Indian ryot. It was part of the strangeness of English rule that this determined agitator was the honoured guest of two Viceroys. Blunt approved Ripon's policy and advised Randolph Churchill to visit India, which he did, "and on his return in 1885 professed himself converted to Lord Ripon's policy". So say the Diaries but not Randolph's speeches.

Blunt's new object in India was to bring a united front of Hindus and Moslems against the officials. On the top he planned a Mohammedan University. Rumour of his sympathies had preceded him, and he arrived at Columbo amid a welcome of fireworks of which illness left him unconscious. Henceforth he was subject to long and serious weaknesses which never daunted his views however much they lowered his spirits. He was liable to dark moods and the Orient gave him no real faith. His nearest approach to religious hope lay with the Mahdi who was then stampeding the Soudan. His convalescence in Ceylon gave him the happiest weeks of his life as he watched himself drift back to a world of new life and colour: lovely birds and strange insects undreamed of. . . . And one day while he was half-dreaming, an Oriental figure stood in his sick-room

watching him: "Tall, heavy limbed and somewhat slow in his movements . . . the face became illumined as a dull landscape by the sun". It was Arabi, who had come to express his gratitude. There was seldomer a more touching meeting between East and West.

Once recovered, Blunt travelled India carefully, forcing inquiries and fostering revolt where the scheme of modern discontents had hardly been dreamed. His nervous state heightened his powers of vivid appreciation. The Hindu Temple of Madura he depicted in living sentences. He floated through the worshippers as in a dream: "It is a temple, not a mere house of prayer". At Trichinopoli the religious spell was spoilt when the guides made the elephants salute. "It is hateful to be here as members of the alien ruling caste, revered and feared and secretly detested". He observed the native Princes, who reminded him of "captive wild beasts shut up in cages, lame and diseased and dying of lack of exercise". Indian Princes had not yet discovered how to overcome British prejudice by prowess on British cricket fields or race-courses.

There was something humorous in Blunt's attempts to explain Whig and Tory to his Indian friends. Their viewpoint was often primitive and a little fantastic. The good Lord Ripon might have been startled to find himself regarded as "a re-incarnation of God". Blunt and Lady Anne were presumed to be relatives of Queen Victoria! He could not avoid raising native suspicion. What

would have been the case with a Roman citizen arriving in Palestine in the days of Pontius Pilate to persuade the Jews to reject Roman rule ?

At Hyderabad, Blunt used the Viceroy to oust the British Resident and instal the influence of the liberal-minded Salar Jung under the Nizam. Then there was the bitter question of the Berars to be settled. These splendid lands had been pawned to the British Government for millions. Salar's father had restored the finances and tried to redeem the Berars when he was poisoned ! Blunt now discovered an intrigue to alienate the Berars from their rightful owners for ever. The intrigue was based on a Treaty which was a secret from even the Viceroy, who was greatly amused to receive the information from his wandering guest. Ripon declined the fraud, but in a footnote Blunt recorded that " precisely this leonine Treaty was imposed on the Nizam twenty years later by Lord Curzon ". The most serious results of Blunt's influence in official opinion were seen when the Viceroy returned native salutations. It could not be proper for the Indians to observe an " incarnation of God " removing his hat !

Blunt went his way, advising the Indian leaders to " frighten and coerce the English people into giving them their rights ". He had discovered half a century before President Wilson that " all nations were fit for self-government ". His Indian proposals have taken longer, but the time has come when the agitation of the East has combined with the wisdom

of the West to give effect to the views of this eccentric traveller. Blunt proposed that India should be placed on the same footing as Australia, with English troops in each Province but a native civil service.

He was not successful in persuading Indians to accept the Mahdi. Moslems pointed out to him undoubted signs showing that this particular Prophet was not "He who was to come". Nor were they ready for his proposal that India needed martyrs. At Patna Railway Station he took a mild chance of martyrdom himself. Mohammedan friends seeing him off were insulted by a surly Scotch doctor. Blunt gave the astounded Scot in charge and wrote strongly to the Viceroy. In consequence there was "a prodigious sensation as it was the first time an Englishman had openly taken part with the natives against his fellow countrymen".

The Viceroy had been commanded not to receive Blunt at Government House, but he answered the letter graciously. The *Pioneer* announced that the natives regarded Blunt as a paid spy. This was too much, and through Sir Alfred Lyall an apology was extracted forcibly from a sub-editor.

At Benares, Blunt found the last of the Moguls living pitifully on a pension instead of his Empire: "a sad old relic perched in a half-ruinous house like a sick eagle with his little group of tattered servants". Blunt wrote the Nizam his plans for reviving the Moslems by means of a University. From the same writing desk proceeded flaming warning to General Gordon not to consent to be

played against the Mahdi. This letter, which he wrote from Delhi, would have raised the reputation of any Minor Prophet. He wrote to Gordon (Jan. 24, 1884): "I know enough to be able to assure you that every honest Mohammedan in Egypt and North Africa and Arabia sympathises with the Mahdi's cause. For this reason you will only have the men of Belial on your side and these will betray you. Also consider what your death will mean: the certainty of a cry for vengeance in England and an excuse for those who ask no better than a War of Conquest."

Almost a year later to the day the defence of Khartoum collapsed and Gordon passed to the martyrdom, which Arabi had better found amid the encampments of Tel el Kebir. Gordon probably never received the letter. But the vengeance and the conquest were fulfilled.

The Viceroy gave his approbation for Blunt's University and helped to inspire the doubtful Nizam. Salar Jung was remade Minister against the influence of Resident and Foreign Office, whose candidate arrived at the Durbar unknowingly and was bundled out of his seat in confusion. "A day to be marked with white," recorded the triumphant Diarist. The prospects of the University grew rosy. He spread its propaganda at races, dinners and reviews. He claimed that it was unique in being "imagined, planned, preached and accepted in six weeks". More unique was the photograph taken of a visiting group at Hyderabad, which included

Viceroy, Nizam, Resident and Agitator ! It was worthy of the British Empire's oddest scrap book.

The University unfortunately ended in smoke. The Nizam and his Minister were encouraged to follow a course of pleasure. A last attempt was made by interesting the Sultan of Turkey, but that realist was always inaccessible to Wilfrid Blunt. Blunt approached the Aga Khan of the day, a personage on a high religious plane who "is visited by many devotees from Persia, but is inclined to worldly interests and thinks a great deal about horse racing". Blunt visited his stud and suggested he should send his best Arab horse to race at Newmarket. Here perhaps was the beginning of much English racing history !

Blunt returned from India to write his reflections. He attributed Indian poverty to over policy rather than over population. He prophesied that "where Education and starvation meet, the flame breaks forth". He criticised the salt tax, the forest laws and the sacrifice of Indian industries to Free Trade. In fact he wrote a handbook which Indian agitators have followed ever since. He was angry with the English women, who prevented the two races, English and Indian, meeting save at what he called "inverted Barmecide feasts where everything is unreal except the meats and drinks". He pointed out that the old type of Anglo-Indian had been loved and feared and had been closer to the native. Lord Ripon was the last ruler to hold the affection

of the people but he resigned "a defeated if not a disappointed man".

Though he was classed as a blind critic of England Blunt often balanced the scales. He never hesitated to attribute the security of life and absence of conscription in India to British rule. He believed that only England could have woken the Indians to free thought and free speech. The result was a vague desire for self-government, which would have certainly been suppressed by the Great Mogul. Blunt found the Moslems sadly depressed although the Hindus had awoken to the possibilities of journalism. British rule might have the credit of ending sorcery and suttee, but nonetheless he raised his pilgrim's staff and smote all officials, and their wives even harder still.

What he loathed most was the use of Indian troops in English wars. "What quarrel had India with the unfortunate Egyptians? What quarrel with the unfortunate Arabs?" And the great Forest enclosures in India he compared to the New Forest, for which William Rufus swept away whole villages. Indian Finance caused brooding sorrow to one who believed that "debt in India unfortunately means dividends in Lombard Street". At one time he meditated making an appeal to Queen Victoria to assume the world protectorate of the Moslem. Was she not the successor of the Great Mogul? More often he chewed General Gordon's words: "It will be of no use. India will never be reformed until there has been a new revolt".

It may be asked what business had this Sussex gentleman in India? Why should he interfere? And his answer would have been what was England's business there anyhow? To all these questions there are no answers.

He had reached mid-career and was caricatured by "Ape" in "Vanity Fair" and described as a Prophet. In the accompanying letterpress "Jehu Junior" remarked that from his father Wilfrid Blunt had only retained "a taste for horseflesh and sound views on the Game Laws". It was interesting that though an outlaw in many ways Blunt always supported the practice of game-keeping in England because he believed that it also preserved the small native birds. For that reason he patronised pheasant shooting and was known to appear at the hunt. His only popular poem was called "The Old Squire" in honour of his father and of hare hunting.

" I like the hunting of the hare,
New sports I hold in scorn,
I like to be as my fathers were
In the days ere I was born."

It is recorded that when he hunted with the Roman nobility on the Campagna he illustrated by his cries the sound of a Sheikh when in pursuit of gazelles. This practice he does not appear to have introduced with Arab dress and horse into Sussex.

The account given him in "Vanity Fair" is spirited :

" From the East he brought back the material of four charming books written by his devoted wife,

a stud of genuine Arabian mares and a new theory of Oriental politics. At forty, the legal age of a Prophet, he announced in print his final abandonment of childish things and the fact that he had a mission. It was to be nothing less than the regeneration of the East and of Islam: and his book 'The Future of Islam' contained a remarkable forecast of the Arab movement of 1882 and the career of the Mahdi. A year later Mr Blunt went to Egypt to put his ideas in practice, discovered in Arabi a saviour of Society, helped him to draw up a constitution and encouraged him to fight. Defeated together with the Egyptians in his hopes at Tel el Kebir, he nevertheless gallantly rescued the fallen champion at an expense to his pocket of some £4000, gaining Arabi an honourable exile in the Paradise of Adam instead of the rope that Lord Granville had designed for him. For this and for his latest Poem 'The Wind and the Whirlwind', a hundred stanzas of denunciation and doom, he is not loved in Downing Street. Last year he visited India, where the Mohammedans received him well and where he started a Mohammedan University by subscribing thirty thousand rupees. He has been exiled by Lord Granville from Egypt but believes he will nevertheless return there yet with Arabi to work out their ideas of reform. He has given up wine as a matter of principle and tobacco as a matter of health."

The story of Gordon and Khartoum occupied another of his books. In old age he confessed and edited the violent words and harsh judgments of

the past. He often wrote passages in his Diaries so extreme that they cannot be fairly quoted without the context of his mood. He took a right attitude towards himself: "In telling things disadvantageous to others I could not in fairness be sparing of my own mistakes". He felt he had misjudged Gordon when he warned him against "the sons of Belial" and had sympathised with the Mahdi as with a fellow Prophet. His former admiration returned and he had the assistance of the Gordon family in preparing the case against Evelyn Baring Lord Cromer, who was Blunt's enduring enemy in Egypt. Blunt's volume comes nearer to the truth about Gordon than any other in the full shelf written about that strange character, who was doubtless mad, but also the finest living military engineer, a Saint but a very poor Biblical Scholar, and equally eaten by ambition and humility. Blunt and Gordon knew each other as men who did not act by calculation. When Blunt was abused by the world, Gordon had written comfortingly: "sorry you have been abused but you are not the worse, neither are you better when it praises you".

No doubt the story of Gordon will be told and retold in the way that a tale of Troy or Argos was retold and reshaped by different Greek dramatists. Blunt's immense tome can be reduced to tragic outlines: how Gladstone's hand was forced by his own Cabinet: how he was "duped and deceived" when Granville told him that Gordon had only been sent to report. Gladstone clung to the legend

that Gordon had exceeded his instructions. Blunt was certain that Wolseley had privately given Gordon full powers. Had not Cromer written to Gordon on arrival suggesting "some rough form of government at Khartoum", and moreover "its date proves the idea to be Cromer's and not Gordon's". The Khedive also gave Gordon a free hand, "yet Cromer has the face to charge Gordon with overstepping his authorised program". Cromer wrote a book but ignored his own letter to Gordon. And the story continually leads up to the abandonment of Gordon on the ground that he had not been given military powers, but was expected to evacuate Khartoum peacefully.

Blunt and Cromer wrote their rival books like cats watching each other. Posterity can judge in what manner Egypt has profited by Proconsul or Prophet.

The Government gambled on Gordon. Hence the element of Greek Tragedy which has made his story immortal and all the other figures like stage puppets. Should he succeed, his success would be attributed to their own foresight. Failure could be assigned to his disobedience. The gamble was excruciating to the hero, who was left abandoned to his peril, while officials debated whether he would be more damaging to them alive or dead. Gladstone had been duped. He would not allow troops to support an emissary of peace. He had been informed that he had only been sent to report.

Was Gordon promised the assistance for which

he cried in vain? According to Blunt: "Wolseley and the Duke of Cambridge must have promised. The Queen's letter to Miss Gordon remains its certain proof". When Gordon's peril was direst, the *Pall Mall* under Stead suggested sending Blunt to make terms with the Mahdi. "Mr Blunt is not less brave than General Gordon and he could be sacrificed at least as safely." The Government declined the offer. They had not forgiven him for informing Arabi. Gladstone publicly deplored Blunt "as alike injurious to Egyptian and British interests". But he was so courteous personally that Blunt decided to attend Mrs Gladstone's garden party. A very English scene followed: "The Grand Old Man came forward in a hearty manner and shook me warmly by the hand saying with emphasis: How do you do, Mr Blunt? I am very glad to see you. He has a hand which reminds me of Cardinal Newman's when, seven years ago, the Cardinal cured my toothache with its soft touch, warm and nervous". Gladstone could hardly have imagined what was passing in Blunt's mind. But he was impressed and a little frightened. Here was a man as intractable and idealistic as Gordon himself.

Weeks passed into months and the nation watched the prolonged agony at Khartoum. The Ministers seemed hypnotised, imagining they were in the stalls and not on the stage. They refused to act. Too late, Hartington insisted on Gordon's relief. Khartoum fell two days before the long arm of the

Empire was reached to Gordon. But his lonely achievement was as great as Thermopylæ. Blunt could not believe Gordon was dead and went blithely hunting in Sussex. The fall of Khartoum for him was "a day of consolation and I could not help singing all the way down in the train. Why had I so little faith?" Later he learnt that Gordon was dead and declared that Gordon sealed his doom when he offered the Mahdi "a tarboosh and Sultanate". It had been a gesture of despair. As well offer John Wesley a Mitre and Bishopric. The true Prophets are not to be muzzled!

Excluded from Egypt during all those months, Blunt devoted himself to his Diaries. At one time the *Times* demanded an inquiry on his behalf. At another he was trying his Arabs on the race-courses at Sandown and Newmarket: "for success on the Turf seems always to have been held in England as in some measure connected with political capacity". At another he was introduced to the ex-Khedive Ismail at a party: "a repulsive looking man, worthy son of the butcher Ibrahim", was his quick side-sketch. Ismail tried to flatter him on his Arabic. It was perhaps his only susceptible point, for Lady Anne had considerably surpassed him in the language. This appears in such an item of the Wilfrid Blunt Bibliography:

"The seven Golden Odes of Pagan Arabia known also as the Moakakat. Translated from the original Arabic by Lady Anne Blunt. Done into English verse by W. S. B."

In the end, Gladstone spoke handsomely of Blunt in the Commons. Blunt's sincerity made political folk afraid. Gladstone was in a quandary when champions of downtrodden peoples arose without political motives. He passed from power, carrying the stigma of Gordon's betrayal to his death. Cromer remained Blunt's bugbear. In their rival books they tried to be fair to each other. Blunt's attacks were heavy and Cromer's footnotes acid. Cromer wrote that Blunt "threw himself with all the enthusiasm of a poetic nature into the Arabist cause and became the guide, philosopher and friend of Arabi and his coadjutors. Mr Blunt saw that he had to deal with a movement that was unquestionably national. He failed to appreciate sufficiently the fact that the predominance of the military party would be fatal to the national character of the movement".

And again: "he was the enthusiast who dreamt dreams of an Arab Utopia. He worked earnestly to prevent a foreign occupation of Egypt. But the impartial historian must perforce record his name amongst those who by ill-advised action at a critical moment unwittingly contributed to bring about the solution which they most of all deplored".

Such was the judgment of a great Proconsul. Blunt on the other hand gave him some touches that could be translated into Tacitus: "No one knew better than he how with a show of frankness to conceal an inconvenient truth and how by the admission of a minor error of judgment a much

larger mistake could be left undealt with. He understood too in great perfection the art through praise of his subordinates to praise, without seeming it, himself”.

One point Blunt rubbed in. Cromer originally suggested sending a British officer to withdraw the garrisons at Khartoum but in his book omitted the word “English”—“thereby enabling him to make it appear that it was not Gordon but an Egyptian officer he had in his mind”. In any case Cromer refused Gordon as “an unfit person”. No doubt many, could they have dreamed that Gordon would become a kind of British Joan of Arc in public sentiment, would have revised their dealings with him.

For Blunt, Egypt remained the preoccupation of his life. It was the subject of his first political Poem “The Wind and the Whirlwind” and the cause, for which he later founded a paper.

“Oh hear me, Egypt !

Even in death thou art not wholly dead.

And hear me, England ! Nay ! Thou needst must hear me.

I had a thing to say. And it is said.”

From Egypt Blunt passed very naturally to the turmoil of Irish Politics. Political charity should begin at home. On his way he passed through Rome and as a Catholic-bred Englishman was received by Pope Leo in audience. He enjoyed twenty minutes of precious time from the Vicegerent of the Timeless. Leo was much surprised to hear an

Englishman pour forth a passionate love for the Irish. Leo struck him very like "that wonderful figure of Voltaire seated in his chair at the *Theatre Français*". The Saint was more discernible in Leo than the diplomatist. Blunt's Orientalism always gave him a flair for the Holy Man whether in a Mahdi or a Pope. He was to find it next in an Irish Bishop.

By 1885 Parnell had reached a zenith. Both the English Parties were bidding for the Irish vote which only the Irish leader could deliver. The Tories were likely to outbid the Liberals. Blunt was drawn by Randolph Churchill into Tory Democracy and fought an Election as a Conservative Home Ruler. Shortly afterwards Randolph invented the Unionist Party, and the Diaries note that "when I mentioned Ireland, an odd mischievous look came into his face. I fear he won't stick to his flag". He changed it as soon as Gladstone accepted Home Rule. In Blunt's opinion Gladstone was only determined to keep ahead of Chamberlain, whose Irish Council Scheme though approved by Gladstone was rejected by the Liberal Cabinet. The decisive moment came when the Tory Viceroy Carnarvon "had his talk with Parnell and the report of this conveyed to Gladstone by Labouchere so alarmed Gladstone that he sprang his Home Rule on his Party". The Diaries are strewn with these decisive moments but the historian will have to plough for them. Blunt lost a Quixotic election at Camberwell, and Randolph

told him : " if you want Home Rule you must go to Mr Gladstone. We cannot touch it ". Six months previously he assured Blunt that he was educating his Party towards a Dublin Parliament. The Cabinet were divided. " Carnarvon would not eat his words and honourably left Office ; Randolph has eaten all his," commented the Diarist.

It was not enough to comment on the times. Blunt decided to take his place in the Irish line. For a year he occupied himself with alarums and excursions which find full report in his book on the Land War in Ireland. Prelates and agitators, Fenians and gaolers swarm through the Diaries. Scraps of quick conversation and quicker temperament illumine the page. It reads like a Tour in search of the Picaresque.

If dead ecclesiastics can live again, they live in these Diaries. We meet the young Archbishop of Dublin who had sacrificed a Red Hat to the Green Flag, manœuvring an early telephone wire : Archbishop Croke, the dread of the Government, taking his pet dog to church : the Papal Delegate Persico " a worthy Capuchin, a diplomatist of the silent sleepy school with an enormous nose ". There was the enchanting Dr Duggan, Bishop of Clonfert : " a venerable personage with straggling white hair and cassock much bedabbled with snuff", who talked of dynamiting British ships. He became the hero of Blunt's Irish Poem " The Canon of Aghrim " which summarises Ireland's tragedy in the Eighties.

There were the politicians and the military, the Moonlighters and the land-agents, the evicted and the evictors, and behind the welter of human struggle Parnell, invisible and sinister, a figure more feared than loved, whereas Michael Davitt was "adored as Arabi used to be adored in Egypt". Parnell was like some Cæsar who had secretly succumbed to a Cleopatra, while John Dillon, like some pale Brutus, was waiting with others to stab him. Parnell had considered Blunt's wish to occupy an English seat in Parliament, saying: "Get Lord Randolph to nominate you where there are Irish and I will do all I can for you".

Blunt preferred a personal campaign in Ireland. He resembled a Don Quixote but one who kept a Diary like Pepys. He flitted between Irish cabins and the houses of Mayfair like a will-o'-the-wisp, laying wires behind the politicians. The reader of the Diaries never knows what character he will meet next. He runs into another Sussex Squire, Lord Ashburnham, whose chief worry in life was due to a belief that the Princess of Modena was the rightful Queen of England. Lady Carlisle arrives to keep Blunt in touch with the Prince of Wales, who had sympathised over his electoral defeat on the ground that gentlemen were needed in the House. Blunt sent him word that the Irish were loyal to the Crown. The Prince answered that Home Rule was certain and that he was quarrelling with the Queen over Ireland. "Her Majesty," reported Lady Carlisle "is a violent partisan principally on Protestant

grounds. She suggested a certain General should resign his Commission, and head the Orangemen in her name." The Queen's fifty years of slight and dislike to Ireland proved irreparable in the two subsequent reigns. Croke, the most stubborn of the Bishops, sent word through Blunt that the Prince could become a popular hero by travelling through Ireland without escort save a green sprig in his buttonhole. Blunt described Croke as "a shrewd, hard-bitten, fighting prelate, humorous too and kind but an unsparing enemy". Croke told him "a good Irish story how the people fought the police all of an afternoon till the Angelus Bell brought them to their knees, but at the last word of the prayer they managed to throw a volley of stones".

The year 1887 was Queen Victoria's Jubilee. Blunt returned from Cairo if only to suggest that in Ireland the Queen should be known as "Evictoria". He typically saved himself a "world of trouble and subscriptions" by transferring his allegiance for that year to Maria Teresa of Bavaria, the Stuart claimant to the English throne. Autumn found him playing tennis with the new Irish Secretary, Arthur Balfour, known to Blunt's Irish friends as "the bloody and brutal". After the tennis they enjoyed a rally on the Irish Question and for once Balfour was indiscreet. Whatever he said, he left Blunt with the impression that he thought it was possible to settle the Irish Question by leaving a few Irish leaders to perish in prison. It may have been chaff and it was certainly private conversation

between gentlemen and relatives, but Blunt stored it for future use.

When Balfour's minions had fired on the crowd at Michelstown, Blunt returned to Ireland and warned Dillon of future dangers in prison. They discussed the Platonic question : "if Balfour kills us, should we be right in killing Balfour ?" Blunt continued to flit from one world to another. His intense interests in life combined with his frantic aversions bred restlessness.

One page of the Diary records the name of "Number One", the uncaptured Invincible who planned the Phoenix Park murders. The next describes breakfast at Knebworth with the Lyttons, whence he returns to Ireland "like a ghost, a conspirator in league with the peasants against the very landlords whose guest I was". He threw himself against Lord Clanrickarde and spoke at a proclaimed meeting at Woodford. He burnt a Proclamation, was arrested and enjoyed a historical trial prosecuted by a young "Castle bloodhound" called Carson who was acting under an immature Balfour. Legal opinion was given in his favour by the future Lords Asquith, Loreburn and Robson (what would they know about the administration of law in Ireland ?) but condemned he was. Lady Anne accompanied him, when he was taken to Galway Gaol, and baffled the police by conversing in Arabic. Blunt felt he was an Englishman making mystical reparation for the past, but when his overcoat was removed in prison he appealed to the Visiting Justices. To these

astounded Squires their British fellow revealed the conversation of Balfour about letting the Irish leaders die in gaol. This was duly reported and led to much storm and denial. It was considered hitting below the belt, and even the enlightened Wyndhams deserted Blunt, when they learnt that he had betrayed the sanctity of an after-dinner conversation. The reputed conversation stirred the Press and Balfour replied publicly from St James Hall, ridiculing "the grotesque weakness of the plan" attributed to him. The historian can only wonder what he really said to Blunt after dinner?

Blunt was meantime removed to Kilmainham and tried in Dublin. It was a test case for the success of the new Coercion policy. He was now a candidate in a by-election at Deptford and depended on the results of the trial. He was defended by the now legendary Tim Healy against the mythical "Peter the Packer": the nickname not of a criminal but of the late Lord O'Brien, whose manipulation of Juries was proverbial. In this case the one necessary Protestant was packed into the box and by one vote Blunt lost his trial and consequently his Election. Had he been returned to the Commons, he might have altered Irish History. He was assured that Balfour would have resigned and "Home Rule might even have won".

He returned to write Sonnets in gaol and to pick oakum, which he was the first poet or prisoner to liken to a woman's golden hair. There were consolations. He was one of the few Englishmen who

have been heroes in Ireland. A letter arrived from Gladstone and a benediction from Cardinal Manning. He read the prison Bible, lightened by Victor Hugo's "Notre Dame de Paris" which the chaplain supplied under the impression that it was a book of devotion. He was the first convict who ever succeeded in being photographed in convict dress. This was arranged for him by friends while passing between gaols, and the photograph, much to official annoyance, appeared later in several Mayfair drawing rooms. King Edward VII's attention was once called to these fine features in a mysterious uniform and he inquired its standing. "Your Majesty's uniform," he was informed and appeared slightly hurt. Henceforth Blunt loved Galway "as a saint loves the instrument of his martyrdom".

But it brought him nothing. This he realised when he wrote, "I shared the fate of those who have had and missed their opportunity". Neither Parnell nor Gladstone seemed anxious to offer him a seat. Gladstone was nervous of a real champion of the downtrodden taking his fire in the Commons. Parnell needed not the assistance of another aristocrat, especially one who resembled him in looks and was often mistaken for him in the lobbies of the House. While Blunt was still in prison, Lady Anne had found herself seated next Parnell at the famous dinner given by the Eighty Club, when he spoke disapprovingly of the Plan of Campaign launched by his devoted followers. Lady Anne could not help reproving him when he sat down, but that

amazing man told her the Plan had been the saving of the Irish people. This is one of the many important historical asides embalmed in the Diaries.

Perhaps Blunt was happier uncompromised by an Irish seat both in purse and person. He could not be called to take a part when the Irish Party split over Parnell's divorce. He had known the husband of Mrs O'Shea at school and formed a hateful opinion of him as "a bit of a dandy and a bit of a bully". Henceforth he offered all Irish groups advice and assistance in proportion to their promises to dislocate the Empire. They proved a source of frequent disappointment, especially over Egyptian affairs.

Two further volumes of Diary record his pleasant life between 1888 and 1914 not without a bitter undercurrent. He rewrote them, tracing the slow coils that led to the Great War. Life was still divided between his Egyptian farm and his Sussex woodlands. He travelled continually and met whoever was interesting at home or abroad. General Boulanger warmed to him and revealed that he had Welsh blood, his mother being a Griffiths. Blunt was inclined to back him as a possible Dictator of Peace for France. At Fiume he learnt from the Hoyos family the true story of the suicide of the Crown Prince at Mayerling. At home he became intimate with William Morris who transferred a Botticelli to tapestry for him. He financed some young Franciscans who wished to reform their Order. When Rome put a flea in their

ear, "they very honourably returned the journey money". When he printed his Diaries later, he unfortunately commended them as Modernists, and a salving note had to be inserted from Wilfrid Meynell to protect them from excommunication. Later he was interested in Father Tyrrell and broke his rule against attending funerals to stand by the broken Jesuit's grave. He had a flair for the lost cause and instinctively sided with men defeated by authority. He entertained the Sultan of Johore and wrote letters to be shewn to the Sultan of Turkey from which he expected a curious result; "thus I shall be his unaccredited ambassador". He visited Constantinople again, and though he moved much in the circle of Muftis he failed to meet the wary Commander of the Faithful.

There were happier days when he was driving his four-in-hand of Arabs up Box Hill to visit George Meredith, and thence down the steep descent of Coombe Bottom. No team had ever driven that road in history. He carried out long drives across country which have only become possible to an age of motor cars. He was hostile to the first cars which he met in Sussex lanes, often blocking them with his leisurely team and pressing for trial in case of fatal accidents, which were then rare enough to be sensational. Blunt made the last great coaching drives possible. He reached Stratford on Avon by easy stages in order to read the Sonnets at Shakespeare's tomb. Another time he drove into the West across the Severn into Wales, covering 385 miles in

nineteen days with four mares and "not one had been tired or off her feed for a single day".

Mayfair could never be wholly closed to one so picturesque. He is moving anywhere of interest. He is lunching with the Asquiths and listening to Oscar Wilde ridiculing his host who a few months later was prosecuting him. Blunt sketched him as "repellant though with a certain sort of fat good looks. There was a kind of freckled coarseness in his colouring I have seen in other Irishmen". He offered to walk with him back across Grosvenor Square, but, "characteristic of his dandyism", Oscar called a hansom saying he never walked.

He is having tea at Hawarden with Gladstone who was at the moment unable to answer the query what "N or M" might mean in the Anglican Catechism. Or he is on pilgrimage to Huxley discussing the origin of the Arab horse and finding that the great naturalist "was surprised to learn that grey Arab horses were not foaled grey". Even scientists are willing to learn.

At another time he is breakfasting in Paris with George Curzon and Oscar Wilde. "It is Oscar's ambition to be a French Academician and to write a play in French. It is Curzon's to attend the first representation as Prime Minister."

His health was uncertain and he used to say that the two happy times in a man's life were when he took to his death bed and the process of rising from it. As a last resource he bathed in St Winifred's Well in North Wales and experienced a miraculous

cure in spite of his unbelief. "No bather has been refused since before the Norman Conquest. . . . It was a thing wholly of the Middle Ages, the dark ages, the darkest of the dark ages, magnificent, touching. . . . I hung up my crutches in a corner." Later he showed his gratitude to St Winifred by helping to prevent her sacred waters being turned into a soda water factory !

He took a rational though nonetheless grateful view of his cure. "I recognised that St Winifred only deferred her benefits and that, as in the case of most miracles, she had chosen a natural road of cure. . . . The cure, though it nearly killed me, was an undisputable one."

He found a philosophic value in serious illness. Henceforth the least pleasure was enjoyable and at times he could really feel contented. Perhaps this was because sickness had clipped his restless wings. He recovered and before long he is enjoying the run of the season with the New Forest deer hounds. He is being painted by Watts or visiting the great Philosopher Herbert Spencer at Brighton, who amiably agrees with him that the best thing possible for England lay in foreign defeat and a home invasion. This was a Platonic desire, for they could not have borne to have seen : one of them the ravaging of Worth Forest and the other the destruction of the Brighton Pavilion. Later, Blunt brought the Grand Mufti himself to visit the sage. Spencer was gratified to find that the Grand Mufti was agnostic and thought of God as "a being not a

Person." He prophesied "a general war for mastery".

Blunt's travels were not over. He was not content to bury himself in the desert and watch birds through a glass. He entered a pilgrim ship bound for Mount Sinai, which was wrecked. He was rescued by H.M.S. *Hebe*, and for the first time experienced "beneficent uses" for the British Navy. He accepted the incident as a divine warning: "I see in it a menace forbidding me to approach the Holy Mountain". In return he taught the Captain some desert lore, how to tell the time by the stars in Scorpio's tail.

Later occurred an event which profoundly changed his religious trend. Desirous of seeking a hermit's existence in the remote desert he travelled with a few followers to the Senussi monasteries near the ruins of Jupiter Ammon. They were led astray by the powers of mirage and attacked by the Senussi who were under the excitement of the fasts of Ramadan. Blunt only saved himself by following the counsel of the author of "Arabia Deserta" which he read throughout this trying time. He also whispered to the Sheikhs that he was an Englishman, which proved decisive in his favour. The result of this expedition of forty days was confided to his Diary. "My experience has convinced me that there is no hope anywhere to be found in Islam. I had made myself a romance about these reformers but I see that it has no substantial basis."

The year 1891 was one of plans and projects. He plied Lytton at the Paris Embassy with a plan for Liberty and Neutrality in Egypt, in which he preferred an English Protectorate to a Joint Control with France. Lytton died and he sent it to the *Times*. He was working on the worthy Harcourt, who wrote him an important letter showing that the Gladstone-Harcourt-Morley view favoured evacuation. The mischief was that Cromer's policy left Egypt less rather than more able to stand by herself. The Cromer-Milner-Rosebery policy came to thwart England from keeping her pledge to Egypt. Blunt remained an untiring gadfly. He exposed Cromer's management of affairs in Cairo and watched with apprehension the rise of a new figure, the untried Kitchener. The Khedive ordered some political prisoners to be released in the Soudan. Blunt noted that Kitchener was unable to contest his power of pardon, but carefully made the release in the name of the Queen. When the Khedive gave himself to youthful follies, Cromer became triumphant and Blunt left Egypt for ever.

A great deal had happened to cause him anger and anguish: France in Tunis, Italy in Abyssinia and England in the Transvaal. He sat up at nights keeping his Books of Judgment. The Italian raid was "one of the most abominable of our abominable age". His attribution to national vanity and mining speculation reads grimly after forty years. This first attack on Abyssinia "had not even the excuse of calling itself a Crusade, seeing the Abyssin-

ians were still as much Christians as the inhabitants of Calabria, while compared with the Abyssinian Emperor, who is lineally descended from the Queen of Sheba and King Solomon, the House of Savoy enthroned at the Quirinal is but a stem of yesterday”.

With the battle of Omdurman and the Jameson Raid he had reached a sad corner in his life, and he foretold the writing on the world's wall. He found himself wishing for the extinction of the grave. He fell short of the consolations of Moslem and Christian. He released his angry and lonely soul in a tremendous Poem “Satan Absolved”. It was his “individual protest against the abominations of the Victorian age”. Herbert Spencer accepted the dedication but fell into “a terrible fright lest it should be found that he gave the idea of the poem”.

He hailed the Khalifa meeting death “as nobly as any of Plutarch's heroes”. With the Gordon family he protested against the idea that Gordon was avenged by massacre. As well might the Roman Empire have avenged the Crucifixion by a pogrom in Jerusalem. He deplored the desecration of the Mahdi's head, which crept into his correspondence like King Charles's Head in the writings of Mr Dick. As for the clash with the French at Fashoda it was an affair between “rival card-sharpers”.

With the outbreak of the Boer War and much Jingo verse, Blunt issued his Poem as a disclaimer. He was never more fiercely criticised by his fellow countrymen. His stand against the War was shared

by the Liberal Party, and Harcourt told him that "Milner had told Lady Cowper before he left for the Cape: If I come back without having made war I shall consider my mission has failed". Another little historical aside which was not intended to be recorded.

He found he had not a friend left on the Press, for his Poem had attacked newspapers as well as Patriotism and Christianity. His withdrawal from all belief was marked. He wrote: "the lives of monks and nuns are alone in some accordance with the life of Jesus. All the rest of Christianity is an imposture and an impudent negation of Christ". No one approved the Poem except the cynical Father Tyrrell who was yet to be condemned.

From his garden in Egypt Blunt watched the death of the Century. "The whole white race is revelling openly in violence as though it had never pretended to be Christian." He prophesied that "the great white thieves" would turn their arms against each other and that the Japanese would restore the power and independence of Asia. Unlike most prophets, he lived to see his words fulfilled. On the last day of the Century he wrote a passage, which for dignity and pathos may compare with the words of Gibbon, in which he released his feelings after he had completed the *Decline and Fall*: "Of the new Century I prophesy nothing except that it will see the decline of the British Empire. Other worse Empires will rise perhaps in its place but I shall not live to see the day. It all

seems a very little matter here in Egypt with the Pyramids watching us as they watched Joseph when as a young man 4000 years ago, perhaps in this very garden, he walked and gazed at the sunset behind them, wondering about the future just as I did this evening. And so poor wicked Nineteenth Century, farewell" !

To the *Times* he addressed a historic letter (Dec. 24, 1900) appealing against the self-praise of Press and Public and against " fulfilling a sad destiny half-chosen by ourselves, half-thrust upon us by the disease of our world-hunger of devouring peoples more beautiful and better than ourselves". He recalled old English virtue to days when " our trade is no longer sound but yearly becomes more and more speculative. Englishmen do not care now to work hard themselves. They expect others to work for them. . . . Our energy all goes now to gold mining abroad and gambling on the Turf and Stock Exchange at home. For plain agricultural work, or work of any kind with the hands, we have no taste. So it was with Spain 300 years ago. . . ."

Even Sheykh Obeyd was not always peaceful and a conflict between fox-hunting officers and Blunt's Arabs led to protest and " one of the most amusing Blue Books ever issued by the Foreign Office". Meantime Arabi was released from Ceylon and came to pay Blunt a visit of thanksgiving. Blunt attributed the release to King Edward, who was fond of wiping out little mistakes from his mother's reign.

Blunt could no longer play an active part but he still kept the Black List in his Diaries, summing up against marauding nations or weighing evidence against the buccaneers of Imperialism: Rhodes, Jameson, King Leopold, Slatin Pasha or Stanley. But betwixt the charges what good chat and gossip! Take four pages of the Diaries (Volume II, pp 125-8) In that space occurs Meredith's own interpretation of his "Modern Love," the Sonnets which Blunt considered the best poetry written in his time: descriptions of Oscar Wilde's death: how the Prince Imperial was killed and the diplomatic trick whereby war was averted between England and France over Fashoda. The British Ambassador Monson let the French Minister Delcassé know that he had an ultimatum in his pocket and that when danger-point was reached in their conversations he would motion towards his pocket. Which he did and the signal was accepted as marking "the limit of English patience".

In 1905 Blunt left Egypt and as Crabbet now belonged to his daughter he settled at New Buildings near Worth Forest in Sussex: a beautiful, old, haunted and desolate house. Here he was pleased to receive needy Nationalists and the greater Agitators from all over the world. At one time the new Khedive, while on a visit to King Edward, was anxious to pay him a visit at New Buildings but was dissuaded through Sir Ernest Cassel. Moberly Bell attacked Blunt in the *Times* much to his delight, for he was able to fire off ten stanzas of the "Wind

and the Whirlwind" in reply, a Poem which had not yet reached the public. He found his influence extending to new statesmen and new writers. George Wyndham and Winston Churchill were deeply moved by his personal conversations. There can be no doubt that he influenced Wyndham in Irish affairs and Winston over prison reform. New writers swam into his orbit like Belloc, who became a neighbour, and Bernard Shaw whose "Doctor's Dilemma" appeared to be based on an experience Blunt had recounted him: how old Sir Douglas Powell begged him to submit to an operation which he learnt afterwards would have proved fatal. Later Shaw sent him the proofs of "John Bull's Other Island", the preface of which contained a rattling attack on Cromer over Denshawai, an Egyptian atrocity which had occupied Blunt's indignant attentions. Matters began to look up and Cromer was being rattled. "We have smitten Cromer hip and thigh from Tabah to Denshawai, and from a lost force at Cairo I have become a power again," wrote the Diarist. Suddenly Cromer resigned and Blunt felt "like a huntsman with Cromer's brush in my pocket and the mask of that ancient red fox dangling from my saddle". However Cromer had the satisfaction of dangling the Order of Merit from his, so perhaps everyone was pleased.

He could influence young statesmen as on a great evening (Oct 19, 1912). "It was a fine night and we dined in the bungalow dressed in gorgeous

Oriental garments, Winston in one of my Bagdad robes, George Wyndham in a blue dressing gown and I in my Bedouin clothes. It recalled the most glorious nights entertainments of the Crabbet Club, a true feast of reason and flow of bowl. The secrets of the Cabinet were gloriously divulged and those of the Opposition no less. . . .”

Blunt gave the credit for Cromer's recall to King Edward and summed him up very kindly when that Monarch died but more incisively than the flatterers and biographers :

“If not witty he could understand a joke and if not wise he was sensible. He quarrelled with nobody and always forgave. He sank his English nationality on the Continent. He knew Europe well and exactly what foreigners thought of England. He tried hard to win the Irish over to him. He stopped the Boer War. It was entirely due to him that Cromer was recalled. . . . He may even share with Solomon the title of Wise. They each had that knowledge of women which is the beginning of wisdom or at least which teaches tolerance for the unwisdom of others.”

As a rule he had been on good though invisible terms with King Edward. The Prince once told Blunt that when he had heard Gambetta speak he had been half-converted to a Republican !

For the new King Blunt wrote a Coronation Ode which even the Irish Nationalist Dillon found “rather too hard on your own people”. He could not forgive the Irish Party for leaving Egypt in the

lurch and thought that their entertainment of President Theodore Roosevelt, after he had publicly upheld the British regime at Cairo, would cost them sore.

Although he saw little light and fell into the deepest melancholy, the winds of destiny were beginning to blow in directions he foretold. He himself lived too close to the smoke of controversy to see the reversal of Imperialism in the British sphere, but who can rob him of the mantle of prophecy he wore in his old age?

He had foreseen the trouble which would issue from the occupation of Egypt. He had prophesied from the beginning that England would agree with France and omit the Sultan, which came about in 1904. The agreement between the two countries, England holding Egypt and France taking Morocco, was to him one of the causes of the Great War. He pressed the need of making friends with Turkey, which had been bungled on to the side of the Triple Alliance. As an instance of his foresight in 1910: "I discussed with Churchill an invasion of Egypt from Syria by a Turkish Army helped by a German contingent. He seemed to think it impossible but stranger things have happened". In the Great War this did happen.

Egypt, India and Ireland radiate today with proposals for which he was ridiculed as a mad dog in the Eighties. In 1913 he gave the Indian patriots as a motto in their campaign: "Loyalty to the Imperial Crown but insistence on self-

Government under it"—which has become the official Gospel.

The letter containing these words was written to counter the inspired utterances of the Agha Khan, "my principal opponent", and, as Blunt believed, caused the Agha's resignation from his position on the All-Moslem League. They were intended to be his last words on Oriental affairs. In a dramatic moment he wrote "I roll up the Map of Islam".

He was certain that England would be called to account among the nations for her position in Egypt. In years to come he pointed out how the dispute about Sinai had led to Sir Edward Grey's long quarrel with Constantinople and Turkey turning to the Central Powers: "a combination which gave to Germany its victory over Russia. Not a soul in England understood or cared to understand". It was all very distracting and his melancholy allowed him to perceive little hope. He wrote in 1912: "Egypt now will never get out of the grip of Europe, I do not say of England, because the British Empire will not long survive in the Mediterranean, but of whatever other Empire takes its place".

The old Imperialism, the unconscious benevolence of conscious superiority, was passing. The East will no longer wonder at a despotism tempered with gymkanas. Blunt was always able to weigh the advantages against the faults of the *Pax Britannica*. He did not live to see the Empire's place being taken by Free States and independent

Indias. As long as England seeks favour with Egyptian or Arab or Indian, she will find his name an expediency in boasting her share in what she was unable to prevent. But his real and possibly most effective hope for Asia as against Europe was that Europeans "will refuse to work and the women will refuse to breed".

Blunt's enemies, the officials and bureaucrats, the landlords or bondholders, Cromer in Egypt or Granville at the Foreign Office, have sunk into the dust of their period. Cromer no doubt symbolises the modern prosperity of Egypt, the barrage of the Nile and the new fertility. But the modern spirit of Egypt owes itself to the ways and words of Wilfrid Blunt.

He genuinely believed in the approaching decline of the British Empire. "For a hundred years we have done good in the world, for a hundred we shall have done evil, and then the world will hear of us no more". And he summed up impartially between the belligerents of 1914: "as an Empire we were already sated like a lion surrounded with the carcasses of its prey, while Germany was alert and hungry. Well might we want peace! Almost as well might Germany prepare for war!"

There was no Party which even vaguely satisfied him in home politics: Irish, Liberal or Labour. He insisted that he was still a real Tory and wrote: "I find myself left a solitary figure pleading an absolutely lost cause amongst Englishmen, that of Conservative Nationalism. All the rest have gone

their ways as Whig Unionists or Socialist Internationalists". His lost cause may yet prove acceptable to a generation which is no longer worried by Ireland or the affairs of the East. The harder he had worked, the more lonely he seemed in the end. "Poetry, Eastern politics, Arab horse-breeding: strings to my bow have one after another snapped," he wrote sadly. When he surveyed his England he said a striking thing: "the whole English character has changed from top to bottom in my short fifty years of recollection".

Sometimes he consoled himself with the moments of his achievement in the past. He believed that through his influence on Morley he had stopped the Soudan War in 1885 and later through George Wyndham a Somali War, and "as to Thibet", noted the Diarist, "Llasa is to be evacuated: another triumph of our joint influence".

His enemies had forgotten him. The Empire pretended never to have noticed him. Statesmen, who were arrested by the interest of his theories, condescended to overlook his extremes. It was indeed whispered that he had risen in his day against the Empire and said detestable things. No doubt he had fiercely warned the East of the West. But he had given the West equal warning in his way. Perhaps his bark had been too sincere for officials to mind the bite. In any case the bite of an old gentleman, wearing fancy dress in Sussex, no longer seemed perilous to the Empire. Some pointed him out as an instance of British magnanimity. In what

country would he have been allowed to live out his life at home? It is true that his book about Gordon caused trouble and that the Lord Chancellor was petitioned by his fellow-squires to deprive him of the Commission of the Peace before it was discovered that he had never boasted one.

Life assumed the gentle texture of a dream broken only by the cries of the oppressed still echoing out of his generous past. His Arab dress made him seem venerable rather than fantastic to the English countryside. He had no task left but to re-read, edit and issue the slow sequence of his Diaries. All the puppets he had played with during a lifetime rose up from the past. He had the singular power of making them live with a touch of his pen.

Edward VII. "A Bohemian with enough of the grand seigneur to carry it off".

Lord Ripon. "The only Whig who ever showed real sympathy with Eastern liberty".

Sir Richard Burton. "A black leopard, caged but unforgiving".

Stanley the explorer. "A charlatan, who has had the cheek to express a wish he should be buried in Westminster Abbey".

King Leopold. "The greatest ruffian of all those sitting in the high places of the earth".

Labouchere. "He must have told quite a hundred stories in one night and nearly all new".

Alfred Austin. "He floated to the Laureateship on the success of a prose volume about his garden in Kent".

Rhodes. "A shrewd gambler who has the intelligence to go away with a large share of his winnings".

John Morley. "A little old senile vestryman fumbling with his papers".

Arthur Balfour. "He knows that there was once an ice age and that there will some day be an ice age again".

Sir Charles Dilke. "A Republican at home and an Imperial Expansionist abroad".

General Gordon. "A man of genius with many noble qualities but a bundle of contradictions".

Disraeli. "Farceur rather than charlatan, enjoyable for his smashing of those solemn rogues the Whigs and his bamboozling of the Tories".

William Stead. "It is impossible that a man who has made himself the agent of the Russian Autocracy while calling himself a friend of liberty can have been quite honest".

It seems strange that such antitypes as Blunt and Kipling could find their heaven upon earth in the same Sussex. The oaks and the yew trees and ancient timbers of Newbuildings seemed to take the wanderer back to themselves. His idea of Heaven was to sleep in a garden for thousands of years and be woken by a bird in order to turn over and call to his best loved: Are you there? and, having heard her answer Yes, to sleep again for thousands of years. In all his depressions he prayed for extinction. The religions of the East: Mohammed-

anism as far as he had practised it, Buddhism as far as he had examined it, failed him. He found that the Moslems of his time were apostates or madmen. Christendom was an arsenal.

Officially he had adopted the Moslem Faith and laid down that he should be buried in a carpet in his woods without words of consolation. But Catholic friends were anxious that his good works, his championship of the oppressed and the poor, should be gathered into the treasury of the Church. Finally he consented to Wilfrid and Alice Meynell, who were neighbours and disciples, and prepared to receive the visit of a Catholic priest on his death-bed. He was long in his dying but two devoted friends cared for him in his helpless days. Soothing lips read to him through the sleepless hours, and nursing fingers attended him in the daytime.

And it happened that, paying a visit in the neighbourhood, was the priest most fitted in all the world to effect the reconciliation of a penitent whose sincerity was attested by his tears. This was a white-robed Dominican, and through his ministry the white-robed Squire made his peace with the greatest of the Prophets of the East.

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I am deeply obliged to Wilfrid Meynell for his memory and appreciation of Wilfrid Blunt.

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